

BEREAVED.

DEAD! Did you say she was dead? Oh, what a villainous lie!
 See! I am living, and, think you, I'd live if she were to die!
 No; for the sigh that bore the life from her beautiful breast
 Would reach me, and take mine too with hers into heavenly rest.
 Dead! and the sun still shines? Hark, sir, to that little bird;
 Think you, were she lying dead, its merry song would be heard?
 Dead! do I hear you aright? Cut off in the flower of youth!
 Your arm—there, there, I am better! Oh, God! sir, tell me the truth!
 Ailing a month you say, and never a letter to me.
 Curse them, curse them, Nellie! that kept me away from thee.
 Oh, sir, think of that child, God's purest and loveliest flower,
 Dying, with never a friend to cling to in her last hour.
 She who had never known grief, heard never a word unkind,
 Whose feet trod ever on flowers, whose gentleness tamed the wind,
 To tread the Valley of Death alone through tempest and rain,
 When I would have threaded it with her. Oh, curse them again and
 again!
 She thought of me to the last? My name was the last she spoke?
 "Tell him I'll wait for him there!" She slept, and never more woke.
 And I knew nothing the while. Oh, Love, blind, blind as a bat!
 Where was your boasted strength, to give me no warning of that?
 Fool! fool! A beast of the field! Unfeeling as senseless clay!
 Why did my brain not reel, my heart become ice, that day?
 Closed are her lustrous eyes, and silenced her eloquent tongue.
 What had she ever done that Death should take her so young?
 She never sinned. It is I; I carry the branding of Cain;
 I feel it hissing and burning its way to my very brain!

Let me go! You gave me her words; and think you I will not obey?
 I died when they closed her eyes. Life fled from my heart that day!
 Bury us both together; and then, when God bids us rise,
 She will plead for mercy for me, and win me to Paradise.

Montreal.

ARTHUR WEIR.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A TORONTO ART GALLERY.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—Nothing is more wanted in Toronto than a permanent Art Gallery and a collection of good works of art, always open to the public. It would be difficult to find a city in Europe or America of the wealth and population of Toronto that is so badly off in this respect. An attempt is now being made to remedy the deficiency. At their last meeting the Council of the Royal Canadian Academy granted \$3,000 towards the purchase of a site; a corner lot on Wilton Avenue, close to Yonge Street, has been secured at a cost of \$6,000; the balance of the purchase money will be made up by the artists, and form their contribution to the scheme. The estimated cost of a suitable building is \$25,000, and a number of citizens have already promised to contribute: one, Mrs. Alexander Cameron, who has largely contributed to many objects of service to Toronto, has authorised me to say that she will give \$5,000 towards the Art Gallery, provided that we raise the rest of the money, and leave the building free of debt. This should not be difficult to do. The Gallery, once opened, would form a permanent home for any collection of good works of art that could be made, by loan or otherwise, forming a nucleus that would doubtless be added to from time to time by donations and bequests.

The Art Association of Montreal and the Art Museum of Boston are notable instances of the manner in which, the beginning of such a collection being once made, it has rapidly increased by the benefactions of those to whom it has suggested a means of making their wealth and culture of service to the public. In Boston the collection of the Art Museum is continually enriched by pictures, sculpture, and valuable curios, lent by persons leaving their homes for a time, who are glad both to have their valuables in safe keeping and to exhibit them to the public. The same is true of Montreal and other places where the same accommodation exists.

The lease of the gallery, at present rented by the Ontario Society of Artists, expires this year, and it is hoped that it may be possible to erect the building, and open it with the joint exhibition of the Royal Canadian Academy and Ontario Society of Artists in 1888. Yours,

February 8, 1887.

L. R. O'BRIEN.

DISALLOWANCE IN MANITOBA.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—I observe, in the last number of your journal, that in speaking of the C.P.R. contract, you refer to the "Disallowance clauses" of it. This is an error that seems better rooted in the minds of writers for the Canadian press than is the Canada thistle in our fertile soil, and one which, repeated *ad nauseam* by the friends of Manitoba, is calculated to do us much injury in our struggle to get rid of monopoly in railroads. We may well cry out: "Save us from our friends." Would you kindly take the trouble to look up the clauses you refer to, and, if not too long, print them for the benefit of your numerous readers?

The fact is, there is no "Disallowance clause" at all in the C.P.R. contract, and, what is more, there is no "monopoly clause" in it, that can

affect the Province of Manitoba as it was prior to the extension of its territory in 1881.

The clause to which reference is made only prevents the *Parliament* of Canada from *authorising* the building of any line of railway to compete with the C.P.R. There is nothing to prevent the *Manitoba Legislature* from exercising its undoubted right to charter lines of railway from any one point in the old Province of Manitoba to any other point therein, nor to require the Dominion Government to disallow such a charter. There *could* be nothing of that kind in any Act of the Canadian Parliament, because such a provision would be a direct infringement of the B.N.A. Act.

How, then, has Disallowance taken place? Simply because the Dominion Government has arbitrarily exercised the power of Disallowance that they have over all Provincial legislation by virtue of the B.N.A. Act. They have done this in pursuance of a settled policy which they say is in the interest of the Dominion as a whole. This has been pointed out over and over again by members of the Government themselves and their organs in the press. Yet ever and anon some of the best friends of Manitoba in the East, and those most opposed to the railway monopoly, *will* fall into the same old error and talk of the "Disallowance" and "monopoly" clauses, and prate of the necessity of compensation to the C.P.R. for giving up their monopoly. It is enough to make one feel "tired." Within the old Province of Manitoba the C.P.R. has no monopoly to give up, except that conferred upon them arbitrarily, and without consideration, by the Government exercising the power of Disallowance.

There is absolutely nothing to bind the present Government or any Government to continue the policy of Disallowance. The idea of compensation could only apply to the territory outside of the old Province of Manitoba.

Yours sincerely,

Winnipeg, 8th February, 1887.

GEORGE PATTERSON.

[We should be glad to believe that the case was as our correspondent contends. But he is aware that a different position is taken by the Government and the C.P.R.—ED.]

A WORD FOR ARCHBISHOP TACHE.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—I observe the following paragraph in your issue of the 10th inst., from a contributor signing himself "Garry": "From private information I have strong reasons for believing that the letter from Archbishop Taché to Mgr. Lafleche, of Three Rivers, which has created a sensation by its publication in the East, was not written last March, as the date it bears would indicate, but was the production of the prelate's brain less than a month ago."

I am neither a member nor an adherent of the Church of which Archbishop Taché is a distinguished ornament; I have no sympathy with that Church; I do not even belong to the political party in whose interest the letter referred to by your contributor was published. On the contrary, I am a Protestant—a Presbyterian—and a Liberal in politics. But having the honour to know Archbishop Taché well, I take the liberty of saying that numerous readers of THE WEEK are surprised that such a serious accusation against the honour and honesty of one who has long occupied so honourable a position not only in the ecclesiastical body to which he belongs, but in the educational and political history of the North-west as well, should have found expression in its columns. The Archbishop is sincerely devoted to the cause of his Church, and has missed no opportunity of promoting her interests or of extending her influence and power in the section of Canada committed to his spiritual supervision. The Metis of Manitoba and the Territories of the North-west he has always regarded as his particular children, and to their temporal advancement he has always given the closest attention, occasionally lending the weight of his powerful influence to demands on their part which people less partial have, with some degree of justice, considered exorbitant. Politically, he may have, for all I know, some leanings to the Conservative side, although even that much seems doubtful. But that he would lend himself to such baseness as your correspondent suggests, no one who can pretend to any knowledge of him personally, or to any acquaintance with the history of his long and faithful labours in the cause of Christianity and humanity among the simple children of the plains, will for a moment believe. There is nothing in the story which "Garry" tells of the visit of Mr. Montplaisir to the Archiepiscopal Palace at St. Boniface which is not quite consistent with the theory that the letter referred to was, as it professes to have been, written in March last. On the contrary, I submit that there is much in it to confirm the impression which I, for one, have formed after years' acquaintance with the Archbishop, that, according to his lights, he was sincerely desirous of promoting the welfare of Canada; cares little or nothing for the party politics of the time, and for that reason, probably, objected to the publication of his letter; and sees more clearly than most of us, in these exciting times, that no good, but only harm, can flow from appeals to the racial and religious prejudices of any portion of our population. If the voice of the revered Dr. Black, of Kildonan, the contemporary and neighbour of Archbishop Taché in ante-Confederation days, were not stilled by death, I know that it would be raised loud in protest against the charge so broadly made by your correspondent, "Garry." I am, sir, your obedient servant,

JUSTICE.

Ottawa, February 12, 1887.

WOMAN.

God be thanked, the meanest of his creatures
 Boasts two soul-sides, one to face the world with,
 One to show a woman when he loves her.—Browning.