

On the other hand the unconscious tendency of the soldier, who is neither scholar nor statesman, and whose ideals are all of the military type, to put the battlefield in the foreground is but too apparent. Next to this the undertone of exaltation of the powers and prerogatives of the kingly office, which resounds throughout the documents and gives them a ring of absolutism, is unpleasantly suggestive to lovers of freedom and constitutional government. When these positive characteristics are considered in connection with the somewhat marked absence of those distinct declarations of a policy of peace and an extension of constitutional liberty which might have been hoped for in the present state of Germany and Europe, it can scarcely be wondered at that William the Second's first public utterances have not awakened much enthusiasm outside of military circles at home, and have intensified the prevailing distrust abroad. There seems still reason to hope that while Prince Bismarck retains his commanding influence the peace may not be broken either by disturbances at home or conflicts with other nations. But the movements of the Great Powers will be watched with even more than usual interest and anxiety during the summer months.

THERE seems no good reason to believe that any of the sensational rumours with regard to the death or severe wounding of Stanley, the African explorer, are reliable. The last reports come by way of Khartoum, and are said to be from various sources, all agreeing, however, that a white Pacha, supposed to be Stanley, was at Bahr Gazel, "carrying all before him," whatever that may mean. Though the time has been long, there seems yet some reason to hope for the safety of the intrepid explorer. It must be confessed, however, that with each successive week that brings no reliable tidings, the margin of ground remaining for such hope will be rapidly narrowing. More than nine months have now passed since the date at which he should have reached Emin Bey had all gone well, and news of his arrival should have been had by the first of the present year.

MONTREAL LETTER.

Was it Talleyrand who remarked the tendency of humanity to fight for religion, to argue about religion, to preach religion, while the thought of practising religion never seemed to cross its pre-occupied mind? Grateful though we may be that the law has given the Press *passé partout*, which skilfully employed for our learning reveals all desirable and undesirable knowledge. There are times when, despite uncontrollable twinges of curiosity, we would fain see veiled those proceedings, but very indirectly affecting the public, yet whose publication is so strong to destroy faith in institutions men must either profoundly respect or heartily ridicule. The meetings of the Diocesan Synod were certainly rather less edifying than one might have hoped. During four days last week congregated many reverend gentlemen to talk of temperance work, the religious teaching of the young, a home for deaconesses, the substitution of the name, "The Church of England in Canada," for "The United Church of England and Ireland," and other reforms. Important as such questions are in ecclesiastical eyes, to the ordinary layman they doubtless assume a far lesser magnitude, so that when he hears them discussed with the temper born of tropical June afternoons, his wonder may border on amusement. But why need he hear them discussed? The result concerns him, nothing else. Why present to unfriendly creeds and denominations the spectacle of clerical fire raining upon an unfortunate daily, because forsooth it had printed *adopted* instead of *dropped*? Seems there not something woefully incongruous in mingling tirades against "the brutality of the press" with schemes to utilize love and zeal for practical purposes? What might happen were "our special" an auditor at those mysterious deliberations of the knights of the round table in the Capital is left to one's imagination. Surely then combatants for spiritual weal should enjoy a similar immunity from publicity, while the delicate forethought and perception which shroud vital discussions concerning matters temporal could shield, yea hide entirely, with excellent effect, worthy ecclesiastics when in that always unbecoming moral *négligé* necessitated by heated argument.

Just as we are horribly disappointed to find Her Majesty a peony-faced, motherly creature of anything but queen-like mien, and the brightest specimens among the ten thousand, until they speak, mistakable for very western friends, so equally imaginative foreigners who have some vague idea about the Lachine rapids being "shot on toboggans" guided by feathered aborigines, always arrive here with a hurt, disappointed air, exquisitely funny. Prince Roland Bonaparte expected to behold Niagara in pristine wildness and the pilot at Lachine a multicolour old gentleman. However, our civilization was soon pardoned amidst the luxuries of the

Windsor, and but a cursory glance at the city made the favourable impression, but a cursory glance always does. Prince Roland came to America to attend the Anthropological Congress in the States. While there he delivered one or two lectures on the Chinese discovery of America. These occasioned much newspaper discussion. His works comprising, among others, *Premières nouvelles concernant l'éruption de Kracatos*, it must have been very satisfactory for him to find gracing the shelves of the national library in Washington. Like Mrs. X., who was glad they had re-elected President Cleveland because she found Mrs. Cleveland "so nice." Prince Roland pronounces "the first lady" all that a Frenchman would be likely to pronounce her. Having married an immense fortune, in the person of Mlle. Blanc, the daughter of the Monaco millionaire, this studious noble devotes himself entirely to scientific pursuits and travel. The inane decree of General Boulanger banished him from the army, and a still more arbitrary proceeding, by which his grandfather, Prince Lucien, brother of Napoleon I., was cut off from succession, prevents his now being the chief of the House of Bonaparte.

Monsieur Faucher de St. Maurice, in a French paper here, speaks very promisingly about France as an excellent market for Canadian produce. But that we should enjoy advantages similar to those of other countries transacting business with her, the commercial treaty between La Nouvelle France and the old must stipulate a very decided diminution of the duty at present levied on French wines and liquors. Under these conditions friendly arrangements would be quite feasible Monsieur de Freycinet thinks, though of course he could not take any steps in the matter before preliminary parley with England. "Wouldn't such a treaty equal all the Scott Acts?" continues Monsieur de St. Maurice. It appears we might expect the consumption of alcohol to lessen greatly were "the pure juice of the grape" brought within reach of modest purses. Doubtless, but the rub is where to find this "pure juice." Everyone will tell you in France how exorbitantly the demand for it exceeds the supply, while you have only to sip those ambiguous decoctions "*compris*" with board at many Parisian *Pensions* to be convinced of the truth of the statement. From a recent French beer exhibition we realized how rapidly this beverage was increasing in popularity. Now, since such is the case, where do they expect to discover wine for exportation?—wine, of course, cheap enough to supply the needs of the workingman. A tipsy Frenchman at home one very rarely sees, yet he has no sooner landed here than we perceive with dismay his adapting himself to our least enviable customs and habits. I speak, naturally, of the lower class. This seems another proof in favour of light duty on cheap wines, but now we ask whether after all Canadian labouring people would drink these, for the liquors and "vin du pays" sold at small French *cabarets* are simply execrable, and seemingly only palatable to the man who has inherited his tastes with his sabots.

I cannot tell you of a prettier sight than that which Dominion Square offers during our sultry evenings, when up from the noisome town come thousands of weary and heavy laden to walk, to talk and to breathe in this lovely open spot, while a very respectable band does its best to give them the worth of their effort to hear it.

LOUIS LLOYD.

AN ARTIST ABROAD.

THE wind sobbed in long sighs about the house in the early morning, making me think of an old fisherman's remark to a lady who was far from her home, for which she had a great longing. "Ay Jessie," he said, "your sighs are e'en like the wind when its sighin' through rain." But the gray sky lowering over the gray Forth did not deter me from walking hastily to the station and buying a ticket for Glasgow, for the proverbial wet weather of that place dispels all hope of a fine day there. The train had scarcely started before the big drops fell, and a mist accumulating on the windows, the landscape was obscured, except when in desperation I brushed a loophole of observation, through which I perceived the fog trailing its ragged skirts about the hill tops, and had occasional glimpses of the silver line of canal now connecting the Frith of Forth with the Frith of Clyde.

A young Scotch giant occupied the same carriage with me, whom it was a delight to look upon. He appeared at peace with all mankind as he whistled the "Miserere" to the large foot he held up in front of him. I would fain have attributed his great strength and size to an oatmeal diet, but the use of this as standard food in Scotland is purely mythical, so I had to content myself with believing my young Hercules a kind of accident of Nature. The reply of the Scotchman to the Englishman who taunted him with eating food which they gave to horses in England—"Whaur did you ever see sic horses, or sic men?"—led me to expect "sic men" as I have not seen in this rugged country.