

the anniversary of his church, some weeks ago, he preached a sermon on the indications of immortality in our nature which was in quite a different style, and would have satisfied any taste.

MARK TWAIN has been elected a member of the Montreal Snow-Shoe Club. Referring to this announcement, the *Montreal Star* says: "Take him out, boys, and when he descends from the 'bounce' of initiation, get him to describe that sudden aerial flight! Induce him on to a bob-sled, and let him flash down Côte des Neiges Hill with your best pilot in charge! He will make as good time as any of you, if you only keep the track clear! Welcome, Mark, to Montreal when snow flies and the air tingles with the kindly electricity of a Canadian winter! We owe you many happy hours, let us make you happy for a little while in a new way, with blanket-coat, and tuque and snowshoes broad in the beam!"

For various reasons it has for long been difficult to get data upon which to form a reliable estimate of the North-West as a suitable settlement for Old Country immigrants. The following extract from the *Scotsman* appears to bear the impress of truth: "I recently (says a correspondent) wrote for a young Scotch friend of mine to find out the truth about the great North-West. The reply is as follows:—(Taken from letter from Mr. John Fraser, of Brandon, Manitoba, dated September 5, 1884.)—I came to Canada North-West Territories in February, 1882, from Edinburgh, with \$2,000, and took up 320 acres of black loam land, two feet deep, with clay bottom, from the Syndicate. This farm is now worth \$4,500. I have forty acres under wheat crop, yielding twenty to thirty bushels per acre; twenty under oats, and twenty under barley; all my vegetables are doing well. I have plenty of hay, and cattle come out fat with nothing but prairie hay in spring. Horses and cattle do well in winter. As to climate, I would just say that I have been very comfortable; it is very healthy; no better climate in the world; the weather is very pleasant. Provisions have been very reasonable during the last year. People should come out here in the spring. I have travelled through India and Turkey, and seen a great deal of Africa and other portions of the world, and I must say I never saw in any of my travels a country more adapted for farming purposes to the European races than the Canadian North-West. I am perfectly contented, and have good prospects ahead."

THERE were twenty-two failures in Canada reported to Bradstreet's during the past week, compared with thirty-two in the preceding week, and with eighteen, eighteen, and five, in the corresponding weeks of 1883, 1882, and 1881. The same authority reports 187 failures as having taken place in the United States last week, against 166 in the preceding week, and 205, 167, and 116, respectively, in the corresponding weeks of 1883, 1882, and 1881. About eighty-two per cent. were those of small traders whose capital was less than \$5,000.

BUFFALO robes, from being the commonest of furs, are likely to become the rarest. It is believed that the only remnants of the mighty herds that once thronged the Canadian North-West are a few thousand animals, scattered about the vicinity of Wood's mountains. Not a single herd is now to be found upon the prairies of Dakota or Minnesota, where buffaloes once wandered in thousands. Last year but 10,000 robes were handled in St. Paul, where in 1881 100,000 robes were turned over, and this year the entire trade has amounted to four robes.

"To argue for an open post-office on Sunday's, is as narrow, short-sighted, injudicious, greedy, and irreligious as anything can well be." So says the *Globe*. "To close all our post-offices on Sundays would, in my view, be not only an intolerable inconvenience, but a great evil." That is the opinion of a broad-minded statesman, a most judicious speaker, the personification of unselfishness, and a consistent member of a sect whose true devoutness has never been questioned—John Bright. The Great Tribune, whose whole life has been devoted to the service of the people, has intelligible reasons for the faith that is in him. He points out to a correspondent who advocates non-delivery on Sundays that, besides one delivery of letters on Sundays being needful for the public service in England,

The post office is our great means, not only of commercial but of family communication. There are scores of thousands of young men and women in this country who are away from their homes and parents, engaged in cities and towns in the various occupations by which they live. To these Sunday is, to a large extent, a day of rest. It is a day on which their thoughts naturally turn to the homes they have left. It is the day on which the letter from the loving but absent father and mother is most frequently received; and it is the day on which the absent son or daughter has the greatest leisure to write to the home circle. If your plan were adopted, how many thousands of letters of wise and loving counsel from parents to absent children would be received under circumstances less favourable for good than if received, and read, and re-read

during the quiet and leisure of the Sunday? In cases of sickness or of death, the closing of the post would often be a grievous inconvenience and a cause of great and prolonged distress. I have known two instances of it in my own family.

The *Globe* ventures the assertion that "the great mass of the people of London are in favour of things as they are, and wish no change." (Which formula recalls the Irishman's philosophic dictum, "If things don't alter they'll remain as they are.") Our contemporary, however, advances no facts in support of the averment; whereas the experience of one-time residents in the Metropolis inclines to a directly opposite belief. A noisy Puritanical minority, who preach that man was made for the Sabbath, make spasmodic protests against the "desecration" of that day; but as the same persons do not hesitate to avail themselves of private and public vehicles to attend church, are not conspicuous for their preference of cold mutton on Sundays, and do not object to read journals put in type on that day their Stiggins-like diatribes go for exceedingly little. "The one round of the postman in the day is not a heavy burden," wrote Mr. Bright to the Sabbatarians; and he continued truly: "There is not a word in the New Testament leaning to your views."

AN American paper has the following: "What's the reason so many Englishwomen come over here to join the Mormons?" said a Castle Garden official in response to an inquiry. "Because they don't have half a chance to get husbands in England; that's the reason. Why, one of them was telling me only the other day that out of a hundred women folks in her native villages between the ages of twenty and thirty-five, there were husbands for only fifty-six of them; fourteen of the other forty-four had owned husbands once, but they had died; the remaining thirty never had any, and had no hopes of getting one. She seemed to have made a study of the question, for she told me that there were less than 4,000,000 women between twenty and forty years in all England and Wales, and of them nearly 2,000,000 were unmarried. So when the Englishwomen learned about Utah, and the glorious opportunities it afforded them in a marital way, they became impressed with the place at once; and that's why they keep coming over with the Mormon missionaries."

THE New York *Nation* speaks of Professor Fawcett as having been in the Cabinet. He was not in the Cabinet. Even if in political eminence he had been up to the cabinet mark, which he hardly was, his blindness would have been a fatal objection. He could not have read the confidential papers and despatches, while his reader could not have been allowed to know the secrets of the Government. It could hardly have been safe to entrust even the papers themselves to his hands.

THE VEILED PROPHET OF CHELSEA.

Rap't into mystic ecstasy the Prophet veiled we viewed.
Alas, the veil is lifted now: Shea! so much for Froude.

THOUGH the courts, in accordance with the dictates alike of law and of social decency, have restrained the publication of Lord Lytton's love-letters, it seems that Lady Lytton's literary executive, Miss Devey, hopes still to find a way of vindicating the memory of her departed friend—in other words, of unloading upon the public mind and taste the rich deposit of matrimonial scandal of which she appears to be the well-chosen trustee. She will do the very opposite of what she intends and her friend intended. It will be the memory of Lord Lytton, not that of Lady Lytton, which will be vindicated by the exposure, so far as it is capable of vindication. Lord Lytton's memory bore the stain of misconduct and even of brutality as a husband; and his only excuses were supposed to be the unhappy irritability of genius and the revulsion consequent on the dissipation of a poet's dream. But it is now apparent that he was miserably married, and that the wrong can hardly have been all upon his side. For the woman who, under any circumstances and however provoked, could leave such letters for publication, if she was not insane, must have been vile. Between Mr. Froude and Miss Devey it seems doubtful whether such things as right feeling and social decency will much longer be found on earth. The pretexts in both cases are fine, and the motive in both cases is the same.

THE long-expected "Correspondence and Diaries of the late Right Hon. John Wilson Croker" are dividing the honours of scandal-loving readers with Mr. Froude's unhealthy exposure of Carlyle, the revolting and probably exaggerated revelations of the Lytton family, and the sometimes inconvenient Malmesbury confessions. Few men of his time have been so soundly abused as Mr. Croker—probably no *Quarterly* editor ever earned so unenviable a notoriety. Macaulay detested him, and said so. Beaconsfield vented his hatred by lampooning Croker as "Rigby" in "Coningsby." Thackeray's dislike for him was shown in "Vanity Fair,"