

of at least State-supported colleges, be to give the best possible mind-training to the largest possible number of young men and young women, irrespective of future professional pursuits? If the object of State education is to raise as high as possible the level of the intelligence, character and capacity of its citizens, could not this end be better effected by preferring the interests of the many to those of the few—sacrificing, if necessary, height and depth to length and breadth of culture? We are aware that such a suggestion is rank educational heresy, that it is in direct opposition to the orthodox view, which is that quality is everything, quantity comparatively nothing in university training, that everything should be subordinated to what is called "thoroughness," and that there would be something disgraceful and dangerous in a so-called university course which should fall short of a certain fixed and arbitrary standard. Nevertheless, being in a reckless mood, we venture to put our sceptical cogitations in print. Suppose, for the sake of illustration, that instead of carrying one thousand young men and women through a four-years' course at Toronto University, it were possible to carry ten thousand through a two-years' course, carefully prepared with reference strictly and simply to its educational value; or better still, to carry twenty thousand through a one-year's course, devoted mainly to the reading of (not about) the English classics, with a view to forming tastes and habits which would dominate the whole future life, would not the State be the gainer thereby? Of course the shorter courses need not exclude or be in any way antagonistic to the longer ones, save in the matter of expense. If it be said that what we suggest is, in effect, already provided for in the earlier years of the University courses, we answer, Not so. The work of those years is all arranged with reference to the full course and lacks symmetry, adaptation, and completeness for the purposes we have in view. It assumes and requires a preparatory training which would be wanting in most of the twenty thousand. And it ends nowhere, while the one and two-years' courses should be complete in themselves, and receive their proper acknowledgment in the shape of a certificate or diploma indicating their true character and value, just as the B.A. or M.A. degree is now supposed to indicate the character and value of the courses leading up to it.

THE political sky in Great Britain is just now beclouded in different quarters. The series of virtual defeats which the Government has sustained in the Commons must, unquestionably, have gone far to destroy its prestige, and made its overthrow in the approaching struggle, if not before, a foregone conclusion. That this state of affairs is partly the result of a succession of mistakes on the part of different members of the Cabinet in the Commons is pretty clear. The two or three really able men who are among its representatives in the Lower House seem to have failed from over-confidence. They have attempted too much, and moved too rashly. Others are sadly over-matched by their clever and ever-watchful opponents. One's views of the extent of the disaster involved in an approaching change of Government will depend mainly upon his dread or otherwise of the results of local self-government in Ireland. But a consideration which gives the weakening of the Ministry at the present juncture an ominous significance is the unsatisfactory state of relations with France. It is to be hoped that the situation is less "strained," if we must use that much abused but expressive word, than some of the despatches of uncertain value would lead us to suspect. But it cannot be denied that known circumstances do not allay the dread. The Newfoundland difficulty is probably but the proverbial straw showing the direction of the wind. The Egyptian occupancy has long been a serious grievance, and the unfriendly feeling to which it has given rise has just now beyond question been deeply aggravated by the announcement of the Zanzibar Protectorate, the cession of Heligoland, and other evidences of good understanding between Germany and England. France, single-handed, with Germany in the rear, will not be likely to press the quarrel with England to open rupture. But will she be single-handed? That depends upon Russia. Probably Russia will still consider discretion the better part of valour, and European peace be maintained a while longer.

HOWEVER desirable it may be that such sciences as political economy and sociology, which have a direct bearing upon the comfort and progress of mankind, should be brought rigidly down to real, every-day life, and be tried by practical standards, we have never been able to reconcile ourselves to the modern realistic methods in art and fiction.

We are still heretical enough to believe that to idealize and spiritualize the face of a primitive apostle or holy virgin is both a nobler and a more elevating task for the painter's brush than to shadow forth the most truthful representation of the most ragged of urchins sitting in the doorway of the most wretched of huts. So, too, we have a decided preference for the old-fashioned novel in which the hero is noble and brave and the heroine beautiful and clever and pure, ineffably beyond any to be found in the world in these degenerate days, rather than for the modern realistic story in which people are made to talk and act just as they do in everyday life, and all deeds and adventures are rigidly toned down to the level of the possible and actual and commonplace. For this reason it is, perhaps, that we have been interested in the "Modern Mystic" described by Mr. Davin in our pages a few weeks since, and so prepared to turn with a feeling that was not wholly curiosity to the pamphlets which have since been kindly sent us by the Mystic himself, Mr. Henry Wentworth Monk, of Ottawa. These little treatises are three in number. Their suggestive titles are "World-Life," "How to do It," and "'A Noise' and 'a Shaking'." We fear we have not yet placed ourselves sufficiently *en rapport* with the spirit of the author to be able to comply very effectively with his request in our last number to do our share in bringing the subjects treated of in these writings to the attention of the world. Perhaps such ideas as that there is a "world-life" as well as a human life, and an "aggregate human mind" as well as an individual human mind, and that "the aggregate human mind may hereafter become intimately associated with the earth itself (much as the individual human mind is now intimately associated with the individual human body)," and even that the aggregate human mind in its progressive career "may hereafter be individualized and localized by the earth itself, and may then re-create the various animal and vegetable organisms in their regular order and gradation," etc., appear mystical to us only for the reason suggested by Mr. Monk, viz., that we are not yet sufficiently advanced to appreciate them. Who can tell? We do not suppose that even Plato's theory of "Ideas," which, by the way, the "aggregate-mind" theory somehow suggests, was appreciated by more than a chosen few even of the philosophic Greeks. Nor are we at all sure that the idea of a "world-life" may not yet be developed into a system which will afford a better explanation of the mysterious power its atomic particles possess of influencing the particles of other worlds at the most remote points in the solar system than the vague "attraction" of which our modern science makes so much, but which explains nothing. Is it more difficult to conceive of an *animate* world, exerting its mind-force over these vast reaches of space, than of its inanimate particles performing the same wonderful feat? We do not know, however, that such a conception as this forms any part of Mr. Monk's system, which, indeed, we make no attempt to expound. As to the contents of the other pamphlets we have only space to say that the dream of a "supreme international tribunal," whether located in Palestine, or elsewhere, which Mr. Monk dreams in common with great poets and Christian philosophers is a noble one, and that if by any process of noise-making or shaking the members of the Christian churches in Christendom could be made to bring their aggregated and united influence to bear upon governments and statesmen for peace-making purposes, the dream would, in a very few years, be much nearer realization than it now is.

OVERTASKED.

He loved her, and she held
Him captive at her feet;
A wish, a glance, compelled
His service full and fleet.

She thought she could not ask
The thing he would not give,
That naught could overtask
One born her slave to live.

But, like each earthly thing,
Love must its limit know,
When, with o'erworn wing,
It can no further go.

She asked too much, and lost
All that she might have won;
She set too high her boast
Of love—and love is gone.

Benton, N.B.

MATTHEW RICHEY KNIGHT.

PARIS LETTER.

THE times are as hard for turf-prophets as for crowned heads. At the English Derby, the favourite was next to nowhere; at the race for the Grand-Prix, on a recent Sunday, the favourite was last. The spice of a great race largely resides in the winner being as difficult to predict, say as a solution of the Eastern question. It was the twenty-seventh year of the running for the great prize; the weather was all that could be desired, veiled sunshine, a balmy and spring atmosphere; no dust; nothing apoplectic in the whole day. The ladies were all smiles, because their new toilettes did not require the protection of water-proofs, or Sally Gamp umbrellas. The gentlemen were as contented as an Indian fakir; they had made their "books" confident to win. "I wish," observed Lord Melbourne, "to be as cock sure of anything as Tom Macaulay is of everything." All the prophets, all the straight tips, were unanimous, that Baron de Rothschild's Le Nord would win the blue ribbon; he was only second best among the worst, and had not even the honour of securing a place. Imagine the weeping and the gnashing of teeth.

The mechanical betting boxes received no less than 275,000,000 frs. of hard money—30 per cent. more than last year; this means nearly 55,000 frs. for the poor of Paris, as for this object 2 per cent. is struck on the total bets registered. The gate and stand receipts amounted nearly to half a million of francs, which implies the presence of a vast sea of spectators. After each race, the multitude opened like great sluices, to go to receive its winnings, or to make fresh stakes. President Carnot and his lady were present, with nearly all the ministers. The Prussian Ambassador, Comte de Munster, was among the official elect; he is a Lutheran. Will the coming Sunday rest-law for Germany enable that diplomatist, who has a craze for horses and mail coaches, to abstain from Grand Stands on the Sabbath? The English and United States ambassadors never put in an appearance. But their fellow countrymen make up for their absence.

Amidst the din of the Grand-Prix horse-race at Longchamps—of the conflicts between the protectionists and free-traders; of the chuckles over England being cornered in Newfoundland, and kept at bay in Africa by Germany—an event has taken place on a recent Sunday, that has a far-reaching influence, and which is full of profound significance. Quiet, easy-going people laid the flattering unction to their souls that the Labour manifestation of May Day last turned out a *fiasco*. It was so, in the sense that Mother Carey's chickens were put to flight, by the iron resolution of Minister Constans. But the serious working classes held aloof; their manifestation was an unobtrusive, observant, and reflective negation.

On a recent Sunday a banquet was held in the suburbs of the city, by the *chefs* of all the guilds and groups of the workingmen of France. It was calm, business-like, and resolute. It was presided over by Deputy Ferroul. Each guest wore at his button-hole the triangle of equality and a mottoed ribbon, "Eight hours per day." The chairman, in a most cool and matter-of-fact speech, laid down that the working classes were at war with capital—it was a struggle between the Haves and Have-nots. He condemned, in advance, the proposed laws on mines; against accidents in industries; the old crust pension of one franc a day for age-debilitated labour; and the plan of profit-sharing.

There are not at present in France one hundred families whose genealogy is so clearly established as that of the well-known journalist, Henri Rochefort, or, in peerage language, the Marquis de Rochefort-Lucay. It is the more curious to draw attention to this fact when the desire is so universal with many to sport titles, whether true or false; when the humblest banker, with nothing in his cash-box, styles himself a baron. Rochefort affords the unusual spectacle of a seigneur of the old race, putting his Comte de Rochefort and Marquisate of Lucay in the waste-paper basket to become simply Henri Rochefort, as an ordinary French attorney or grocer.

Rochefort declares that he is perfectly happy in his golden exile at London. In private life, he ceases to be journalist; then he speaks very little, if at all, on political subjects; his conversation is gay and brilliant; on the fine arts he indulges in bold criticisms; he is eloquent and enthusiastic over horse-racing. He will tell you that his friend, the Russo-Polish Comtesse Potocka, wealthy as a dozen Nabobs, could not assist at the Congress of Versailles on account of the horse races at Tronville. Rochefort ever remains the aristocrat at bottom. The cradle of his family is in Franche-Comté. Be assured that the ex-government clerk, the journalist, the ancient political felon, and New Caledonia convict, often thinks of his ancestors.

Admiral Jean de Vienne had under him a squire, one Guy de Rochefort, who lived near Doubs, in Burgundy, whose son, Jean, in 1391, was appointed a Counsellor to Philip, the Good Duke of Burgundy. Jacques, the son of this Jean, acquired estates, but having committed a forgery in title deeds, the public prosecutor of Dijon had his lands confiscated. The Duke of Burgundy restored part of the property. The wife of Jacques believed that their misfortune was a direct visitation from heaven, so left when dying the half of her fortune to a local church to appease the Divine wrath.

The "Marquisate" was only created in the seventeenth century. François, the third Marquis, was a page to Louis XV., and by his uncle, the Duc d'Aumont, claimed descent from the royal Dukes of Bretagne. On the eve