

in educational matters, is content in his smaller but excellent "Choice of Books" to dismiss the choice of books for children to a bare enumeration of a few well-known authors.

And yet it is a subject important enough in all conscience. Mr. Ruskin in his "Sesame and Lilies" could not too strongly urge its importance. Yet if he had sacrificed a little wealth of language to some practical hints on what books to put into the hands of growing and curious minds, his lecture might have been enhanced in value. Not only does he give no such hints, but he goes so far as to say that a girl (he is speaking of and to girls) may be turned loose into a library to browse as she chooses, for that she will instinctively know and avoid noxious weeds. To many this will seem hardly a counsel of perfection. Perhaps in such a library as that possessed by a Slade Professor of Fine Art such a freedom might be beneficial; but with the ordinary circulating library is it? Especially when in the ordinary circulating library no such thing as browsing is possible, the young seeker for knowledge has to content herself with catalogues more skeleton-like even than bibliographies.

It may be useful to some heads of families and also to such conductors of Sunday-school and other juvenile collections of books who may happen to be readers of THE WEEK, to put down here a few brief hints as a guide to the choice of books and authors of acknowledged merit and purity of tone for children of, say, from twelve to sixteen years of age. Of authors of fiction, then, which we may set down without hesitation are such as "Hesba Stretton,"* Louisa Alcott, R. M. Ballantyne, Rev. A. J. Church, Mrs. Gatty, G. A. Henty, Mrs. Molesworth, Miss C. M. Yonge, "A. L. O. E.," Jacob Abbott, H. C., W. H. D., W. T. Adams, W. L. Alden, Grace Aguilar, Anne Bowman, and many others. Amongst writers of travels and adventures of which most children are intensely fond, might be mentioned Sir Samuel Baker, Du Chaillu, John MacGregor ("Rob Roy"), and Lady Brassey. In fairy tales there are Grimm and Hans Andersen and more recently Andrew Lang's collection. Mr. Jacobs also might be added. In science, Charles Kingsley, Arabella B. Buckley, Richard A. Proctor, "The Romance of Science," Grant Allen. In pure literature Nathaniel Hawthorne's "Tanglewood Tales," and Charles Lamb's "Tales from Shakespeare." In natural history Buckland and J. G. Wood. In astronomy, Miss Agnes Giberne, also the present Royal Astronomer of Ireland, Sir Robert Ball, and, of course, Richard A. Proctor. In ornithology, the lady who calls herself "Olive Thorne Miller." In history of course we have Dickens' "Child's History of England"; but from other sources history may be learned also—from Scott's novels, for example; from Macaulay's *Lays* too. In poetry the recently published "Lyra Heroica" has been highly praised. Amongst authors scarce needing mention are Mrs. Burnet, Mrs. Carey Brock, "Lewis Carroll," Miss Charlesworth, J. Fennimore Cooper, Thomas Hughes, Kingston, Captain Marryat, Miss Martineau, Mayne Reid, Jules Verne, some of R. L. Stevenson, Commander Cameron, Miss Strickland, Miss A. S. Swan, G. M. Fenn, "Uncle Remus," M. F. Farquharson, Miss Sewell, Dr. James Macaulay. Of magazines there is a plethora to choose from of excellent tone and replete with good and interesting matter. The "varieties" page of the *Leisure Hour* is a favourite one with many boys of active mind. Children are often fond, too, of dipping into books the greater part of the contents of which is altogether beyond them; and it is a good habit to foster, for such book is often re-read in after years with increased gusto. For this purpose a good encyclopædia is admirable—by preference perhaps Chambers' latest edition. And amongst advanced books might perhaps be mentioned, as a sort of *miscellaneous*, Macaulay's "Essays," Ruskin's "Ethics of the Dust," Johnson's "Rasselas," Herschell's "Familiar Lectures," Tyndall's "Forms of Water," and the classical English novelists.

These of course are a mere drop in the ocean of juvenile literature which is now yearly being poured from the presses, but they will form a nucleus of a library which can be added to according as the tastes of the youthful readers dictate.

NOBODY, they say, is a hero to his valet. Of course; for a man must be a hero to understand a hero. The valet, I dare say, has great respect for some person of his own stamp.—Goethe.

* "Hesba Stretton's" works are so numerous that it may be valuable to append here a full list of them. The following is, if not accurate, not far from being so:—

Alone in London—The Collier Boy—The Crew of the *Dolphin*—Hester Morley's Promise—Jessica's First Prayer—Reuben Kent at School—The King's Servants—Little Meg's Children—The Lord's Purse-Bearers—A Man of His Word—Night and Day—Apple Tree Court—The Worth of a Baby—Pilgrim Street: a Story of Manchester Life—Sheer Off—The Young Apprentice—Not Forsaken—Nellie, the Clockmaker's Daughter—David Lloyd's Last Will—Her Only Son—The Sweet Story of Old—The Cloves of Burcot—Paul's Courtship—Fern's Hollow—Max Kromer—Lost Gip—Cassy—Brought Home—Two Christmas Stories—No Work, No Bread—Friends Till Death, etc.—The Wonderful Life—Michael Lorio's Cross, etc.—Old Transom—The Storm of Life—Enoch Roden's Training—No Place Like Home—Under the Old Roof—An Acrobat's Girlhood—The Children of Cloverly—A Miserable Christmas and a Happy New Year—Sam Franklin's Savings Bank—Carola—Cobwebs and Cables—The Day of Rest—In Prison and Out; or, Facts on a Thread of Fiction—Nelly's Dark Days—A Thorny Path—Through a Needle's Eye—Bede's Charity—The Doctor's Dilemma—(and, with Mrs. Ruth Lamb) A Ray of Sunlight, etc.—also various pieces in *All the Year Round*, one of the most notable, perhaps, being "The Travelling Post Office" in Dickens' "Mugby Junction," in the Christmas number for 1866.

IN MEMORIAM.

OBITUARY, MAY XVIII., MDCCCLXXXII.

SINCE that bright hour in hallowed youth
Ere yet my second self had died,
And through life's morn in linked truth
We seemed to walk with single aim.

Since—of one mind, one heart, one blood,
One name—my nobler counterpart,
Was drawn with haste to promised good,
And all my light of life grew dim.

On earth there has not dawned for me,
Of human worth a goodlier form,
Than this bright friend now ceased to be,
Than this true soul in Liberty.

Nor love of books, nor art, nor song,
Nor love of mighty thoughts of men,
Nor love of right, nor hate of wrong,
Nor mutual bonds of great and good.

But that which truly holds them all—
His broadly, grandly human heart,
Did draw us, spite of great and small,
And bound us to the bitter end.

With yearnings for the Prairie West,
And proud unrest for martial fame,
At length he sailed the river's breast
But fell upon its farther brink.

Mid fringes of the virgin trees
And gleamings of a shining mere,
And music of the murmuring bees
At length he waits the blessed dawn.

BYRON R. NICHOLSON.

CORRESPONDENCE.

FRESH AIR FUND.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—Many of our kind-hearted citizens have already shown their interest in the above branch of the "Children's Aid Society," by sending in contributions in aid of the work; but it is quite possible that there are many more who will willingly aid when the claims of the work have been brought specially to their notice. The Society is already deeply indebted to the press of the city, and the obligation is increased by making it the medium of this appeal. The "Fresh Air Fund" branch requires help, and it is believed that the fact has only to be made known when the necessary funds will be at once sent in. Already there have been seventeen excursions in which 5,000 persons, chiefly young children, have had the benefit of the outing. Two lunches have been served to each person at each outing and plenty of milk given to the little ones. It is estimated that the total cost for the season will be \$1,800, of which \$750 has been received, leaving over \$1,000 still required for this season's work. It has not been necessary in the past to send out collectors, and it is not the desire of the Society to do so, as it is felt this is a benevolent work which commends itself to the sympathy of every one. The public are reminded that but for the extreme kindness of the steam-boat owners, managers and captains the cost would be greatly increased. The people in the city and country in sympathy with the Fresh Air Fund work are now appealed to for the one thousand dollars required for the work this season, and are asked to send their contributions without delay to the Secretary, at 82 Church Street, who would very much prefer that they be sent by registered rather than by ordinary mail or by hand.

J. K. MACDONALD,

J. STUART COLEMAN,

President.

Secretary,

Toronto, Aug. 6, 1892.

THE HISTORY OF CANADA.*

THE importance of this work, and in particular of the fifth volume, the first of a new series in which the author proposes to treat of "Canada Under British Rule," from the Peace of Paris (1763) to the Union of the two Provinces in 1841, demands a longer notice than that which has already been given to it in THE WEEK.

The period of twelve years that this volume deals with is so brief that careless readers may fancy that too much space has been given to it. But those will think differently who desire to study the development of the forces that led to the schism of the English-speaking race as well as the germs of those forces that determined the position of Canada then and that have continued to determine it ever since, down to the present day. Dr. Kingsford has earned the gratitude of such students and of all historical investigators for his painstaking, thorough and conscientious treatment of this critical period of our history, for the firmness with which he handles his materials and the excellence of his summaries. While never hesitating

* "The History of Canada," by William Kingsford, LL.D., F.R.S.C. Vol. V. (1763-1775.) Toronto: Rowsell and Hutchison. 1892.

to state his conclusions on any point, he enables every intelligent reader to form his own opinion, by giving him original documents or authorities. May the author be spared to complete the great work to which he has already given so many laborious years and the whole of his matured strength! He informs us that he hopes to complete this second series concerning Canada under British rule, in three additional volumes, to appear annually during the three following years, but it is manifest that, in order to do this, the public must show a more generous appreciation of his labours than the list of subscribers yet shows. Such a work requires the devotion of a lifetime. It is no mere abstract nor a mere succession of glowing pictures of stirring events that Dr. Kingsford aims at presenting. If it were the first, schoolboys would probably have to buy in order to cram it; and if the second, it would take rank with novels, and secure thereby a sufficient circulation to make it pay. A complete and connected account of the birth and evolution of Canada, worthy of being called a history, is a different matter. It takes time to appreciate anything considerable, and in a new country almost every one is in a hurry. We are disposed to buy only what makes little demand on our time and our purse, and everywhere the general attention is arrested by the sensational rather than by the solid. However, in spite of all those considerations, for which due allowance must be made, the hitherto somewhat limited sale of this great work is not creditable to us as a people. The only comfort in the premises is that the sale is on an up grade. Probably by the time that the author can receive no personal benefit from popular appreciation, justice will be done him.

We should study the history of the past for our guidance in the present. History is indeed that revelation which, as Carlyle says, no one in or out of Bedlam can question. Most of all should the lover of his country, anxious that the good ship should steer a steady course, know all that can be known of the views of those who built and freighted her. To change the figure, a nation is an organization, and every break in the continuity of its life is injurious. In vain have been the thoughts, the wisdom and the sacrifices of our fathers, so far as we are concerned, unless we take the trouble to understand the principles on which they acted. Especially when clouds overhang our future is there the greater need to look to the past for light. If we do so, we shall find that, notwithstanding differences in circumstances, the identity of principles may easily be discerned.

Up to 1763 British troops had fought for generations side by side with the hardy militia of the colonies. Where only the militia were engaged, as at Louisbourg, the British navy did its share of the work in its usual fashion. The final result was that, practically speaking, this continent became English and not French. Without attempting the invidious task of deciding whether the regulars or the militia contributed most to the final settlement of the long contest, or whether the greater credit should be given to the Mother Country or the colonies, let us admit that, as a matter of fact, the credit of the victory was due to both, that the one was dependent on the other, and that France for a long time was a match for both. Had France only permitted the Huguenots to settle in Canada and in Louisiana, the result might have been different. The one great superiority that her opponents always had was the preponderance in population of the thirteen colonies over Canada. The Abbé Casgrain points out in his excellent work, "Montcalm and Levis," just published, that "New France, whose territory extended from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico, from the Alleghenies to the Rocky Mountains, contained hardly 80,000 people, while the English colonies, hemmed in between the Atlantic and the mountains which served them as bulwarks, had a population of 1,200,000 souls."

The Abbé frankly admits that so far as Louisiana was concerned, the French Government was to blame for this disproportion. "That Government committed a grave error, when it refused to listen to the request as just as it was pacific, that the Huguenots might be allowed to establish themselves in the uninhabited wilderness of Louisiana. They asked no other privilege than that of freely practising their religion beneath the shadow of the French flag. Pontchartrain, to whom this request of the Huguenots had been referred (1699), made this incredible reply: 'The king has not driven the Protestants from France to allow them to form themselves into a republic in the New World.' Had it not been for this unfortunate policy the French Protestants, instead of going to enrich hostile countries by transporting themselves there with their families and fortunes, would have emigrated in large numbers to Louisiana, where they would have formed, in a short time, a flourishing colony; and in proportion as religious antagonism disappeared, they would again have attached themselves to France, the country of their forefathers; and, at the instant of the supreme crisis, when France and England were struggling for mastery in America, they would probably have been in a condition to make a powerful diversion, which might have completely changed the issue of the conflict."

Surely if it was safe to allow religious toleration in Louisiana, much more might it have been allowed in Canada. Previous to the revolution of the Edict of Nantes the Huguenots had always been true Frenchmen, and no charge of treason should be brought against them as a body, because they had often been obliged to combine for mutual protection. If a horrible policy demanded their expulsion