

means have been tried and failed. Will any man venture to say that any fair attempt has ever been made to put down drunkenness in Canada? Not till the license system has been removed from the direct action of party politics can anyone say this. Do not adopt a system of the most absolute tyranny till you have made some slight show of trying fairer means.

Algoma.

J. C.

#### CHURCH FINANCES.

To the Editor of *The Week* :

SIR,—A correspondent named "Anglican" writes to you suggesting that my letter recently in *THE WEEK* on Diocesan statistics is not consistent with one which I lately wrote to the *Globe* on the same subject. I hardly think that any reader, other than "Anglican," can have missed my point, which was this: that there was a slight apparent deficit in one or two particular items of finance; but that the aggregate contributions for all purposes were immensely increased. The practical question is not whether the Church is failing because there was (in this one year) a singular and transient deficit, but whether the Church is not gaining ground, as evidenced by the immense total increase of contributions for Church purposes. The Bishop's conclusion from the premises must be that of every reasonable man, viz., that whereas there is a marked increase of "real strength," both in regard to finances and more spiritual matters, the Church in the Diocese is manifestly gaining largely.

RICHARD HARRISON.

[This correspondence must now close.—ED.]

#### THE WEAVER.

ALL day, all day, round the clacking net  
The weaver's fingers fly:  
Gray dreams like frozen mists are set  
In the hush of the weaver's eye;  
A voice from the dusk is calling yet,  
"Oh, come away, or we die!"

Without is a horror of hosts that fight,  
That rest not, and cease not to kill,  
The thunder of feet and the cry of flight,  
A slaughter weird and shrill:  
Gray dreams are set in the weaver's sight,  
The weaver is weaving still.

"Come away, dear soul, come away, or we die;  
Hear'st thou the moan and the rush? Come away,  
The people are slain at the gates, and they fly;  
The kind God hath left them this day;  
The battle-axe cleaves, and the foemen cry,  
And the red swords swing and slay."

"Nay, wife, what boots it to fly from pain,  
When pain is wherever we fly?  
And death is a sweeter thing than a chain:  
'Tis sweeter to sleep than to cry.  
The kind God giveth the days that wane;  
If the kind God hath said it, I die."

And the weaver wove, and the good wife fled,  
And the city was made a tomb,  
And a flame that shook from the rocks overhead  
Shone into that silent room,  
And touched like a wide red kiss on the dead  
Brown weaver slain by his loom.

Yet I think that in some dim shadowy land  
Where no suns rise or set,  
Where the ghost of a whilom loom doth stand  
Round the dusk of its silken net,  
Forever flyeth his shadowy hand,  
And the weaver is weaving yet.

A. LAMPMAN.

#### LORD HARRIS ON CRICKET.

WE are inclined to question whether the excitement in Australia has been greater over the transmission of a body of colonial troops to assist the Mother Country in the Soudan than it was over the successes of the first Australian Eleven that visited these shores. The theorist, however, may say: "I grant you that some outdoor exercise is good and indeed necessary; but is there not a great waste of time over such a game as cricket—time which would be much better spent in the consideration of such economic problems as might lead to solutions having a beneficial result for mankind?" Well, putting aside altogether the difficult problem whether the circulation of capital, and consequent employment of labour, which does result from a game so universally pursued as cricket, is or is not of benefit to the community, we should be inclined to say: "If the minds of those who take an active part in the game were devoted to nothing else, the answer might be in the affirmative." But that is not the case. Let the theorist inquire among his friends, and not seldom will he find that some athletic pursuit has exercised its sway over their earlier days. He will find perhaps that the millionaire, who devotes much of his thought and wealth to the improvement of his estate, and is an enthusiast on the subject of church architecture, was in his University Eleven; that the judge spends his leisure evenings at Lord's; that the statesman pulled an oar in his University Eight; that the rising barrister's name is celebrated in tennis

court annals; that the philanthropist, who spends his evenings with the poor, may occasionally be seen no inconspicuous figure in the football field, and that the hardest of hard-worked M.P.'s was never beaten in the racquet court; and if he finds that answer to his inquiries, perhaps he will admit that the field of athletics need not necessarily, and indeed seldom does, prevent the man who has been able to excel there to excel also in after years in graver pursuits. And, the greater covering the less, he will find this applies also to cricket; for as the young gentleman who has been a distinguished figure in the cricket-field finds the graver duties of life forcing themselves on his attention, he leaves the former for the latter, not without a heartache perhaps, but none the worse a man that the republic of the cricket-field has given him a closer acquaintance with all sorts and conditions of men, and with probably a practical knowledge of human nature that will serve him in good stead through life, which he might have acquired with difficulty, if at all, in the class-room or the study.

Cricket always was an essentially English game, supported by country gentlemen, and practised on village greens; but now that has taken an extended form. The splendidly appointed grounds which are to be found in or near every large town are supported by the sixpences of the people. Ten years ago most county cricket clubs eked out an uncertain subsistence on the generosity of one or two patrons; now the more wide-spread interest in the game gives them a more than sufficient income. Where hundreds dawdled up of an afternoon to see a big match, now thousands arrive early on the ground to secure a good place.

We can remember very well when Manchester cared nothing for cricket; now, if the crack bat of every local club, who manages to get fifty runs indifferently against moderate bowling, is not tried for the county eleven, the unfortunate committee is besieged with indignant protests, hinting broadly at favouritism, and demanding the dismissal from office of the captain and most of the committee.

Now, to some minds, doubtless, there is much that is absurd in all this; why should there be such excitement over three sticks and a bit of red leather? Never mind the why, my theorist—accept it, and accept this, too, that it is very much better that the teeming swarms of a city should be interested in something that will take them into the open air, than that they should spend their time in a stuffy taproom, talking maudlin politics over beer and pipes, and losing more than the threepence or sixpence it would cost them to obtain admittance to the cricket-ground over a game of all-fours, played with a dog's-eared pack of cards, or than that they should lounge away their afternoon in the heated alleys of the town. Politics! let them talk politics by all means in proper season; for Heaven's sake let them study the science, for in all conscience it is very necessary that the rulers of a country should understand it; but induce them also to come out of the courts, and the alleys, and the slums, into God's air and sunshine, and they will not be worse politicians one bit; and, if you can get them out in the air, let them go and take part in, or look on at, one of our manly old English pastimes; they will get more good from it than from seeing half a dozen thoroughbreds flash by a post once every half-hour during an afternoon.

Let us not be misunderstood; this is no fanciful creation of a brain diseased by monomania. The people are every day showing a keener interest in athletics; and it becomes the duty of those who lead to endeavour to direct the interest and the energy it will develop into proper channels. But to be able to do so they must be prepared to hold their own. We fancy we see signs of dilettantism coming over young England in respect to cricket—a disinclination to go through the drudgery of the game, which alone can ensure eventual excellence, and a consequent hankering after the milder excitement of lawn tennis. We trust we are entirely wrong, and that gentleman will continue to be the equals, if not the superiors, of the professionals in the cricket-field. Whilst that continues, the game will continue to be the pure game it is, untouched by the lowering tendencies of the betting-ring and its degrading accompaniments; it will remain a simple trial of skill and endurance, honoured by those who take part in it and an honour to the country that has produced it. But once let the former class begin to lose their proficiency at it, and they will drop back into the inferior position of patrons; they will no longer lead, they will barely encourage; the betting-ring will insert its foot, will little by little gain an ascendancy, and the question, "Has the encouragement of cricket as a pursuit for the people any advantages?" may then, when put, receive a different answer to that which it is entitled to at the present day.—*Contemporary Review*:

#### THE SCRAP BOOK.

##### PROHIBITION IN KANSAS.

MR. JAMES CHARLTON, the General Passenger Agent of the Chicago and Alton Railway, made a long excursion across the Rocky Mountains to San Francisco, and back to Chicago by another route. An interesting and humorous account of what he saw on the journey was afterwards communicated to the *Newcastle (Eng.) Weekly Chronicle*. Mr. Charlton is a Tynesider, though he migrated first to Canada and then to the United States many years ago. Mr. Charlton is one of the best known railway officials in the United States. The following extract from his letter to the *Chronicle* is valuable as independent testimony to the failure of Prohibition to prohibit:—"Nominally Kansas still continues to be a Prohibition State. In reality, however, it is nothing of the kind. Prohibition no more prohibits here than it does in other States. As it is the last day of the week, cases of champagne and car loads of beer are arriving and being unloaded and delivered at all stations. These illegal consignments arrive usually on Saturday and Sunday. It appears to be the experience that Prohibition con-