

died in the last year of the Seventeenth Century. His "Berenice" was first represented in 1670. It has held the stage ever since, and has just been reproduced at the Comedie Francaise, Paris. To the tragedy, thus played after the lapse of all but two hundred and twenty-five years from its first representation, the critical journals give as much space as though it were an absolute novelty, the *Revue Bleue*, for example, filling five of its broad pages with an interesting critique by a writer of high rank, M. Jacques du Tillet, who points out with enthusiasm the pathetic, touching, and tragic nature of the sentiments expressed and the elements which go to make the undying charm of the drama.

In a recent work on "Public Libraries in America," published in Boston, U.S., the author, Mr. W. J. Fletcher has the following appreciation of the Toronto Public Library and its able librarian: The library at Toronto, altogether the leading one on the list, has a circulation of about 450,000 volumes annually, maintains two branches, and is supported at a cost of over \$40,000 per year, of which three-fourths is raised by taxation. It owes much of its success to the able management of its librarian, Mr. James Bain, jr., who, holding the position from the first, has carried into its administration not only a thorough acquaintance with the best methods in vogue in England and the United States, but also a high appreciation of the possibilities latent in the library as an agency for public culture.

The *Philadelphia Record* has the following interesting note relating to the famous African explorer: Stanley's real name was John Rowlands. He was born in Wales in 1840. When an infant he was placed in the poor house at St. Asaph and remained there for ten years. In 1855 he sailed as a cabin boy to New Orleans, where he was adopted by a merchant, whose name he took. The merchant died without leaving a will, and young Stanley enlisted in the Confederate army. He was taken prisoner, and subsequently volunteered in the United States Navy, serving as Active Ensign on the *Ticonderoga*. At the close of the war he went as a news paper correspondent to Turkey. In 1869 the *New York Herald* sent him in search of Livingstone, the African explorer. After attending the opening of the Suez Canal and visiting the Crimea, Palestine, Persia and India, Stanley sailed from Bombay on October 12, 1870, and reached Zanzibar early in January, 1871. There he organized his search expedition, and set out for the interior of Africa on March 21, with 192 followers.

The *Boston Home Journal* says that William Morris has changed greatly since he wrote "The Earthly Paradise," and "The dreamer born out of time, the idle singer of an empty day," as he then styled himself, has now become one of the most strenuous socialistic advocates in England, the fierce champion of the masses' rights. But he still retains his old love for literature and the beautiful, and the latter is shadowed forth in all the surroundings of the home he has made for himself at Hammersmith, in the West End of London. Morris's home, Kelmscott House, is a roomy, rambling old stone mansion, built a century or more ago. The large yard in front, filled with flowers and shrubbery, faces the Thames, beyond which, in summer, is a charming prospect of flowers, fields and trees. At the rear of the house is another smooth, well-kept lawn dotted with trees, shrubbery and flowers. The house itself is furnished in full keeping with the refined and perfect taste which has brought its owner fame and fortune. Morris's home is, indeed, a fitting dwelling-place for the poet who has become the prophet of a new dispensation.

Men of learning who take to business discharge it with greater honesty than men of the world; because the former, in reading, have been used to find virtue extolled and vice stigmatized, while the latter have seen vice triumphant and virtue discountenanced.—Addison.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

TO CHICAGO.

You with that limitless daring and might of gold and decision
Have furnished the world for an hour with that gorgeous and vanishing vision,
The fair White City, filling the earth with the ring of your fame,
The glory of what you have dared, the triumph chant of your name!
City of dreams and tumultuous life, city of fortune, Chicago—
Be this your beginning of lessons only; a mightier field
Lies beckoning grandly before you, a harvest whose riches shall yield
In the future of justice and right a goodlier festival,
When the fruits of the earth for your children are won, for each and for all.
O men of the brave new land, the West, the impetuous city,
Give rein to the strength of your hearts, the fire of your dreams, and prepare
Another and purer example of what you can plan and can dare,
The visible form of a life purged clean from the sins of the old,
The horror of weakness and want, the triumph of self and of gold;
The life of a kindlier law, without strife, without care, without crime,
Of growth and of freedom for all, of brotherhood sweet and sublime.

—Archibald Lampman, in *The Arena*.

A MAN OF MEMORY.

A Maine gentleman says that a remarkable instance of acuteness of observation and retentiveness of memory may be found in Chief Justice Peters. "His mind," he says, "is a vast storehouse not only of the legal knowledge, but of general information, and especially of anecdotes illustrating life and character. But his memory is seen at its best in the progress of cases tried before him, where the exact words used by a witness become a subject of controversy.

Then it will be found that he has followed the case so closely that he can repeat correctly the testimony given at any point, a feat, usually, that none of the lawyers can perform. If a question arises as to just what was said by counsel in some argument made perhaps weeks before, he will call up all the circumstances undimmed by the thousand and one other things that have in the meantime been heard by him. When he was at the bar he was a terror to opponents in this respect.—*St. John Gazette*.

SHOULD BURGLARS BE SHOT?

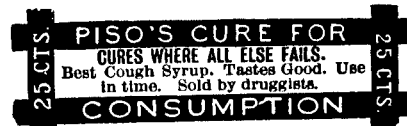
The *Saturday Review* discusses the theory as to the right or otherwise of householders to shoot persons whom they find occupying their premises, after a felonious breaking and entry, especially at night. Commenting on the decision of a recent case at Manchester, the *Saturday Review* says:—"Mr. Justice Grantham must clearly be enrolled among the followers of the late Mr. Justice Willes; and who could be in a better following? The story told of that great man and very learned judge is related by an eye-witness to the following effect: Mr. Justice Willes was asked, 'If I look into my drawing-room and see a burglar packing up the clock, and he cannot see me, what ought I to do?' He replied, as nearly as may be, 'My advice to you, which I give as a man, as a lawyer, and as an English judge, is as follows: In the supposed circumstance this is what you have a right to do, and I am by no means sure that it is not your duty to do it. Take a double-barrelled gun, carefully load both barrels, and then, without attracting the burglar's attention, aim steadily at his heart and shoot him dead.' Mr. Justice Grantham had no occasion to commit himself so far, or so picturesquely, as this, because in the case before him the burglar did not die; but it is clear that if he had died it would have

made no difference to the lawfulness of the householder's shooting. It may be said that, in a general way, the existence of the circumstances which justify the killing of a felon by a person who is not a constable must be a question of fact for the jury. Nobody suggests that if a burglar was safely in custody, with his hands bound and his weapons and the implements of his vocation removed, it would be a lawful act to put a gun to his head and blow his brains out. Such an act would undoubtedly be murder. Killing burglars in a struggle might conceivably be manslaughter; and sometimes it may, without any question, be excusable homicide. According to Sir James Stephen, a burglar, or other felon, may be killed either if he is in the act of committing, or about immediately to commit, his crime by open force, and cannot otherwise be prevented from doing it, or if it is impossible otherwise to arrest him or keep him in custody. Also any person assaulted in his own house may kill his assailant, if the force he employs is 'proportioned to the violence of the assault.' The event is valuable, as it shows at least that, in the opinion of one judge of the High Court, it is not necessarily criminal to take the offensive against, and nearly kill, a burglar, 'doing his office.'

SPRING CLEANING.

O March wind, blow with all your might!
Set disordered things aright.
Rustle every dry leaf down;
Chase the cold all out of town;
Sweep the streets quite free from dust;
Blow it off with many a gust.
Make the earth all clean again,
And ready for the April rain.

—Thomas Tapper, in *March St. Nicholas*.



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