

of such a statement. In architecture Americans are far beyond us, and although their literature is not nearly equal to that of England it is by no means insignificant, whereas of our own, the less said the better.

We are told again with a triumph which is very proper, if the facts sustain it, that our public life is more wholesome than that of the States. Leaving prejudice aside, is this true? It is difficult to settle the question because sufficient data are not at hand. However this much may be asked: What is the average member of Parliament in Canada, statesman or politician? If politician, what are the principles which guide his actions? If he be a leader, are his motives patriotism or expediency? In the United States corruption is more open, more flagrant, but in that great nation patriotic feeling exists. Mr. Cleveland in his celebrated tariff message signed his political death warrant, and there is little doubt that he was not oblivious of the results of it, but the message was delivered. What Canadian statesman would thus sacrifice party and power to principle?

But our system of civil and judicial appointments, we are told, is better than the American system. It may be better in this respect that those who obtain the appointments in our country keep them for life, and perhaps that is best, but on the other hand the abominable fee system is not in force in the United States, whereas in Ontario, as pointed out by one of the Toronto daily papers, it flourishes exceedingly. Surely the *reductio ad absurdum* of the system is reached in the case of Toronto officials, those who hold the office of sheriff and registrar. While no one has a word to say against the *personnel* of the occupants of the office, very much might be said against the enormous fees which the city affords them. In the United States such officials receive no fees but salaries, and they do the work, whereas it is safe to say that in Canada, certainly in Ontario, the work is performed by poorly paid deputies.

We might proceed further. We might show English customs, well enough for an aristocratic country, no doubt, that have been introduced into our democratic Dominion. How the professions are constituted close corporations by Act of Parliament, how narrow and hampering restrictions are imposed upon the beginner in the learned callings, such as law and medicine, whereas in the United States access to the professions is made as easy as possible. Many other grievances might be pointed out, but perhaps enough has been said to show that Canada is not all that is lovely or the United States all that is unlovely.

"LEAD KINDLY LIGHT."

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—I will feel obliged to you if in your next issue you will inform me who added the 4th verse to Cardinal Newman's hymn "Lead Kindly Light," found so frequently in the hymn books in use in our churches. Bickersteth's "Hymnal and Hymnal Companion to the Book of Common Prayer" have the 4th verse which leads one who is not able to criticize it to believe that it possesses merit, otherwise it would not be found in books of such good repute. To an ordinary observer, the spurious verse, as I have heard it termed, would not be found jarring, but in complete sympathy with the other three verses. I will quote it:—

Meanwhile along the narrow, rugged path,
Thyself hath trod,
Lead, Saviour, lead me home, in childlike faith,
Home to my God—
To rest forever after earthly strife
In the calm light of everlasting life.

There appears to be so much harmony here that one who had not been told would think it emanated from the author of the famous hymn. If the opposite view is held by critics then I despair of ever being able to judge poetry and must be content to depend on the decisions of others where a question of the kind arises.

Oshawa, Sept. 25, '90.

[The verse alluded to in our correspondent's letter was added by Bickersteth when compiling his collection. We cannot agree with our correspondent's estimate of its merit.—ED.]

THE RAMBLER.

YOU remember the young Oxonian in one of Charles Reade's novels, who was so very fond of intellect, mere Brains, that had he received an invitation to dinner for the same day from the Emperor of Russia, Voltaire, and St. John would unhesitatingly have ordered his coachman to set him down *chez* the illustrious Frenchman. Well, I am not sure but whether if asked to dine with any of the three on the same day as with Prof. William Clark, of our own Toronto Trinity College, I should, with all the young Oxonian's enthusiasm, embrace the latter opportunity. For in common with many other highly privileged persons I have enjoyed during the past month listening to the remarkable series of extemporaneous sermons from our brilliant Professor, and have come to the conclusion that here are great gifts, rare earnestness, marked sympathy, and broad culture all united in one personality. I have frequently heard Professor Clark at meetings, at conventions, synods, banquets; around the dinner-table, in the pulpit—never, alas, have I yet heard him in the lecture-room; but I do not believe he has ever equalled, in the multitude of his sermons and addresses, the series I have referred to in terms not to be judged as hyperbolic or—gushing, flattery-gilded. We much want here in

Canada one thing—national enthusiasm. We should appreciate our public men and our private scholars, our geniuses, and our shrinking students, writers, preachers, poets, just as much as we possibly can, though not of course more than they deserve. And it should be such an easy, such a delightful, such a gracious and glowing task to appreciate the utterances of so gifted and cultured a preacher as Prof. Clark.

The special sermons alluded to are not yet concluded, and I cannot, therefore, it is plain, analyze either plan or procedure. However as the theme has been known among his hearers as the "Four Temperaments," I may draw attention, I suppose, to the subtle and incisive way in which the varying morals to be drawn from the study of the Choleric, the Sanguine, the Phlegmatic, and the Melancholic bases of character have been presented to us. Two distinctive features are prominently apparent in these discourses—one being the extraordinary flow of language, the other, the degree of sensibility in the speaker. The fluent, happy diction is never arrested; the illustration is ever effective and devoid of descent into anecdote, the familiarity with all Biblical facts and figures truly remarkable. If the manner be a trifle secular the matter at least is more than usually spiritual. Here we have no

Snowy-banded dilettante,
Delicate-handed priest,

straining "celestial themes through the press'd nostril, spectacle bestrid." With fervid, though careful eloquence, born of a sensibility allied to sound logical gifts and personal tact, these sermons have carried a spiritual conviction to many who (alas! not their fault) too often sleep through the morning homily. I have already made one quotation from Cowper, a poet no one reads in these days, but suffer me to give you these splendid lines, for they seem to express far better than I can do the strength and charm of the Professor's personality:—

Would I describe a preacher such as Paul,
Were he on earth, would hear, approve and own,
Paul should himself direct me. I would trace
His master strokes, and draw from his design.
I would express him simple, grave, sincere,
And plain in manner, decent, solemn, chaste,
And natural in gesture, much impress'd
Himself, as conscious of his awful charge,
And anxious mainly that the flock he feeds
May feel it too; affectionate in look,
And tender in address, as well becomes
A messenger of grace to guilty men.

The poet must have suffered tortures at the hands of some perfunctory clergyman, for he continues:—

Behold the picture! Is it like?—Like whom?
The things that mount the rostrum with a skip,
And then skip down again; pronounce a text,
Cry hem! And reading what they never wrote,
Just fifteen minutes, huddle up their work,
And with a well-bred whisper close the scene.

When Cowper wrote, England was in much spiritual danger. The squirearchy, which another English classic depicts as selfish, illiterate, often brutal, and always intolerant in the pages of "Yeast," affected the morbid poet very strongly. He spoke of what he saw, and his type of the *petit maitre* parson was sketched in hard, cold, but clear colours not ever destined to fade. Stiff as his lines sometimes are and unadorned by rhetorical graces, they speak the truth out boldly and well, and serve an honest purpose.

Sunday, October 5th, will witness Professor Clark's concluding sermon of the present series on "Temperament," at the Church of St. Simon the Apostle.

Miss Duncan (Garth Grafton) has again left Canada for a protracted residence in India. I am sure that all her old friends and admirers in her native country will join with me in wishing her every success and happiness in the future. These expressions of interest are due to one who had worked faithfully and well in Canadian journalism sometime before making a mark elsewhere; but I hope that before long it will be unnecessary that all aspirants for literary fame in London shall proclaim themselves *American*. Surely with our growing reputations artistic, political, scientific and social, it will soon be, if not a help in the Mother Country to boldly avow our nationality, at least, not a hindrance! I should be very sorry, for instance, to hear that Mr. Lampman, or Professor Roberts, or any other of our writers, or Sir William Dawson, or any other scientist in our midst, had thrown off his Canadian allegiance and proclaimed himself even if only in an evanescent and passing sense, as *American*. We must not be afraid of ourselves. We must not be ashamed of ourselves. We are Canadians—let us hope we shall never be anything else.

Yet I am perfectly aware that it is a hard fight, this matter of putting Canada and things Canadian properly and intelligently and vividly before a distant public. There is indifference; there is prejudice; there is ignorance. But the time will come,—a threat which I hope will not too fatally imperil the present peace of the countless editors and reviewers and publishers of the United Kingdom.

In the meantime there is the hard work of patient perseverance before our nation, a lesson she is not the first, by any means, to learn.

THE Inman Line S.S. *City of New York*, which left New York on Wednesday, Sept. 17th, arrived in Queens-town the following Tuesday morning, after making the fastest eastward passage on record, except that previously made by her sister ship, the *City of Paris*.

FALSE HYDROPHOBIA.

THERE are very few persons who are not more or less under the influence of "suggestion." They seem to be endowed with comparatively low powers of original action, and to be moved to an extent scarcely normal by the facts and circumstances that surround them. A woman, for instance, overwhelmed with misfortune and weary of life, commits suicide by swallowing paris green, and straightway we read in the daily press of other women, to whom the idea of suicide would never otherwise have been suggested, who have had no sufficient motive for the act, and who have had no previous knowledge of the poisonous effects of paris green, taking their lives in like manner.

The more unusual the method of self-destruction, the more probability there is that some persons will adopt it. Several years ago a man confined in the Tombs Prison in the city of New York, killed himself by cutting his femoral artery—the main artery of the thigh. There was no previous case on record of such a mode of suicide, and yet within a few days several persons destroyed themselves by cutting the femoral artery.

We have all heard of the man who, thinking he was being bled to death while his eyes were bandaged and a stream of warm water was allowed to flow over his arm, actually died within the proper period, with all the symptoms that would have ensued had he really died from hemorrhage.

A professor of anatomy, while making a post-mortem examination of a man who had cut his throat and who had died after several days of great suffering, said to his servant, who was assisting him: "Hans, whenever you have a mind to cut your throat, don't do it in so blundering a way as did this fellow—here is the place to cut," pointing to the region of the carotid artery. Up to this time Hans had been a happy and well-disposed man, with apparently no thought of suicide. Yet that night he went home and cut his throat.

There seems to be, in fact, no limit to the power of the principle of suggestion with some persons. Pains are readily excited in various parts of the body, and others as rapidly removed, through its agency. Objects can be made to assume any form that the suggester pleases. Thus a lady who is a wonderfully sensitive subject to this influence came under my professional charge for some slight derangement of her nervous system. If I told her that a book was a watch, it became, so far as she was concerned, an actual watch. If I put a piece of ice in her hand and told her it was boiling water, she shrieked with pain and declared that it scalded her. If, while the sun was shining, I told her that the rain was coming down in torrents, she at once began to lament her sad plight in being so far from home without an umbrella, and would beg me to call a carriage for her. Every one of her senses could be imposed upon in like manner; and I have frequently controlled the action of her heart, making its pulsations slower or more rapid in accordance with the spoken suggestion. There is no doubt that, if I had put a little flour in her mouth, at the same time telling her that it was strychnia and describing the symptoms of death by strychnia, she would have died with all the phenomena of poisoning with that powerful substance; or that, if I had pointed an unloaded pistol at her head, and had cried "Bang!" she would have fallen dead to the floor. All this sounds very much like hypnotism, but this lady was not in that state, unless there is a form of that condition—and perhaps there is—that cannot be distinguished from the ordinary normal life of the individual. Neither was she the subject of double consciousness, for she was perfectly aware of every circumstance that occurred, and there was not the slightest indication of a dual existence.

That such a disease as hydrophobia, with such strongly-marked characteristics, should, under the action of the principle of suggestion, be simulated by hysterical or other nervous persons, is not a matter for surprise. Every year, as the summer approaches, the newspapers contain accounts of cases of so-called hydrophobia which, to the practised judgment of the physician, seems to be entirely due to the imagination of the sufferer. It is clearly important that such a disorder should be prevented, for not only does great distress ensue, but even death itself has not unfrequently been the consequence. As several instances of the kind have come under my personal observation, I may perhaps be allowed to speak with some authority on the subject.

It may be laid down in the very beginning of our consideration of the subject that the victim of false hydrophobia can only have those symptoms of which he has knowledge. Unfortunately, the real disease has received so much notice from newspapers and other popular publications that a tolerably correct knowledge of its phenomena has been acquired by the laity. Hence, we find that the picture ordinarily presented by the unconscious simulator is, at least to cursory observation, not unlike the real affection. There are, however, great differences, which the educated physician will not fail to detect, and which will enable him to do what has never been yet done with real hydrophobia, cure the patient.

Hydrophobia never originates, in the human subject at least, except by inoculation from a rabid animal, and death always occurs in four or five days after the development of the disease. A case of so-called hydrophobia came under my notice in which it was stated that the patient had been bitten some three months previously by a dog undoubtedly hydrophobic. I enquired as to what had become of the dog, and was informed that he was still