long, but the details cannot well be spared. They are for the consideration of the whole public of Canada:—

"Another shocking accident on the railway occurred on the Grand Trunk crossing at the corner of Etienne and Britannia Streets yesterday afternoon, and resulted in the death of Mrs. Lovelock, 76 Conway Street, and the mutilation of a little five-year-old boy named William Lloyd, residing at 80 Conway Street. As will be seen in the diagram, the track at this point is without protection of any kind, except an old notice board bearing the words '——AY CROSSING.' The track where it crosses Etienne Street rises about a foot above the level of the road, forming part of what is known as the Grand Trunk elevated track. On this portion of the system a great amount of traffic and shunting is carried on in connection with the Ogilvie elevator, half a mile away.

"After the accidents, the engineer and trainmen present at the time were interviewed by a *Witness* reporter, and following are the accounts they give of the occurrence:—

"Samuel Vail, a coupler, said he was attending to the shunting operations of No. 30 engine yesterday at 3.50 p.m. The train was shunting to and fro, taking on cars. He noticed a little boy getting on the cars swinging along stealing rides. Several times Vail threw stones and shouted at the boy to frighten him away. He lost sight of the lad for a moment, and thought he had succeeded. Shortly afterwards he heard some one shouting near the slowly moving train, and then, as the train passed along, he saw Lloyd sitting on the track holding his leg, while another little boy was running away from him.

"Vail, thinking the boy who was running away had done something to Lloyd, ran up. He then saw that the wheels of the car had passed over the little fellow's leg below the knee, and crushed one of his feet. Bidding a bystander tie a rope around the lad's leg to prevent loss of blood, Vail then ran to the telephone and summoned assistance. During this time the train was stopped, and the engineer and coupler assisted the boy. How many cars passed over the boy is unknown. It is presumed that he fell off one of the cars. After the boy had been removed to his home, the shunting operations were resumed. By this time a crowd of people had gathered at the crossing, and a railway man named Archie Bonner was keeping the people off the track. Mr. Vail said he saw Mrs. Lovelock on the track, and Bonner took her by the arm and put her off as the now detached engine approached the crossing. The engine was then travelling slowly, he would think not more than three miles an hour. As the engine with its bell ringing went slowly along, he saw Mrs. Lovelock run by its side on the track. She seemed as one demented, and was evidently looking to find the boy. She ran along to within two feet in front of the engine, when she made as if to cross the track directly in its front, stumbled over the rail and fell headlong across the track. The engine passed over her, and when it had passed they found the poor creature crushed and torn out of all human semblance. That was all witness knew. Nobody was to blame. The woman acted as one distraught.

"The engineer, William Spence, after corroborating the shunter's description of the accident to the boy, said, as regards the woman, that he was on his engine on the opposite side to that on which the woman was running. 'There,' he said to the reporter, 'is the engine; I stood there; you see it was impossible for me to see anyone running along the track on that side. The first thing I knew above the clatter of the bell and the noise of the engine was a lot of shouting. I knew then that something was wrong, and at once stopped the engine, and saw Mrs. Lovelock lying on the track behind the engine. We were going slowly, not so much as three miles an hour.'

"Richard Ryan, a coupler, then told what he knew of the affair, which bore out the statements of the engineer and shunter. James Lloyd, the father of the injured lad, told the reporter how a little boy had brought the news to his wife, how his wife had set out to the scene with her neighbour, Mrs. Lovelock, and how his boy and Mrs. Lovelock had been brought back."

The plain remedy for all this misery is to have road bridges over all the crossings in the city of Montreal as an example to all other Canadian cities. The Canadian Pacific Railway has a splendid viaduct there for this purpose. The greatest reproach upon our civilization in matters that are not ranked under the head of crime is the way in which the constant loss of life and limb upon the railway tracks—from various heads of disaster—is disregarded by some of the great railway corporations. When life is lost from the acts or omissions of individuals, there is anxiety to know where the responsibility rests, but these companies are powerful, and, while coroners' juries render verdicts "attributing blame to no one," the greater journals faithfully record the circumstances and make no further comment. As they do most of our thinking for us, this is not the way for them to treat a great and serious question. In the present instance the Christian Churches have, so far, made no sign.

In the purposes of the Divine government, there will doubtless one day be an inquisition for all this unnecessary blood-shedding. May the day be hastened!

Sir Henry Tyler, the President of the Grand Trunk Railway Company, while the subject of heavy responsibilities in the existing state of things, need not be made to shoulder the whole of them. He is an extremely able engineer, who knows how a railway should be worked as well as any man living, for it was he who, in years past, and while yet a young man, did more as the Government Inspector of Railways than any other man to put the great British system of railway lines on a secure and protective footing. After every fresh accident he was found on the scene, and his report was looked for by all, and most carefully considered in the leading London organ of the people. This alone constitutes a mighty contrast to the habit of this country, its people and Government; and the splendid result was an attention to the details of construction and working that has given the British system a vast superiority over anything to be seen on this continent in its organization and freedom from accident, and this with a far more crowded traffic. In saying this, I by no means ignore the great inventive genius of our neighbours to the south of us. The defect is entirely in the application. People who take little pains to avoid calamity have suffered in all ages of the world, and never more than now. An interview lately took place between Sir Henry and a reporter of the *Witness*, in which, after some supremely bad logic about the relative responsibilities of the railway managers and the people who dwell along the line, the president made a distinct offer to the city, and this was: To capitalize the annual expense incurred by the company in providing gates and watermen for the level crossings over their line and civic shunting grounds; to capitalize this amount, and to offer it as a contribution to the city—they being a somewhat impoverished company—against the city's own subscription, in order to provide the needed amount to build bridges over these tracks, and so protect the lives of the school children as well as pedestrians generally, and the drivers of vehicles along the roads, who are seen to be crossing the lines every day of their lives. Should we not have thought that, although the offer may not be of the most liberal, it would, at least, have been entertained by the citizens in some shape? Those who so expected must have been grievously disappointed. Not a sparrow cheeped. Not a sound was heard from the press in any of its voices. The highly energetic men of the City Council had missed the paragraph, somehow. The Board of Trade was attending to matters of commerce. And yet the *Witness* has a large circulation over the city and country. Even its own editors were weary or somnolent, and the little breath of hope has vanished with the smoke of the good cigar that Sir Henry was smoking at the time.

But this is a city that talks about boulevards and improvements from one week's end to another. The London *Times*, on another branch of the railway question, lately said: "It is not a question of engineering; engineers have never yet met with the impossible in railway construction," remarking, also, that the profession is "glutted." Excellent men and specialists! Some of them should come to Canada and glut themselves with the joy of saving life, and showing our unsophisticated colonists how things ought to be done in this most solemn and important juncture in our affairs. X. Y.

P. S.—I trust these words of mine will awaken some attention, and will only add the assurance that those who love the land of their birth or adoption will be most pleased to hear what Principal Grant has to say on this most momentous question.

THE CRITIC.

With the approaching death of summer and the hectic flush that makes more beautiful the beautiful Canadian foliage, we leave with regrets the umbrageous shores of our lakes and the green banks of our rivers to return once more to toil and to city life. The brightened eye and the sun-browned face betoken health gained and spirits made buoyant by an all too short-lived sojourn with Nature. It is a wholesome habit this of spending our summer months, as so many are able and willing to do, amid the simple surroundings of trees and fields and water. It is one of the invaluable advantages of our comparatively sparsely-populated country that Canadians have within easy reach haunts that would provoke the envy of continental nations, haunts free from those banes of quiet, the tourist and the excursionist; and it is pleasant to think that so many are alive to the advantage and are not lured away by the doubtful attractions of more fashionable resorts.

This habit, surely, as time goes on will deepen and will show its emollient effects upon our more leisured classes. It cannot be but that one, two, or three months passed in the most healthy of atmospheres, both physical and moral, will produce traits of character peculiar to our soil. We speak of national traits, we little think that we are thus yearly developing one, and one likely to be in time to come a highly commendable one. Gardening it was Bacon who held to be the purest of human pleasures. Doubtless he held the purity sprang from contact with unsullied Nature. If so, and had he known of Muskoka or the banks of the St. Lawrence, the great essayist might perhaps have ranked summer life by Canadian lake or river purer still. And surely such life, begun in early childhood and continued year after year, must tend to purify the mind and heart, and to leave its mark in many ways. To be for a time far beyond the reach of the cares of everyday life, to find a quiet spot odorous with grass and clover, where great trees throw wondrous shadows on the mead, and the sound of the wavelets of the lake scarce reach the listening ear, where the sun sinks behind greenest hills, and a wind awakes among the pines, and the boughs sing a cosmic song, moved to music by airs set in motion by forces far beyond the stars, where the earth breathes forth its secrets to the skies, and the waters bare their hearts to heaven—who shall say such scenes and moments leave no impressions "such as have no slight or trivial influence on that best portion of a good man's life"?

Already perhaps the signs of such influence are not wanting. Our poets and our painters both give evidence of Nature's sway. With Mr. Lampman she is paramount, with Mr. Wilfred Campbell she is all-powerful; and on the walls of our academies it is landscape painting that predominates. Canada will produce a Wordsworth before she produces a Swinburne, and a Turner before a Bougereau. It has been remarked that Canadian poetry is largely if not entirely objective, descriptive. The criticism applies equally to Canadian art. Why should they not be? Is it not a healthy sign? So long as the poet and the painter can see beauty, can feel it, and can depict it in words or pigments, let us not find fault with him; let us rather rejoice that it shows him to be at the beginning and not at the end of his inspiration. When analysis and introspection take the place of the love of the beautiful, is there not reason to fear that art has passed its prime? And surely analysis and introspection are the last things required in a young country, with all its future before it, and with as yet but few of its beauties embalmed in poem or painting. By all means let us have descriptive writing and descriptive art. As the country grows, no doubt it will soon enough have that which will awaken the critical and analytical judgment. Already we are beset with problems—political problems, commercial problems, social problems, international problems. Soon enough these will arouse the speculative spirit. For the present let our poets and painters battle their imaginations in the simplicity and purity of Nature.

And by thus bathing their imaginations in the simplicity and purity of Nature, it may follow that our poets and painters shall be largely preserved from that——trait so often commented upon as observable in cis-Atlantic productions, that self-consciousness which manifests itself under various aspects; a trait destructive of that spontaneity and simplicity which should underlie all art. Wholly free from it perhaps in this closing decade of this nineteenth century we cannot be: in one form or another it seems to permeate certain classes and certain peoples; now by a striving after a novelty or originality of expression, now by certain tinge of affectation, often by downright sensationalism clamouring for attention. Even in some of those of our modern poets who have won popular estimation it is perceptible. Tennyson and Browning we may absolve, perhaps too Mr. William Morris; but was Whitman untainted? did Matthew Arnold surrender wholly to the divine afflatus? Mr. Swinburne's verbal manipulation is astounding, but is it wholly without appearance of effort? Does Mr. Edwin Arnold always sing because he must? has Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse, with all his sweet simplicity, no tricks? and Mr. Henley, our last-praised poet, this is how he sings of one of his favourite objects of nature:—

> What should the trees,
> Midsummer-manifold, each one,
> Voluminous, a labyrinth of life—
> What should such things of bulk and multitude
> Yield of their huge, unutterable selves,
> To the random inopportunity of Day,
> The blabbing journalist?

Hardly can this be called "inevitable," to use a word of Matthew Arnold's.

If, then, from this taint of self-consciousness, fatal to the highest art, our customary estival seclusion will help to free us, it is matter of congratulation that so many of those, to whom no doubt we must hereafter look for a Canadian literature and a Canadian art, avail themselves of their almost unrivalled opportunities of seeking inspiration from its purest source.

PARIS LETTER.

By the death of Ernest Renan, France has lost her Democritus; he too looked at the cheerful side of things and considered the acquisition of peace of mind as the end and ultimate object of our actions. Renan was then the first Mahatma of his day, and merits his nirvana—if he could believe that haven of rest existed. What does Renan's life-work tot up to? Style, and nothing more. He has been classed a philosopher; but he does not explain any phenomena by powers and laws, and he had no political or social ethics. He has only said, in a more seductive manner, what ancients and moderns have already expressed; his style is enchanting, elegant, luminous and harmonious, but you cannot pick out a concrete idea or a definite theory in all that mass of linguistic beauty. Renan doubts everything, even doubt itself; for him truth has not only two, but a thousand, sides, and all may be right, or all may be wrong. All his theories evaporate, and so are intangible. Renan was a combination of scepticism, erudition, poetic-fancy, faith and incredulity. He has founded no school, but has dinned into our ears that we should pass through life with gay indifference; eat, drink and love, which was the creed of Sardanapulus. He was the Ecclesiastes of the closing half of the nineteenth century; his device was vanity of vanities, all is vanity. Bayle, Rousseau, Voltaire, Comte, Proudhon, Darwin, Spencer, Claude Bernard, Huxley, have left something for intellect to grip and to remember; not so Renan. In