

this body would be to associate the name of Sir Augustus Harris with some important charitable or educational interest. The result of the sub-committee's deliberations will be made known toward the end of September. In the meantime Mr. Alderman Frank Green, treasurer of the fund, will be glad to receive subscriptions, which may be sent to him at 93 Upper Thames street, E.C.

In this effete and blasé world of ours anyone who succeeds in introducing an element of novelty into our public entertainments, says *The Globe*, establishes a *prima facie* claim to be considered a popular benefactor. Hence we are glad to see that due attention is being bestowed on the epoch making novelty which has recently made its appearance at a musical gathering recently held in London, viz., the blowing of smoke rings. Only one performer exhibited his proficiency in this beautiful art, but there is no reason why the principle of concerted action should not be applied, and the advent of a Smoke Ring Quartette is probably only a matter of time. If harmonies can be translated into colour why should they not also be capable of conversion into smoke? Invisible music has of late found ardent advocates, but there is really quite as much to be said in favour of the inaudible variety. If the new departure should find favour, we may expect to hear of smoking concerts at which the programme will contain such items as, e.g., a nocturne for four "church wardens," or a concerto for meerschaum accompanied by weed band, or an Egyptian rhapsody for solo cigarette. It only remains to be added that the compositions of the late Mr. Clay, if there be any virtue in names, ought to be peculiarly well suited for adaptation to the new medium. In conclusion, we wonder whether it is in anticipation of the new smoke music that the musical critic of a Kentish paper has coined a new variant upon the terrible world "rentition," to wit "rendency."

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The King's Message.

The King lay in his palace,
In a far-off Persian city,
And the winds breathed through the lattice
All laden with perfume:
His couch was soft and silken,
His carpets like the sea-foam,
And lamps of pearly radiance
Dispelled the midnight gloom.

The King lay in his palace,
While stood at every portal
A trusted, stalwart servitor,
That never foe come nigh:
But how it was I know not,
There came a silent messenger
And whispered in the King's ear,
" 'Tis thine, O Ki g, to die."

The heart of the King grew faint,
For life was very precious,—
The heart of the King grew faint,—
To die, to be no more!
To drift into the silence,
The shadows and the darkness,
As a rudderless ship drifts seaward,
And never finds a shore."

But then the messenger added,—
"Thou shalt live, O King, forever!
Thou shalt live in the flowers and the grasses—
Thou shalt live in the fruit and grain;
Thou shalt sleep on the breast of beauty
In the rose or the carnation;—
Thou shalt gladden the hearts of thousands,
And thou shalt not live in vain."

"Is it not better to live thus,
By human woes untrammelled?
Answer, O King, and tell me,
Prefer thou the Now to Then,
When thy glorious fate it may be
To live through all the ages—
Through all the countless ages,
In the hearts and minds of men?"

The King turned on his pillow
And sank in peaceful slumber,—
Through realms of bliss his fancy
Unchecked went roaming free;
And 'tis told throughout his kingdom
That while he lived thereafter,
A greater and a juster
And a happier King was he.

St. John, N.B.

H. L. SPENCER.

Canadian Savage Folk.* (Second Notice.)

IN closing our first notice of this interesting and valuable work, we reserved particular reference to the tribute paid to women and their work for the red man.

Under the heading of "Ladies in the Lodges," many names now of note in literary and missionary annals are mentioned, and the story of many a life of devotion and self-sacrifice told of women of refinement and superior education spending the best years of their lives, using the gifts which the ignorant believe were only fit to be expended in the might of civilization of the Old World to lighten the lives and educate the understanding of the untaught native women of the Western world—giving up their lives to find them in the simple trust, poetic imagery and natural refinement of their red-skinned sisters. To sow the seed gathered in the centre of civilization upon the wide and wasting fields of barbarism and therefrom to garner a rich and abiding harvest.

Through the wielding of a graphic pen, the story of Helen Hunt Jackson and her influence upon the times, is told by Dr. MacLean with so true and strong a touch that few who read it will rest long until they too have read her "Century of Dishonour," and the more effective "Ramona," two books which not only have placed the name of their author in the front rank of literature, but have roused men and all nature to better deeds, protected the oppressed, and made the oppressor blush.

Of the patient endurance, of loneliness, hardship, deprivation, of not only social privileges, but of many of the apparently actual necessities of life, the strain upon delicate nervous organisms, the continuous, incessant toil of actual physical labour, the great demand upon their sympathies, which to woman's nature is the life force of her existence, and the daily struggle against the difficulties inseparable from narrow means.

"There are tales untold and biographies unwritten as great as have been heard or read by mortals, and these heroines of the cross have borne their share in making history, yet their names are unspoken, and posterity will only know them by their influence in guiding the red men toward a nobler destiny than it was theirs to enjoy in the days of yore. Their memories are precious to the dwellers of the Lodges, who remember them by the euphonic names the natives gave them in the Indian tongue; but the white man shall never know the brave deeds enacted by his sisters in laying the foundation of an Empire in the West, yet they live in the lives of others and in the memory of God."

Several pages are devoted to the Indian nomenclature, not only of the rivers and localities, but of men and things. The origin as well as the changes made at different periods in the tribal names marking important epochs in the history of the natives being most interesting. Legends and poetic fancies, traditions and history perpetuated for all time in a word. Many of these familiar to our eastern ears, acquire an added interest and significance.

The derivation of some of these, as given by Dr. MacLean, differ from that given by other authorities, but so slightly as to be rather a corroboration than a contradiction, the new rendering establishing the truth of the idea or spirit which prompted them and authenticating the historic incident so preserved. For instance, "Manitoba is the Strait of the Spirit"—from Manito, a spirit, and "Waba," a strait. Yet Dr. MacLean goes on to say: "The lake having received its name from the strange things heard in the strait which unites the lake with another." Thus corroborating another accepted derivation of the word, "The breath of the Spirit," given by the Indians from the fact that the breeze or draught blowing through the strait being continuous, omnipresent, was said by them to be the "breath of the Spirit."

There are graphic sketches, terse and interesting biographies of many native heroes given. The wise democracy of the red men, the absence of consideration for an aristocracy of wealth and their appreciation of that of ability, valor and character, are evidences of a truly higher standard of life than that of our boasted civilization.

Of these heroes the great Chief Crowfoot takes first rank deservedly. Dr. MacLean cannot speak too highly of his wisdom, his executive ability, his influence over his own people,

"Canadian Savage Folk; The Native Tribes of Canada." By John MacLean, Ph.D. Toronto: William Briggs.