

MY MOTHER'S BOOK.

BY LILLIE E. BARR.

I.

There is not a book more sweet and dear
Than the book that lies at my mother's hand;
There is not a book more wise and good,
Or one more easy to understand.
She turns its leaves with a tender care;
She whispers its words at morn and night;
And still as she reads her dear, dear face
Gathers a new and beautiful light.

II.

She says it has been her truest friend,
Her comfort, her hope, through fifty years;
I have seen her open its clasps with joy,
And wet its pages with bitter tears.
The other books that she used to love—
Story, and thought, and poet's lay—
One by one she has laid them aside;
Her Bible grows dearer every day.

III.

The world may doubt, and the world may sneer,
The world may alter, and change, and mend;
To her it is perfect, and sweet, and clear,
From the very first letter unto the end.
The critic and scholar she does not heed,
"I know," she says, "what it meant to me;
I go to it weak, it makes me strong;
I go to it blind, it makes me see."

IV.

The light of the Book is on her face;
The strength of the Book is in her heart;
It gives to her home its highest grace;
It makes of her life the sweetest part;
And mother would scarce be mother, I think,
To her wayward boys, when back they look,
If they did not see her in memory
Peacefully reading the Blessed Book.

V.

I'm a happy man, and full of care,
Eagerly toiling for time and gold,
But often there comes to me unawares
Some solemn warning, some promise old;
And just for a moment I pause and think:
"Oh, where did I hear those words before?"
Then I remember the good old Book,
And mother reading them o'er and o'er.

VI.

Ah, wonderful Book! that with one word
Can thrill the heart in the dark midnight!
With just one word can alter the will,
And turn a purpose of wrong to right.
Many good things I have cast aside,
But I always ponder, and backward look,
If I hear in my heart a single verse,
In my mother's voice, from my mother's Book.

PRESENTATION TO MR. G. MERCER
ADAM.

To the following account, as found in the daily press, of the complimentary presentation on the 1st ult. to Mr. G. Mercer Adam, the founder and late editor of the *Canada Educational Monthly*, we shall add but very few words. The publishers of the *Monthly*, we need not assure our readers, received his resignation as Editor with extreme regret and accepted it only through necessity. They deplore his departure from Canada. They one and all repeat here the sentiments of the address, and await with impatience the time of his return. Meantime, as friend to friend in ancient days, we say,

"*Rebus incolorem, precor,
Et servas anime diadema meae.*"

(Adapted from the *Globe* and the *World*.)

When it became known a few days ago to some of the more intimate friends of Mr. G. M. Adam that he was about to take his departure for New York to enter into the service of a publishing house there, a movement was set on foot to present him with a testimonial of some kind as a recognition of his disinterested labours in the cause of Canadian literature. Owing to the shortness of the time at their disposal the committee who had the matter in charge were able to call upon only a few of his friends and well-wishers, but in spite of this obstacle they were able yesterday afternoon to present him with a purse of \$300.

The presentation took place in the parlour of the National Club in the presence of a number of gentlemen, amongst whom were Messrs. C. Blackett, Robinson, of *The Presbyterian*; W. Houston, of *The Globe*; W. Williamson, of *Willing & Williamson*; Thos. Maclear, of *Maclear & Co.*; W. D. Taylor, of *James Campbell & Son*; D. Rose and D. A. Rose, of *Hunter, Rose & Co.*; A. G. Watson, of the Methodist Book Room; J. Hornibrooke, of *Brown Bros.*; A. MacMurchy, M.A.; J. E. Collins; and G. H. Robinson, M.A. Mr. C. B. Robinson as chairman of the committee, read the following address:

To G. Mercer Adam, Esq.:

Having learnt with a great deal of regret that you are about to sever your connection with us, and to take up your abode, at least for a time, in New York, we cannot let you go without giving expression in some feeble way to our feelings at your departure, and our appreciation of the loss that will be sustained by the community among whom you have spent the past twenty-five years.

If Canadian literature could assume the human form then would she be found Chief Mourner among those who assemble to bid you

good-bye; for to her have you been as Publisher, Essayist, Editor and Educationist, as well as in your connection with our foremost Book-Houses, a skilled champion and a faithful friend. When others who loved our Literatures have turned away from the struggle with the courage gone out of their hearts, we have seen you loyally and resolutely stemming the tide; and if you did not conquer you have placed Canadian letters, and those you leave behind you who cling to the pen, under enduring obligation. Had you turned long ago, as others did, from the high duty you had set before you—from the brunt and disappointments of the day—to consult your own interests, you might not now be taking your pen to New York; but it is only small acknowledgement when we tell you, now at your departure, that what has been your pecuniary loss has been our very great literary gain.

Nor is it the Literature of Canada, alone, that has reason to regret your departure; but, as well the community at large, to whom you have been known so long for your integrity of character, your kindness of disposition, and your courtesy of bearing.

Trusting that your removal from our midst may be fruitful of fortune and happiness to yourself and your family—though we should not wish to regard your separation from us as permanent—we beg to present you with the accompanying purse as a small token of our esteem and good wishes.

On behalf of a Committee

C. BLACKETT ROBINSON,

Chairman.

DAN. A. ROSE,

Secretary.

Toronto, Aug. 31st, 1883.

Mr. Adam made the following reply, which was afterwards supplemented by a few extempore remarks giving some information about the work on which he was about to enter:—

Mr. Robinson and Gentlemen.—Very few and, I fear, inadequate words must suffice to thank you for the honour you have done me in this gathering; for your more than kind, indeed most flattering address; and for the substantial evidence of your favour and good-will which accompanies it.

At the present moment it would be difficult for me to say how sensible I am of your thoughtful consideration and courtesy, and I confess to being utterly unable to express to you how deeply I am touched at this leaving-taking. Whatever modest service I have been able to render to Canadian literature, I assure you, is amply repaid in the kind and graceful act which has called me to meet you.

It has been well said (it is an epigram of *By-stander*) that "good-will, not hatred, is the law of the world," and happy is he who is its object, for to the worker there is scarcely a greater stimulus than good-will, an as a traitor-man it is well-nigh all-powerful.

You will note, gentlemen, that I do not unreservedly extol the value of good-will, for good-will while it may boil the pot cannot always be trusted to fill it. This, frankly, is why I have decided, for a time at least, to take my pen and my services to a market where one can readily convert them, and thus enable me to exchange a somewhat precarious income for an assured one.

This remark I do not, of course, intend as any reflection upon Canada, for I have not lived five and twenty years in the country without knowing its limitations, and without making, as you have hinted, some sacrifices to be content in it.

At present, the Canadian people, it appears to me, are not in their noblest mood: the wave of national aspiration, despite the Royal Society and other factitious stimulants, seems to be receding rather than advancing, and interest in Canadian literature is with it on the ebb-tide. The reason of this, in some degree at least, is not far to seek.

Politics, as you well know, is, in great measure, the game of the people, and our public men are either absorbed in its service or in the equally engrossing pursuit of wealth. Hence, at no time has the intellectual life of Canada been very vigorous, and of late it has gone hard with Canadian periodicals. We have few men who take literature by the hand, and the party leaders and their organs chiefly use it for lampooning one another. Had our public men more of what the poets call vision—that is, penetration, foresight, and that inspiring force which looks to the future weal of a nation rather than to the immediate objects of personal ambition—the aspect of Canadian literature would be brighter and its future more encouraging. Until party politics in Canada shall have become an extinct vice, it would be vain to look for a more active national sentiment, or to expect increasing interest in the national literature.

A leading Reform politician remarked to me the other day, in speaking of the administration of education in the Province, that both political parties were rotten to the core. Were I a party man and an opponent, I would have replied, that, speaking for his friends, he no doubt delivered himself of an honest judgment. As he knew I was not, I inter that with regard to both parties he told me the truth, and did neither of them an injustice, for he had seen much of the inner workings of the machinery of faction. Here, as elsewhere, the politician is the product of his breed; and in too many instan-

ces he cares for little else than party wire-pulling, and is indifferent to the workings of literature and its elevating influence on the national character.

But there is another and an equally serious obstacle to literary development in Canada, which, unless removed, will continue to handicap its publishing industries, and dwarf the young sapling of native literature. I refer to the anomaly of the Copyright law, which, while it admits American reprints of English copyrights into the Dominion, and gives the publishers of the United States the *entree* to our markets for their unauthorized reprints, prohibits the Canadian, under the heaviest penalties, from sharing in the trade, except under conditions wholly nugatory. The perpetuation of restrictions of this sort, it should not be forgotten, not only fetters our own trade but prevents justice being done to the English Author. The situation is a signal instance of the folly of allowing national sentiment to override national reason.

It may be that the day will come, however, when this country in the affair of copyright, as well perhaps as in other things, shall be sufficient unto itself; when our people shall lose the sense of dependence in literary matters on the nation to the south; when our publishers shall no longer be compelled to fold their hands and look on while a neighbour supplies the market; when, in short, we shall be free, as it has been phrased, to act with our own full weight in our own concerns. Until then we must be content to be under great disadvantages, and try to control our impatience at the country being restrained from rising to the true measure of its greatness.

You have been good enough to refer, in what I am sure are sincere terms, to my departure from Canada, and have said pleasant things of my connection with its literary enterprises and its publishing life. Believe me, I appreciate your kindness, though there is admonition in your words, for one's aims ever sadly outrun fulfilment. But what I have failed to do, that and more I have yet hope will soon be accomplished, for I leave many willing workers behind, and, of course, I have no notion that because of the defection of a single pen from the ranks of native writers, Canadian literature is going straightway to doom. Only remember, now and then, that your writers need recognition and encouragement, and that there are services which may be rendered to literature higher than those of a scullion in politics. My friends of the Press will here, I trust, not misunderstand me. I make no attack upon them, but rather upon the system which makes political journalism a trade.

The step across the line, now that the two countries are drawn commercially so close together, involves, I need hardly say, no want of loyalty to Canada or of affection for the Motherland. You will therefore not consider me, in spirit at least, a deserter from the flag. That New York should draw from Toronto is as natural as that London should draw from my native city—the Scottish metropolis. On this continent the manufacturing centre for literature is not here; and to the manufacturing centre trade, and those engaged in it, will go whatever artificial barriers are in the way. If your market is for hogs you go to Chicago or Cincinnati; if literature, you go to New York or Boston; for it is the rule of the tanner, you know, that the tail goes with the hide.

But while I thus resign myself to the situation, I am far from feeling at ease in the prospect of quitting Canada. Here has been my field of work, here are my friends, and here the ties of blood. That I shall for many years be absent from Toronto, I hardly think likely; meantime I accept my exile, and will look back with longing eyes and a warm heart on Canada and on those whom I love.

Need I add that I shall miss the faces I see before me, and the kind greetings of those with whom I have for many years come in contact? But separated as we shall soon be, my heart will know no estrangement, for I go hence with your good wishes, and, thanks to your golden gift, may come again without fear of the constable.

Again thanking you, gentlemen, for your exceeding kindness, I bid you for a while goodbye.

Of the many tributes in the press to Mr. Adam's abilities and qualities, and expressions of regret at his departure from Canada, we shall quote but one—that of the *By-stander* of October.

The *By-stander* mourns the departure of Mr. G. Mercer Adam, who, after giving the best years of his life to the service of literature and the high class book-trade in Canada, has, like other men whom we could ill spare, accepted an invitation to New York, where he joins Mr. Lowell, the enterprising publisher, who is also an exile from Canada. We cannot wonder at these secessions. How is literature, how is the high-class book-trade to flourish here, under the present conditions? A Canadian writer can have no copyright of any value on his own continent, while, in his case, copyright in England is a name. The Canadian book-trade is cut off from its natural centres of distribution, to which it cannot resort without paying double duty. At the same time both writer and trade are exposed to the overwhelming influx of American reprints from English works, with which the Imperial copyright forbids the colony to compete. The literary calling in this country, if it exists at all, must exist almost apart from any hope of remuneration. Against such disadvantages what can vice-regal patronage avail?

THE LUTHER ANNIVERSARY.

Amid all the centennial commemorations with which we have become familiar, none is more worthy of the universal observance which it will receive than the four-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Martin Luther, which occurs on the 10th of November. At Eisleben, his birth-place, and throughout Germany, and everywhere in the countries that lead civilization, will the auspicious day be gratefully remembered and reverently celebrated. For in the truest sense Luther is the father of modern civilization. He emancipated the human mind from ecclesiastical slavery. He proclaimed that freedom of thought without which it is easy to see that, despite the great modern inventions, the spirit of the Dark Ages must have been indefinitely prolonged, and the course of modern civilization must have been essentially different. It was the spiritual freedom which Luther asserted that produced political freedom and the freedom of the press; Luther's spirit was to make the invention of Gutenberg the true servant of humanity, and to open to the benign genius of liberty the lands to which Giotto's mariner's compass should point the way. Indeed, among human benefactors there are few greater names than Martin Luther.

Of course neither in his own life nor in that of those who followed him most closely was the great doctrine of liberty, for which his name stands, fully developed, nor has that doctrine yet regenerated human society. The right of private judgment carries with it an immunity which is by no means willingly or completely recognized even by the communities which are most truly Lutheran in the sense of sharing his protest against the old order, and his affirmation of the authority of the individual conscience. Indeed, much that is strictly Lutheran, in the sense of necessary consequence of his great doctrine, is not to be found in his works, and would have been personally repudiated by him. But it is his, nevertheless, as the free development of England and America is the result of Puritanism, however different its aspect may be from that of the Puritan Commonwealth, and however sternly the Puritan may have denounced it. Out of strength comes forth sweetness. Out of Luther came forth John Woolman and Channing, and those also at whom Woolman and Channing would look in wonder and even with astonishment.

The lesson of Luther's birthday is not only that the individual conscience alone reveals the truth and the way to the sincere soul, but that the man who has the courage to hold to it firmly will be at last recognized and honored. It is the oldest of sayings that a prophet is not honored in his own country, and that we do not recognize the angels with whom we live. Many a "solid man of Boston" glorifies the memory of Sam Adams who, had he lived in Sam Adams's day, would have thought him a pestilent fellow, and who look askance upon the Sam Adamses of their own day. It may be wisely remembered by the respectable and dominant opinion which delights to pay homage to Luther that the same respectable and dominant opinion of his own time hated and hunted him. The tale is forever repeated. The other day at a public dinner in Boston the Lord Chief Justice of England, who would be heard nowhere more respectfully than in Boston, mentioned several distinguished men of that city and neighborhood, but the four that he first named together were Benjamin Franklin and Daniel Webster and Joseph Story and Theodore Parker. But how long is it since, to many of the eminent citizens who applauded Lord Coleridge, Theodore Parker was as abhorrent as dangerous both to church and state!

FOOT NOTES.

A MEMORIAL is to be erected in Paris to Alfred de Musset, its cost to be defrayed out of a legacy left for the purpose by the widow of his brother Paul.

MISS ANNIE LOUISE CAREY has had painted for herself a decorative work in several panels containing figures from the various operas in which she has been a favorite with the public.

A MONUMENT is about to be erected at Barbizon to Millet and Rousseau. A block of stone will bear a bronze medallion by Chapu, which unites their profiles. The two great painters lie side by side in the little cemetery at Chailly-en-Bière.

JULES VERNE is now about fifty years of age. His hair and beard are turning gray, and his figure, once so supple and elegant, is acquiring considerable embonpoint; but the bright eyes and intellectual face are still sparkling with youthful ardor.

HAMO THORNYCROFT has completed a clay model of the bust of Coleridge which is to be placed in marble in Westminster Abbey. Mr. Brock's bust of Longfellow has reached the same stage, and will probably be ready for dedication at about the same time.

AN English traveller in Ireland, greedy for information, and always fingering the note-book in his breast-pocket, got into the same railway carriage with a certain Roman Catholic Archbishop. Ignorant of his rank, and only perceiving that he was a divine, he questioned him pretty closely about the state of the country, whiskey-drinking, &c. At last he said, "You are a parish priest yourself, of course." His grace drew himself up. "I was one, sir," he answered, with icy gravity. "Dear, dear," was the sympathising rejoinder, "that dreadful drink, I suppose."