

of humour or an excess of zeal. It would appear that the reverend gentleman has recently modified his views upon this question, if it be true, as rumoured, that he was until lately a contributor to a local journal, and that he then recommended it to the attention of his congregation.—*Verbum sap.*

WITH great thoughtfulness and good taste the ladies and gentlemen who compose the Toronto Harmony Club have decided to offer the proceeds of their second performance of "Patience" to the fund in aid of sufferers by the North-West Rebellion. We understand that a tremendous rush has been made for tickets of admission to both representations (Friday and Saturday evenings), and that there is every prospect of the event proving the most successful, as it will certainly be the most fashionable, which has taken place in Toronto for some time.

WOULD the Montreal *Herald*—which by the way has again made itself amusingly angry at THE WEEK—say how much truth there is in the following *on dit*? So certain were the officers of a now notorious Quebec regiment that their men would refuse to fight Riel that fifty pairs of handcuffs were taken out as an important part of the outfit.

THERE were twenty-one failures in Canada reported to Bradstreet's during the past week, against ten in the preceding week, and seventeen, thirty-nine and thirteen in the corresponding weeks of 1884, 1883 and 1882, respectively. In the United States there were 198 failures during the week as compared with 196 in the preceding week, and with 164, 186 and 105, respectively, in the corresponding weeks of 1884, 1883 and 1882. About eighty-five per cent. were those of small traders whose capital was less than \$5,000.

It was about time for a Canadian Club to be formed in this city, says the New York *Town Topics*. "The natives of that British province have so greatly increased in number in the Metropolis during the past few years as to somewhat justify the remark lately made by a Wall Street broker, that the entire business of New York seemed to be passing rapidly into the hands of German Hebrews and 'Kannucks.'" A club for mutual protection against such aspersions as these was therefore a good move for our resident Canadians. Erastus Wiman took the chair, I notice, at the organization. His active participation will deprive Staten Islanders of any interest in the new club, no matter where born, whose chief anxiety in regard to this gentleman now is, that his transit from their loved isle may be a rapid one. I was surprised not to see Mr. Gordon Macdonald's name in this new organization. So energetic and prominent a young Canadian should have received prompt recognition, and I cannot understand why Mr. Wiman should have overlooked so valuable a countryman."

ON every hand come proofs of the worthlessness of the American press as a news medium when it has to cater to Irish readers. Whilst the leading journals in the States, and more particularly those of the Eastern and Southern States, are showing the most friendly feelings towards England in discussing the Afghan incident, many of the Detroit, Chicago, and Cincinnati papers, and some of the less reputable of New York, not content with sympathizing with Russia, descend to the pettiness of circulating palpably false reports of the North-West imbroglio—thus endeavouring to hit the Mother Country over Canada's shoulder. Mr. Gladstone was, moreover, the other day described by one of these as having "probably not a single affinity with anything aristocratic," as being ready to accept a "diplomatic insult," and as thinking India "not worth a fight with Russia." One could understand an American journalist making a wrong estimate of Mr. Gladstone's character; but there is no sort of excuse to be given for the latter statements referred to, for the most modern of history gives them the lie direct. Nor could an intelligent reader of English news, even when it is coloured by an Irish-American "cablist," well form the opinion that Mr. Gladstone's sympathies were anti-aristocratic. His attitude in the recent dead-lock between the Lords and Commons alone would suffice to show his tendencies, not to mention his raising of Tennyson and others to the peerage, and a thousand other evidences lying ready to the hand of honest enquiry.

FROM the *National Republican* we learn that there was a well-attended and enthusiastic meeting of the St. George's Society in Washington on Thursday evening last. It is pleasant to read that "there was an unusual display of patriotism, every reference to the prospective difficulty between Russia and the Mother Country being received with enthusiasm." Professor Goldwin Smith responded to the toast "The Guests." In the course of his address he referred to the Anglo-Russian complication, the sentiment of the following extract being loudly applauded: "Professor Smith said he took comfort in believing that Mr. Gladstone will go into no war with any power which is not inevitable and just; though, even in a just cause there is ground for deep anxiety, he would have good hope for his country. In a war with a despotic power, England has that strength which belongs only to the free—a latent strength of which none can be more conscious than the people of the United States. England's points of weakness are obvious enough; her reserve of force less so. Her commercial wealth, with her command of skilled industry, is rapidly converted into military and naval power when occasion arises; her administration, incessantly subject to free criticism, is kept pure and trustworthy; and peril will kindle patriotism, quell faction, and bring the right men to the front. If the present strain between England and Russia should end in war, he pre-

dicted that we should witness what he had witnessed in this country twenty or more years ago—the old ship with rigging torn, masts shattered, and decks running blood, but we should not see her flag hauled down. With their still vivid remembrance of their own sacrifices and efforts in the war of the rebellion, the people of the United States could not doubt the willingness of the English people to do and endure in like manner, nor the result of their efforts and endurance."

THE American Geographical Society has been discussing the nomenclature of places in the United States. There is much excuse for some strange names to be found in the altogether exceptional circumstances under which the country was settled. Civilized colonists naturally transfer to the land of their adoption many of the names which belong to the Old Country. Nor is there anything to find fault with in the adoption of the names used by the aborigines before their arrival. Many of the most beautiful and picturesque place-names of America are of this order. It was impossible for names to grow up in that gradual and historical fashion in which English towns and villages acquired their present appellations. In the Wellingtons, Prestons, and Oldhams of this country we have a whole history crowded into a single word. Settlements in America and, to some extent in Canada, had to be labelled quickly for convenience sake; and they were in a measure significant. So much cannot be said for some of the creations of later days. New Athens, New Rome, and New Memphis cannot be regarded as teaching or recording anything but the poverty of invention and lack of imagination which marked their authors. Another set which has been thrown off during the rapid settlement of new districts in the Western States are grotesque and destitute even of that love of the grandiose and high sounding which is so often shown by the illiterate in choosing fine names for their children. Among American place-names we have the following: You Bet, Popcorn, Wild Cat, Cab Run, Bake Oven, Big Coon, Barn Corn, Rawhide, Cat Creek, Dirt Town, Doctor's Town, Ivy Tavern, Cut Off, Big John, and Fish Hook. We cannot expect any great fund of inventive power or any extraordinary delicacy of taste on the part of pioneers, whose powers are of a rougher and perhaps more useful order. After all, the names they give to their clearings are not much more inappropriate than many of the Christian names bestowed upon their children by parents in the lower and lower middle classes in England, whose chief peculiarity is that they have no kind of real or imagined correspondence with the persons named, or the circumstances under which the name is bestowed.

It is rumoured in one of the London papers that old Temple Bar is soon to be set up again in King's Bench Walk, so near the old site that anyone may see it without being three minutes off Fleet Street, but in a position where it will no longer be an obstruction. When the old Bar was taken down the stones were carefully numbered by some who took pleasure in them and properly stowed away. The erection in King's Bench Walk will, therefore, be in the strictest sense a restoration. It is different with the new statue of Queen Anne, which is to be set up by the Corporation in front of St. Paul's Cathedral in substitution for the dilapidated image which now occupies the site. The statue will be a reproduction of Francis Bird's work, which was originally much admired.

WE live in an age of centenaries, bicentenaries and quincentenaries; but a millennium festival is somewhat of a novelty. Such a celebration, however, began on Tuesday, April 7th, in the town of Welehrad, Moravia, in connection with the two great Slav apostles, Methodius and Cyril. Monday, the 6th, was the date of the death of Methodius in 885, Cyril having died seventeen years previous, but it has been arranged to have one millennial festival simultaneously for both. The religious period of the celebration is to continue until the 4th of October, although the greatest solemnities will be comprised between April 7 and 13, July 5 and 12, and August 13 and 22, in Austria, Russia and Bulgaria. Methodius was a monk and a painter, who was living in Constantinople in 853, when Bogoris, the King of the Bulgarians, summoned him to Nicopolis to paint the walls of a banquet hall. He painted a picture of the Last Judgment, and did it so effectively that the King was first terrified and then converted, being subsequently baptized into the Christian faith along with his whole army. Meanwhile Cyril was busy evangelizing the Chasars, who dwelt on the shores of the Caspian Sea, his labours amongst whom were so successful that the Khan himself became one of his converts. Ere long the news of the work of both preachers reached Rastie, the Prince of Moravia, who urged them to visit his dominions also, and enter upon a new field together. They accepted the invitation, and made thousands of proselytes, assisted by a number of whom they completed their translation of the Scriptures, which is in use to this day as a sacred or church language among all Greek-Catholic Christians, Russians, Bulgarians and Serbs.

WHILE we in Halifax are sending our young men thousands of miles to endure all the hardships and mishaps of a frontier war in order to put down a rebellion fanned by that unchanging murderer, the Tory Party in Quebec are endeavouring to secure the return of a supporter of Sir John by holding that gentleman up as a friend and sympathizer with Riel. And Sir John will repeat his tactics of 1871, and while exhorting the English Provincials to pour out their blood and money to suppress Riel, will at the same time whisper honeyed assurances to his French Canadian friends that no harm shall come to their dear friend and spoiled darling. He is a worthy chief of a worthy party.—*Halifax Chronicle*.