

only," and to "demand that the collection of such taxes shall be limited to the necessities of the Government, honestly and economically administered." A bolder challenge on the question of economic principle is not often heard on the eve of a decisive party struggle. The developments will be watched with great interest by the people of all enlightened countries, the world over.

OTTAWA LETTER.

THE Redistribution Bill which was debated *ad nauseum* on its second reading passed through committee in a comparatively short time. But that this good luck attended the Government, was not because the Opposition receded from their position. They clamoured long and loud—first, against the Bill *in toto*, and then against the details. In my last letter, I mentioned the concessions made by the Government to the Ontario members. Col. Denison submitted an amendment, to the section dealing with West Toronto, providing that the constituency should be divided into two, but after some discussion Sir John Thompson declined to agree with the member for West Toronto, and the amendment was lost. Mr. Cockburn never allows the House to lose sight of the fact that in his eyes there is but one city in Canada really worth the name, and that is Toronto. Holding this view, it was quite natural that he should think his beloved city was not fully represented; but he could hardly expect that the Government would take him seriously, when he moved that each ward of the city return a member, which would entitle the city to six seats in the House.

In the matter of Quebec, the Government was most unexpectedly generous, making so many alterations, as to wring from the lips of the fiery member for Montmagny the admission that as far as it affected that Province the Bill was fair.

Prince Edward Island was the Province that the committee had the most interesting debate upon. The island is small, and within its four borders there are only about 200,000 people, not much more than the great city of Toronto; but if the Province is not populous it is at least ambitious. Six members represent the Province in the House. And, compared with any other six members, they can hold their own. The Liberals predominate. There is first of all Mr. Davies, who is not only the leader in the island, but is also one of the foremost of the Opposition procession for reform. Then there is Mr. Perry and Mr. Yeo and Mr. Welsh, all good men and true, and all solicitous for the welfare of the island. Mr. Welsh gave himself away, as the term goes, the other day, by asserting that Prince Edward Island had never had a bit of luck since she was confederated with the Dominion. After this came a long debate. Prince Edward Island men and Maritime Province men talked on the subject, and occasionally an Ontarioan who had never seen the place, but of course thought he knew everything, made a wise speech on the subject. The end of it all was, that—although Mr. Davies protested that he was gerry-mandered, and that the Bill, as far as it affected Prince Edward Island, was, only and solely, initiated for the purpose of excluding him from the House—the Bill passed. Sir John Thompson refused to accept any amendment to the Bill, as he said it was formed for the simple purpose of giving justice to Prince Edward Island.

It is probable that Sir Richard Cartwright will move a vote of want of confidence in the Government in connection with the Caron matters. Sir Richard has the idea, whether he is right or wrong, that all the Conservative members, collectively and individually, are corrupt and unscrupulous. There is no right, he says, in them, right or left. They are altogether corrupt.

It is not to be supposed that the great majority of men who represent the Dominion of Canada in the House of Commons are unprincipled. That would be an enormous admission. But we do suppose that many of them, in their eagerness to preserve the representation of their counties, often forget the principles of Christian ethics and morality, which should guide them. However, it is not the purpose of this letter to preach a sermon, and it would be well, as the end of the session approaches, to put ourselves upon record as saying that we believe, in all sincerity, that, with all their faults and failings, the House of Commons at Ottawa is made up of fairly good men, and that as long as party government lasts men must be loyal to party.

No men have been so roundly abused as these members of the Commons. That abuse is unjust. They are only fallible men, subject to like passions, as their fellows, and, taking them all in all, they do tolerably well.

It would not be amiss, also, as this session draws to a close, to pay one word of tribute to the way in which Sir John Thompson has lead the House. No man has been more violently attacked. Yet we ask any man who has sat day after day in the gallery to point to us a man who has more conscientiously fulfilled the duties imposed upon him than the leader of the House of Commons. Generally a man's religion is counted a matter which concerns him alone. A man may become a Presbyterian or a Methodist. He may turn from one to the other, and no one says a word. But Sir John Thompson has been publicly attacked for changing his religion. Those who have followed most closely Sir John Thompson's life are of the opinion that his change of religion was made in perfect

sincerity. And those who are more concerned with his statesmanship than his religion, candidly admit that he has led the House of Commons this present session with consummate ability.

T. C. L. K.

THE LATE DANIEL LOTHROP, THE BOSTON PUBLISHER.

THE name of Daniel Lothrop, the publisher, is familiar to many Canadians from the books and periodicals bearing the imprint of his well-known firm, which have been widely circulated throughout the Dominion. As he never gave the endorsement of his name to any publication of doubtful influence or *morale*, it was generally felt to be a guarantee for good and pure literature. This guarantee was all the more valuable, because he did not aim at purveying so much for the "cultured" few, as at diffusing among the American people a class of reading not too high for their enjoyment, but yet elevating and profitable in its tone. To do this required a peculiar combination of qualities, and Daniel Lothrop seemed to have been fitted with just the qualities needed for his chosen work.

Mr. Lothrop came of a good New England Stock, one of those sterling Puritan families which have been the backbone of all that is best in the United States. His father was a New Hampshire patriot, who had taken an active part in the formation of the Free Soil Party, and he himself was always an earnest and sincere lover of his country, desiring, through the agency of good books, to purify its life at the fountain head.

Mr. Lothrop's first choice was the ministry, his religious principles being strong at an unusually early age; but circumstances and the "divinity that shapes our ends" eventually led him in a different and certainly not less useful direction. As a Sunday-school teacher and superintendent, for many years, he came sufficiently in touch with the younger portion of the reading public to know their needs and the inadequate extent to which those needs were met. In many quarters he met with little sympathy in his purpose, and even with very misplaced success; but he met them with the prediction, speedily verified: "The time will come when you will acknowledge that children and young people have a right to the thought and consideration of the greatest and best writers of our time." In the many high-class books for young readers which issued from his press, as well as in the interesting and successful periodicals for children which he established, he showed how fully he acted upon his own conviction.

He was, naturally, especially interested in the growth of a native literature, but he was quick also to recognize foreign writers of the stamp he wanted. Several of the best works of George Macdonald, for instance, with whom he was on terms of personal friendship, were reprinted by him. And, as there is a class of purchasers who will buy volumes of "selections," especially when charmingly illustrated, he showed good judgment and great taste in compiling such collections, both as to the letter press and the artistic work. Many beautiful gift books yearly tempted people to buy and probably read—fragments of literature of a high order, which, except in fragments, they might never have looked at. And, so far as it goes, the influence of such books was a factor in the education of the people.

His activity as a publisher, seeking treasures new and old, brought him into very close and interesting association with some of his country's greatest writers. The venerable Whittier, whose poems he loved, was a revered and beloved friend, with whom he frequently enjoyed sympathetic talk, and who expressed his own sense of loss in writing to the bereaved wife—when the sudden blow had fallen—the touching words: "Let me sit with thee in the circle of mourning, for I, too, have lost in him a friend."

While the contemplative side of his nature drew him towards men of deep spiritual insight, his shrewd practical intelligence and mastery of business relations made his experience and advice valuable to others of a very different type. He recently spent a good deal of time in Washington in the interests of the publishing trade, and Mr. Blaine did not hesitate to avail himself of Mr. Lothrop's experience and sagacity. To him was due no small share of the credit of stimulating the publishing business of America and raising it to its present proportions, and, more especially, that of making Boston the great publishing centre that it is to-day.

While an American of the Americans, Mr. Lothrop was by no means uninterested in Canada and Canadian traditions. When the present writer first planned a series of "Stories of New France," Mr. Lothrop gave a ready response, and proved an enterprising and efficient publisher. He was ready, later, to take another book, also intended for young people, on somewhat similar lines, which will very shortly appear. Miss McLeod's "Stories From the Land of Evangeline," and some of Professor Roberts' poetical publications have found a publisher in him.

Mr. Lothrop was twice married. He early lost his first wife, who was an invalid during most of their married life. After a long widowhood, he was united, in what seemed an ideal "marriage of equal minds" to a lady who, under the *nom-de-plume* of "Margaret Sidney," had become well known to him as a writer for his periodicals, and some of whose pleasant books he had already published. Sympathy of taste, feeling and aims drew them together, and their married life was as complete in its

happiness as any earthly relation can well be—especially as a little "Margaret Sidney" grew from infancy into happy childhood to brighten the charming home. Mrs. Lothrop entered with enthusiasm into her husband's plans for the diffusion of pure literature, and her busy pen was always working in the same direction.

Mr. and Mrs. Lothrop spent their winters in Boston, and their summers, for a number of years past, at the summer home he had purchased at Concord—partly on account of its lovely situation and surroundings, partly on account of its interesting associations as the home, for many years, of Nathaniel Hawthorne. "The Wayside" is an unpretending, though quaint and charming home, reverently kept much as Hawthorne had left it. Under the shelter of its steep, wooded ridge, and from beneath its shady elms, it looks across the fragrant meadows to the woods that enshrine the lovely little "Walden Pond." Every spot in the vicinity teems with historical and literary associations, and Mr. and Mrs. Lothrop enjoyed these to the full. Just a year ago, the present writer spent two never-to-be-forgotten June days amid its beauty and verdure, receiving from the hospitable host and hostess a warm welcome, as well as most efficient *cicerone* ship in seeing all that was beautiful and interesting in the vicinity. During an evening of quiet talk by the low-crackling wood fire—for Mr. Lothrop's health was, even then, much impaired by the ravages of the fiend *grippe*, and the evening was cool enough to make a fire desirable—the conversation turned to subjects which, in this transitory world, can never be far from any thoughtful mind. Then the deep and earnest seriousness which underlay his practical business shrewdness came to the surface in his quiet, suggestive remarks, and in his sympathetic and feeling recitation, from beginning to end, of "Andrew Ryckman's Prayer," by Whittier—one of his favourite poems, which was on his lips in his last hours. It was evident that the profound humility, faith and love of the poem expressed that which lay deep in his own heart, and had given high aim and purpose to his life. And the closing lines of the "Prayer" well expressed the upward growth of his own life:—

What thou wilt, O Father, give,  
All is gain that I receive—  
If I may not, sin-defiled,  
Claim my birthright as a child,  
Suffer it that I to Thee  
As an hired servant be;  
Let the lowliest task be mine,  
Grateful, so the work be Thine;  
Let me find the humblest place  
In the shadow of Thy grace;  
If there be some weaker one,  
Give me strength to help him on;  
If a blinder soul there be,  
Let me guide him nearer Thee;  
Make my mortal dreams come true  
With the work I fain would do;  
Clothe with life the weak intent,  
Let me be the thing I meant;  
Let me find, in thine employ,  
Peace, that dearer is than joy;  
Out of self to love be led  
And to heaven acclimated,  
Until all things sweet and good  
Seem my natural habitude.

That this beautiful poem lay very near his heart could easily be seen by the ease with which he recited it, only now and then hesitating for a next line. Its aspiration was undoubtedly his own, and explained the growing gentleness, "sweetness and light" of his later years. When the last call came, as it did, suddenly, this was his aspiration still; and not only the expression, but the spirit of the dying faith in which he entered into the shadow. When told that his earthly work was done, he said cheerfully, putting aside his longing for more years in his family and in his work: "If God does not think it best for me to be spared, it is *just right*," and the words showed that he had learned the best lesson of all. But, though passed away from earthly things, his "works do follow him." If he who makes two blades of grass grow where but one grew before is to be accounted of service to humanity, surely he who multiplies *good thoughts* and diffuses their influence over thousands of souls and hearts may be accounted, in the truest sense, a benefactor to his race. And that he should continue steadfast to this high aim, in spite of all the temptations offered by a sensation-loving public and a money-making age to turn aside from it, is no mean test of a noble manhood.

FIDELIS.

A PERSON, apprehensive of danger from lightning, happening, during the time of the thunder, to be in a house not secured by conductors, would do well to avoid sitting near the chimney, near a looking glass, or any gilt picture or wainscot. The safest place is in the middle of the room, so it be not under a metal lustre suspended by a chain, sitting on one chair and laying the feet up in another. It is still safer to bring two or three mattresses or beds into the middle of the room, and, folding them up double, place the chair upon them; for those not being so good conductors as the walls, the lightning will not choose an interrupted course through the air of the room and the bedding when it can go through a continued better conductor—the wall. But, where it can be had, a hammock or swinging bed, suspended by silk cords equally distant from the wall on every side, and from the ceiling and floor above and below, affords the safest situation a person can have in any room whatever, and one which, indeed, may be deemed quite free from danger of any stroke of lightning.—*The Family Doctor.*