

passion with some of the more successful. This practice is, of course, not without important educational advantages, in so far as it tends to cultivate the powers of observation and comparison, a class of faculties often almost totally neglected in schools of the old order. If such pursuits can be encouraged without developing the tendency to cruelty which too often seems inherent in the boy nature, if the young naturalist can be taught to do the necessary killing quickly, and as far as possible painlessly, as a regrettable means to a higher end, the thing may, perhaps, be defensible as an educational method. Even so, for the healthful cultivation of both the perceptive faculties and the finer and nobler sentiments, it can certainly bear no comparison with the work of those parents and teachers who can elicit the higher curiosity which delights in the study of the animal, and, we had almost added, the vegetable creation, as it appears in life rather than in death. There is surely a more exquisite delight in observing the growth and efflorescence of plants in field and forest and garden, than in any study of those pressed and lifeless remains which make up the collections of the botanist. There can be no comparison between the gratified curiosity or vanity of the faunist in the collection and preparation of the specimens in his show-case, and the joy of the true lover of nature, whose faith it is that

Every flower  
Enjoys the air it breathes,

and to whose keen insight the least motion of every bird seems "a thrill of pleasure."

WHATEVER value may be attached by those who pride themselves on being above the influence of mere "sentiment" to the considerations mentioned in the latter part of the above paragraph, it can scarcely be denied that the higher utility of vivisection experiments in the schools is open to question. Many, indeed, are prepared to go much farther, and question the higher utility of the practice in any case. It is a singular fact that, whereas one of the chief benefits formerly ascribed to the inductive, or modern "scientific" method was that it tended to deliver the intellect and judgment from the thralldom of "authority" and set them free to do their independent work in the light of ascertained facts, the present tendencies of science are to hand us over, bound hand and foot, to the dogmatism of scientific masters. The "exaggerated deference paid in medical education to the principle of authority," of which a reviewer in the *Academy* recently spoke, finds its counterpart in most other departments of scientific research. To such an extent is this the case that even the great newspapers, while on the *qui vive* to catch up and circulate the most extravagant and absurd stories of physiological discoveries and feats of surgical skill, keep their columns fast closed, not only against the common-sense objections of lay critics, but even against the refutations of sceptical scientific authorities. A striking illustration is afforded in an absurdly exaggerated statement which was lately going the rounds, to the effect that, out of a total of about 9,000 persons bitten by rabid animals, who have been treated at the Pasteur Institute in Paris since its establishment, the difference between the actual number of deaths, and the number that would have occurred according to the ascertained percentage without this treatment, shows that M. Pasteur has been the means of saving about 1,200 lives! Widely heralded as has been this imaginary triumph of the Pasteurian inoculation, very few of the newspapers, indeed, have taken the trouble to insert the careful analyses of such statistics which have been made by competent critics, and which seem to demonstrate that both *data* and conclusion are unscientific and unreliable. Nor have we seen in any Canadian journal the following which is obviously a much fairer test of the efficacy of M. Pasteur's method, and which is given by Dr. Lutaud, Editor of the *Journal de Médecine de Paris*, in a late number of that publication. Referring to certain tables giving name and address and other particulars, in regard to every one of the patients enumerated, Dr. Lutaud says:—

Thus the total of deaths following upon the application of the anti-rabic treatments during the first four years of its application, amounts in France to 90. If to this number be added the total of those persons who were not treated and who have died from hydrophobia, we arrive at the number of 154 deaths, an average of 38 per annum, a larger number than that which obtained before the introduction of M. Pasteur's method.

The limits of a paragraph will not permit us to adduce other testimony of a similar character, or that which is more to our purpose, though on this score testimony is hardly needed, to show the degradation of the sensibilities and

moral sentiments which is threatened by the rapid spread of the mania for experiments on living animals in physiological laboratories.

CANADIAN POETS AND POETRY.

CANADIAN poetry is racy of the soil. It has within it the life and national aspirations of our people. It voices the past—the heroism of our fathers in the wilderness, the growth of Canadian manhood, the deeds of each battlefield, the hope and promise which are fast ripening into the heritage of a nation. Canadian poetry is prophetic in its inspiration. In it we read the larger life of our future. It has caught up, too, the sounds and hues of Canadian skies, Canadian lakes, Canadian streams and forests. While acknowledging a loyalty to the mother land, it sings the birthright of a new nation in notes that greet the stars. History has been its handmaid. The seaport of St. Malo gave to Canada not only a discoverer in the person of the chivalrous and intrepid Jacques Cartier, but it furnished a fitting theme for one of our finest Canadian ballads:—

In the sea port of St. Malo, 'twas a smiling morn in May,  
When the Commodore Jacques Cartier to the westward sailed away;  
In the crowded old Cathedral all the town were on their knees,  
For the safe return of kinsmen from the undiscovered seas;  
And every autumn blast that swept o'er pinnacle and pier,  
Filled manly hearts with sorrow and gentle hearts with fear.

The victory which, upon the Plains of Abraham, snatched the Bourbon lilies from the brow of New France, robbed not the French Celt in Canada of his love and devotion to letters. The glory of a Molière, of a Chateaubriand, of a Béranger, has found worthy expression in the poetic heart of a Fréchette, a Le May, a Cremazie. Quebec to-day has a literature indigenous, yet true to Canadian nationality. No people of our country are more attached, more loyal in deed, to the British crown than the French-Canadians. Not a single poet of Quebec ever strikes a note of disloyalty, a note of murmur, in his song. May we not safely measure the heart of a people by the spirit of its inspiration? When did Ireland cease to sing against British misrule? Not even in the dark days of 1848, when "she lay like a corpse upon a dissecting table." And to-day the stirring lays of T. D. Sullivan, M.P., the poet-editor of the *Dublin Nation*, are nerving the heart and hand of the Irish people in their struggle for freedom. True, we have a dual language in Canada, but this duality does not in any way impair our united allegiance to the mother country. Let Louis Honoré Fréchette, the poet-laureate of French Canada, speak for his fellow-countrymen in his patriotic poem, "Le Drapeau Anglais":—

Regarde, me disait mon père,  
Ce drapeau vaillamment porté;  
Il a fait ton pays prospère,  
Et respecte la liberté.

C'est le drapeau de l'Angleterre;  
Sans tache sur le firmament,  
Presque à tous les points de la terre  
Il flotte glorieusement.

Où, sur un huitième du globe  
C'est l'étendard officiel;  
Mais le coin d'azur qu'il dérobe  
Nulle part n'obscurcit le ciel.

Il brille sur tous les rivages;  
Il a semé tous les progrès  
Au bout des mers les plus sauvages  
Comme aux plus lointaines forêts.

Laissant partout sa fière empreinte  
Aux plus faroces nations,  
Il a porté la flamme sainte  
De nos civilisations.

Devant l'esprit humain en marche  
Mainte fois son pli rayonna,  
Comme la colombe de l'arche,  
Ou comme l'éclair du Sina.

And Le May, kindly, warm-hearted, gifted Le May, thus pours out his heart in chivalrous sentiments towards England's Queen:—

O Reine, comme au jour d'un splendeur suprême  
Ou ton front virginal ceignit le diadème,  
Tu vois, dans leurs transports tes sujets à genoux.  
Dans mille accents divers et sous toutes les zones  
L'hosanna retentit, des fers jusques aux trônes.  
Arabes belliqueux drapés dans leurs burnous,  
Noirs chasseurs du Birman aux brûlantes épaules,  
Colons de l'Amérique et Rajahs de Nagpou.  
Au levant, au ponant, au nord, jusques aux pôles,  
Toux ceux que tu conquis t'acclament en ce jour.

Béni soit le Seigneur des longs jours qu'il t'accorde!  
Depuis un demi-siècle, au vent de la discorde  
Plus d'un trône superbe a croulé: mais le tien,  
Ferme comme le roc où respandit le phare,  
Pendant qu'ailleurs, hélas! la royauté s'effare,  
Dans l'amour de ton peuple a trouvé son soutien.  
Ton sceptre est un rameau qui fleurit sans cesse.  
Tous les peuples l'ont vu s'avancer triomphant.  
On acclame avec joie, on le craint sans bassesse:  
La lyre le célèbre et le fer le défend.

Take, again, that stirring lyric, "Empire First," composed by John Talon-Lespérance, who writes with equal grace and facility in either the French or English language. Is there another Canadian song charged with such loyalty, or equal to it in patriotism? Mark the strong appeal in its lines:—

Shall we break the plight of youth,  
And pledge us to an alien love?  
No! We hold our faith and truth  
Trusting to the God above.  
Stand Canadians, firmly stand,  
Round the flag of fatherland.

Britain bore us in her flank,  
Britain nursed us at our birth,  
Britain reared us to our rank  
Mid the nations of the earth.  
Stand Canadians, etc.

In the hour of pain and dread,  
In the gathering of the storm,  
Britain raised above our head  
Her broad shield and sheltering arm.  
Stand Canadians, etc.

O triune kingdom of the brave,  
O sea-girt island of the free,  
O empire of the land and wave,  
Our hearts, our hands are all for thee.  
Stand Canadians, etc.

The same inspired heart that gave us "Empire First" teaches us also in verse to be Canadians above all—to sink foreign titles, and cleave to our betrothed land:—

Whether from England's fields of bloom  
Or Erin's vales of emerald green,  
Whether from Scotland's hills of broom  
Or France's vine-clad cape serene—  
United on St. Lawrence brink  
Stand we together man to man,  
And all these foreign titles sink  
Into one name—Canadian!

But, perhaps, the foremost name to-day in Canadian song is that of Charles George Douglas Roberts, Professor of English Literature in King's College, Windsor, Nova Scotia. Professor Roberts is in verse a true representative of "The New Nationality." He loves his country fervently, and delights to paint the richness and beauty of its scenery. There is a manly dignity in his personal character which eminently fits him for the leadership in Canadian letters. He has, too, that sympathy with nature which we find in all true poets. Though Roberts is but a few years older than our young Dominion, he has taken the lead in singing of its national life and hope. His "Canada" and "Ode for the Canadian Confederacy" stir the heart like a trumpet, and kindle the fire of patriotism in the breasts of all true Canadians. We feel the glory of future years upon our brow as we read the following patriotic lines:—

O Child of Nations, giant-limbed,  
Who stand'st among the nations now  
Unheeded, unadorned, unhymned,  
With unanointed brow—

How long the ignoble sloth, how long  
The trust in greatness not thine own?  
Surely the Lion's brood is strong  
To front the world alone!

How long the indolence ere thou dare  
Achieve thy destiny, seize thy fame?  
Ere our proud eyes behold thee bear  
A nation's franchise, nation's name?

The Saxon force, the Celtic fire,  
These are thy manhood's heritage!  
Why rest with babes and slaves? Seek higher  
The place of race and age.

A recent writer has said that in Canadian poetry you may catch something of the crack of the hunter's rifle, the echo of the pioneer's axe, the rushing of brown rivers, and the sweep of birch and paddle. The poetry of Canada is a record of toil and heroism in field and forest. Canadians truly recognize the knighthood of brain and hand. The pioneer who blazed our trees, and converted Canadian wildernesses into smiling gardens, is our prince and nobleman; nay, more, he is, in the person of Alexander McLachlan, a prince of Canadian poets—human-hearted, natural and strong.

McLachlan is called the Burns of Canada. He has lived in the country, communed there with Nature, and drawn his inspiration from settler and soil. Here is something with the right ring in it from our Canadian Burns. It is entitled, "Acres of Your Own":—

Here's the road to independence!  
Who would bow and dance attendance?  
Who with e'er a spark of pride,  
While the bush is wild and wide,  
Would be but a hanger-on,  
Begging favours from a throne,  
While beneath yon smiling sun  
Farms by labour can be won?  
Up! be stirring, be alive,  
Get upon a farm and thrive!  
He's a king upon a throne  
Who has acres of his own!

Though the cabin's walls are bare  
What of that if love be there?  
What, although your back is bent,  
There are none to hound for rent;  
What tho' you must chip and plough,  
None dare ask, "What doest thou?"  
What tho' homespun be your coat,  
Kings might envy you your lot!  
Up! be stirring, be alive,  
Get upon a farm and thrive!  
He's a king upon a throne  
Who has acres of his own!

Honest labour thou wouldst shirk—  
Thou art far too good to work?  
Such gentility's a fudge,  
True men all must toil and drudge.  
Nature's true nobility  
Scorns such mock gentility;  
Fools but talk of blood and birth—  
Every man must prove his worth!  
Up! be stirring, be alive,  
Get upon a farm and thrive!  
He's a king upon a throne  
Who has acres of his own!

I would like to pay a tribute to the genius of Canadian poets who have sung of Canadian fields of fame—a Chateauguay, a Queenston Heights—but the heroic in Canadian poetry would require a separate paper. Our country in its life is yet young. He who turns the first page of the twentieth century need not be surprised should he find the name of a Canadian poet occupying a first place in the English world of letters. THOMAS O'HAGAN.

Ottawa, May 14, 1890.

A MAN'S nature, Bacon tells us, runs either to herbs or weeds; therefore he should seasonably water the one and destroy the other.