

## AN INCIDENT.

But a day ago I was walking through the suburbs hand in hand with a child. We were perfectly oblivious of anything else but each other's company. She was looking up into my face, prattling away about some sleighing adventures she'd had with a bosom friend, and punctuating her sentences with little skips which ever and anon I helped with a lift from my stronger arm. I, on my part, was gazing downward with quiet contentment on her soft mobile features and into her frank blue eyes—prettiest of pictures set in a soft frame of fur. I went with my whole soul bowed in worship of her infantine beauty and innocence. At times it seemed as if I held an angel by the hand, and I felt reverently glad that she did not leave me.

Whether encouraged by my looks of contentment and admiration, or perhaps by some subtler sympathy, the child grew more confidential and communicative, and prattled away about this thing and that, in the soft, purring music of her voice. But all this while she spoke to me words she knew not—of a heart-bursting longing for something perfect and pure, far away—a cheering call from the great Creator borne up to me on the music of heavenly choirs. At times such transfiguration came over the child's face as made me feel in the presence of the Holy of Holies. And I've often thought since that perhaps it *was* no dream of mine—but a sacred reality.

Then again come the doubts that forever mars the ideal. As we turned a corner, we had to step aside to let another couple pass—a workingman and little girl. Both were shabbily and scantily clad. We had passed some like them before, as I dimly remember, in the region of factories. But what now drove a dagger far into my soul was to see the poor shivering child as we passed, reach out her chill hand and lightly touch the comfortable, warm cape of my companion. The action was simple, and yet the thrill of its shock I dare never forget. It seemed as if in one instant all memories of our world's sorrow discharged themselves through that little cold finger. The comfortable isolation of selfish enjoyment was broken, and again I stood face to face with the great, real problem of the needless misery of my fellows. The sight was such as drains the heart of its tears and puts upon strongest manhood a burthen of sympathy, beneath which it faints in a weariness almost of death.

For the rest of our walk I did not cease to look upon the sweet, pure face of my companion, but it was with the eyes of one who watches a fair lily-bud floating upon a dark, sad river.

GUEUX.

## Editor's Table.

We have received from Messrs. Harper and Brothers, New York, the following books: "The Wanderings of Ulysses," translated from the German of Professor C. Witt, by Frances Young-husband; "Malthus and His Work," by James Bonar, M. A., Balliol College, Oxford, and "George Eliot's Life," edited by J. W. Cross.

The first of these, "The Wanderings of Ulysses," is an admirable account of the wanderings of the hero of the Odyssey. It is written in a popular and entertaining style, and will serve equally well as a story book, or as a regular reading and lesson book. It is translated into good English prose.

Mr. James Bonar, in "Malthus and His Work," gives a biographical account of the author of the famous essay on "Population." He also examines critically, but judiciously and in a sym-

pathetic spirit, his economic theories. The book is an interesting one to the student of political economy, and will doubtless do much to dispel much of the popular misconceptions which exist concerning Malthus and Malthusianism.

The "Life of George Eliot," related in her Letters and Journals, and edited by her husband, J. W. Cross, reveal the woman as she lived, thought and wrote. They are a remarkable record of a wonderfully gifted woman. Her letters show her to have been affectionate and true in all the varied relations of her life. She was patient under the burden of continuous ill-health and the strain of an unusually severe mental activity. She was conscientious to a degree. Her disregard for conventional usage during her earlier life—as shown by her relations with Mr. Lewes—and her subsequent compliance with it—as evidenced by her formal marriage to Mr. Cross—is still inexplicable, her own letter on the subject being vague and unsatisfying. The only explanation one can suggest is that she regarded Life, and its varied relations, in their purely philosophical aspect; and that during the earlier period of life she endeavoured with all the zeal—and certainly with more than the usual amount of courage—to live up to her philosophy. Her journals make frequent mention of her intimate acquaintance with many famous men and women. Huxley, Herbert Spencer, Harriet Martineau, Dickens, Delane (of *The Times*), Anthony Trollope, Robert Browning, Bagehot and many others are constantly referred to as personal friends. George Eliot's literary appetite was voracious, and her capacity unlimited. She was well read in almost every department of English literature, and was especially conversant with the language, literature, and philosophy of Germany. Her criticisms of authors and their writings, as well as of men and things in general, though frank and outspoken, are never captious or spiteful. One never finds in her journals those miserably bilious and contemptuously patronizing references to friends and entertainers which are such a characteristic feature of the literary Remains of the Sage of Chelsea. With all her faults, George Eliot cannot be charged with the sins of hypocrisy and uncharitableness. These Letters and Journals are an intensely interesting record of a useful and brilliant life, spent in an earnest endeavour to do good, nevertheless neutralized in its effect by an adherence to a system of philosophy, foreign to the spirit of English morality.

We hope that it is not altogether too late to extend to the students of our sister university of Montreal our heartiest congratulations upon the most successful completion of their song book. Its merits are many in number, but the greatest of these is its national character. It is not only a song book, but a Canadian song book. French-Canadian and English-Canadian songs are mingled with that happy harmony which the book will help to maintain between French-Canadian and English-Canadian students. The appearance of the book, too, at this time is evidence that little by little we are beginning to value more highly all that tends to encourage a national feeling, and in this, song is a wonderfully powerful factor. It shows, too, that we are beginning to realize the fallacy of the hitherto too general belief that the poor colonists have to look to foreign countries for everything, if we would have it good. It would be a blessing if our students were to apply to its pages and enrich our altogether too scanty stock of college music. The Modern Language Club will find in it nearly all the songs they sing: *Vive la Canadienne*, *Le Brigadier*, *A la Claire Fontaine*, *Malbrouck*, and many others. Until we have a song-book of our own, that is, until we have aroused musical enthusiasm enough to compile one of any value, the best thing we can do is to draw from the pages of the McGill College Song-Book. It costs only one dollar, and may be bought at I. Suckling & Sons, 107 Yonge Street. It will be sure to be very popular among our students.