

lose her fader's scoop wis de sturgeon. Dat's good nuff for dose Seguin. 'Take my fader platform, eh?'

For sure, I'll want for go an' help Alphonsine all de same—she's my cousin, an' I'll want for see de sturgeon, me. But I'll only just laugh, laugh. *Non*, M'sieu; dere was not one man out on any of de oder platform dat mawny for to help Alphonsine. Dey was all sleep ver' late, for dey was all out ver' late for see de offle fight I told you 'bout.

Well, pretty quick, what you tink? I'll see old man Savarin goin' to my fader's platform. He's take hold for help Alphonsine an' deys bosc pull an' deys bosc pull, and pretty quick de big sturgeon is up on de platform. I'll be more angry as before.

Oh, *tort dieu*! What you tink come den? Why, dat old man Savarin is want for take de sturgeon!

Firat dey haint speak so I can hear, for de Rapid is too loud. But pretty quick deys bosc angry, and I hear dem talk.

"Dat's my fish," old man Savarin is say. "Didn't I save him? Wasn't you goin' for lose him, for sure?"

Me—I'll laugh good. Dass such an old rascal.

"You get off dis platform, quick," Alphonsine she's say.

"Give me my sturgeon," he's say.

"Dat's a lie—it haint your sturgeon. It's my sturgeon," she's yell.

"I'll learn you one lesson 'bout dat," he's say.

Well, M'sieu, Alphonsine she's pull back de fish just when old man Savarin is make one big grab. An' when she's pull back, she's step to one side an' de old rascal he is grab at de fish, an' de heft of de sturgeon is make him fall on his face, so he's tumble in de Rapid when Alphonsine let go de sturgeon. So dere's old man Savarin floatin' down de river—an' me! I'll don't care eef he's drown one bit!

One time he is on his back, one time he is on his face, one time he is all under de water. For sure he's goin' for be draw into de *culbute* an' get drown' dead, if I'll not be able for scoop him when he's go by my platform. I'll want for laugh, but I'll be too much scare.

Well, M'sieu, I'll pick up my fader's scoop and I'll stand out on de edge of de platform. De water is ran so fast, I'm mos' 'fraide de old man is boun' for pull me in when I'll scoop him. But I'll not mind for dat, I'll throw de scoop an' catch him; an' for sure, he's hold on good!

So dere's de old rascal in de scoop, but when I'll got him safe, I haint able for pull him in one bit. I'll only be able for hold on an' laugh, laugh—he's look *ver'* queer! All I can do is to hold him dere so he can't go down de *culbute*. I'll can't pull heem up if I'll want to.

De old man is scare ver' bad. But pretty quick he's got hold of de cross-bar of de hoop, an' he's got hees ugly old head up good.

"Pull me in," he's say, ver' angry.

"I'll haint be able," I'll say.

Jus' den Alphonsine she's come long, an' she's laugh so she can't hardly hold on wis me to de hantle. I was laugh good some more. When de old villain see us have fun, he's yell: "I'll learn you bosc one lesson for this. Pull me ashore."

"Oh! You'se learn us bosc one lesson, M'sieu Savarin, eh?" Alphonsine she's say. "Well, den, us bosc will learn M'sieu Savarin one lesson first. Pull him up a little," she's say to me.

So we pull him up, an' den Alphonsine she's say to me: "Let out de hantle, quick"—and he's under de water some more. When we stop de net, he's got he's head up pretty quick.

"*Monjee*! I'll be drown' if you don't pull me out," he's mos' cry.

"Ver' well. If you'se drown, your famly be ver' glad," Alphonsine she's say. "Den they's got all your money for spend quick, quick."

M'sieu, dat's scare him offle. He's begin for cry like one baby.

"Save me out," he's say. "I'll give you anything I've got."

"How much?" Alphonsine she's say.

He's tink and he's say: "Quarter dollar."

Alphonsine an' me is laugh, laugh.

"Save me," he's cry some more. "I haint fit for die dis mawny."

"You hain' fit for live no mawny," Alphonsine she's say. "One quarter dollar, eh? Where's my sturgeon?"

"He's got away when I'll fall in."

"How much you goin' give me for lose my big sturgeon?"

"How much you'll ask, Alphonsine?"

"Two dollare."

"Dat's too much for one sturgeon," he's say. For all he was not feel fit for die, he was more 'fraide for pay out his money.

"Let him down some more," Alphonsine she's say.

"Oh, *misere, misere*! I'll pay de two dollare," he's say when his head come up some more.

"Ver' well, den," Alphonsine she's say, "I'll be willin' for save you, me. But you hain' scooped by me. You'se in Marie's net. I'll only come for help Marie. You'se her sturgeon"; an' Alphonsine she's laugh an' laugh.

"I didn't lose no sturgeon for Marie," he's say.

"No, eh?" I'll say myself. "But you'se steal my fader's platform. You'se take his fishin' place. You'se got him fined two times. You'se make my moder pay his bill wis my weddin' money. What you goin' pay for all

dat? You tink I'll be goin' for mos' kill myself pullin' you out for notin'? When you ever do sometin' for anybody for notin', eh, M'sieu Savarin?"

"How much you want?" he's say.

"Ten dollare for de platform, dat's all."

"Never—dat's robbery," he's say, an' he's begin to cry like *ver'* *li'll* baby.

"Pull him hup, Marie, an' give him some more," Alphonsine she's say.

But de old rascal is so scare 'bout dat, dat he's say he's pay right off. So we's pull him up near to de platform, only we hain' big nuff' fool for let him out of de net till he's take out his purse an' pay de twelve dollare.

*Monjee*, M'sieu! If ever you see one angry old rascal! He not even stop for say: "Tank you for save me from be drown' dead in de *culbute*!" He's run for his house an' he's put on dry clocs, an' he's go up to de magistrate first ting for learn me an' Alphonsine one big lesson.

But de magistrate hain' ver' bad magistrate. He's only laugh an' he's say:—

"M'sieu Savarin, de whole river will be laugh at you for let two young girl take eet out of smart man like you like dat. Hain't you tink your life worth twelve dollare? Didn't dey save you from de *culbute*? *Monjee*! I'll tink de river not laugh so ver' bad if you pay dose young girl one hunder dollare for save you so kind."

"One hunder dollare!" he's mos' cry. "Hain't you goin' to learn dose girl one lesson for take advantage of me dat way?"

"Didn't you pay dose girl youself? Didn't you took out your purse youself? Yes, eh? Well, den, I'll goin' for learn you one lesson youself, M'sieu Savarin," de magistrate is say. "Dose two young girl is ver' wicked, eh? Yes, dat's so. But for why? Hain't dey just do to you what you been doin' ever since you was in beesness? Don't I know? You hain't never yet got advantage of nobody wisout you rob him all you can, an' dose wicked young girl only act just like you give him a lesson all your life."

An' de best fun was de whole river *did* laugh at old man Savarin. An' my fader and Frawce Seguin is laugh most of all, till he's catch hup wis bosc of dem anoder time. You come for see me some more, an' I'll told you 'bout dat.—By Edward W. Thomson, in "Two Tales."

#### ART NOTES.

THE work of Mr. Watts never more distinctly declared its purpose than his unfinished contribution this year. Expressly lacking in the allurements of technique, this canvas appeals chiefly to the imagination of the spectator, as much as to the eye. Eve, rising upright from the flowering earth to heaven itself, nobly erect, proclaiming the Godhead from which she has sprung, still, as one might say, superbly humble, this Eve finally realizes the first woman, the typical mother of mankind. And yet, amidst the few symbolical accessories and skilful suggestion of line, "She shall be called Woman" is rich in colour and perfectly balanced as a composition. Nevertheless, it is not altogether in harmony with its neighbours on the walls of the Academy, nor could it be with works in which fine painting is the only consideration, an aim which Mr. Watts has long since rejected in favour of one more compatible with the painted exposition of human thought. The artistic creed of Mr. Watts is well known: he would exalt painting and sculpture, too, from a glorified handicraft or art to the most elevated medium of intellectual and emotional expression, of æsthetical and ethical exposition—would place it, in fact, on a level between the other highest arts, with poetry on this side and music on that. Of the picture itself, which was begun many years ago, Mr. Watts expressed himself to the present writer that he would no more expect that it could be a popular success than that the Book of Job would be applauded, or perhaps even regarded with respect had it been published in modern times by a modern author. Could the artist's ambitions be realized, he would elect, we believe, that the great series of his symbolical works might be judged far away from the noisy arena of the Royal Academy—say, in the room of the Elgin Marbles in the British Museum—with the mind attuned by the reading of the first two books of "Paradise Lost," and by harkening to Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata." What place has such a man in the competition for applause by choice of subject or excellence of technique? He has been described as a visionary; and so in a sense he is. His vision is the glorification of his art's mission, his practice the sounding of the human mind and heart, and his aim the representation to the eye of human passion and even of metaphysical reflections.—*The Magazine of Art for July.*

#### MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

##### ASSOCIATION HALL.

MR. W. H. SHERWOOD, the piano virtuoso formerly of Boston and New York, but now of Chicago, paid his official visit as examiner to the Conservatory of Music last week. On Thursday Mr. Sherwood gave a delightful piano-forte recital in Association Hall, which was literally packed with music-lovers of both sexes. Compositions by Mendelssohn, Bach, Chopin, Liszt and Rubenstein were equally well interpreted by Mr. Sherwood, who may fairly claim to be America's most prominent pianist. His tech-

nique, elegance of style and refined, yet brilliant, finish, were never so markedly displayed; the soft delicacy of his touch in the pianissimo passages of the Mendelssohn-Liszt number being wonderfully well sustained and effective. Mr. Sherwood's playing should have served as a priceless lesson to the many students who were present at the recital. Vocal solos were acceptably sung by Madame D'Auria and Miss Edith Miller, a pupil of the Conservatory. The Knabe piano used by Mr. Sherwood was made to fairly speak under his magnetic touch. Mr. Fisher is to be congratulated upon the association of so eminent an artist with his music school.

##### THE PAVILION.

THE students of the College of Music held their closing concert last week in the Pavilion, at which marked ability was evinced in all departments—more especially so in those of the piano and the violin; the works of Mozart, Saint-Sæus, Chopin, De Beriot, Moskowski, Alard and Weber receiving excellent interpretation, worthy of, in more than one case, professional distinction. Vocal numbers by Rossini, Denza, Bellini and Blumenthal were very creditably sung by the leading students. Mr. Torrington's persistent well-doing in the cause of the musical muse is bearing a ripe harvest, redounding to the credit of the sowers and reapers thereof.

The orchestra led by Mrs. Adamson, who also did some very efficient solo work, played several accompaniments to the piano solos quite effectively.

On Monday evening last an organ recital was given in the College Hall by Mr. B. K. Burden, who played selections by Bach, Smart, Mendelssohn, Handel, Guillemant, Lemmens and Wagner, exhibiting great efficiency and talent. Vocal solos were sung by Master Reburn and Miss Beatty.

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

ALDEN'S MANIFOLD CYCLOPÆDIA. Vol. 29. Perseverance-Pluperfect. New York: John B. Alden.

In the present volume of this deservedly popular publication we observe the same clearness, carefulness and comprehensiveness that we have commended in the preceding volumes. Take for instance the heading "Persia"; in the thirteen pages devoted to it, we find an adequate presentation of the varied and important features of that historic country. The section dealing with its history is satisfactory, though it might have been brought down to a later date. "Persian Architecture," with illustrations, as well as "Persian Language and Literature," present a good deal of important and instructive matter. "Perspective" is clearly described and illustrated. Under "Philistines" we find reference to the ancient product solely; the modern has been perhaps wisely omitted. The fourteen pages on "Philology" will find many readers, the references and tables of Aryan and Semitic families of languages respectively add to their usefulness. Recent discovery is represented by such inventions as the "Phonograph." The venerable "Pilgrim Fathers" receive nearly ten pages. "Pill" will interest an infinite variety of readers, whilst "Plow," in English Plough, will be specially attractive to the sturdy yeoman. We may repeat that this Cyclopædia for clearness, compactness and utility, is perhaps the best of its class.

COMMENTARY ON ST. PAUL'S EPISTLE TO THE EPHESIANS. By Rev. John Macpherson, M.A. Price 10s. 6d. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark; Toronto: Presbyterian News Company. 1892.

Whether we agree with Coleridge or not in regarding the Epistles to the Ephesians as the greatest of all the writings of St. Paul, it can hardly be doubted that it is a work of supreme interest and importance. And it so happens that we have fewer commentaries on this than almost any other of the greater Pauline epistles. Thus we have many admirable commentaries on the Epistles to the Romans, including those of Tholuck, Philippi and Godet (not to mention the excellent commentary in De Wette's work); on the first Epistle to the Corinthians we have some very excellent commentaries, and Bishop Lightfoot's works on Colossians, Philippians, and Galatians could hardly be surpassed. But the Bishop passed away before he could get out his commentary on the Ephesians, so that we really have no English work on the subject worth mentioning, except the meritorious work of Eadie, which is, however, diffuse and wordy. We have to thank Mr. Macpherson for a thoroughly able commentary, a most valuable contribution to exegetical literature, and one which will be almost equally useful to English readers of the Bible, and to those who study the Greek text.

In the first place, the Prolegomena are full and excellent. They deal with Ephesus and the Ephesian Church, with the authenticity and destination of the Epistle, the character and type of Doctrine, the Date and Relation to other Epistles, and the Contents and Plan of the Epistle. On all of these subjects we are generally disposed to agree with the writer, although we hesitate a little to give up the view of Godet, Lightfoot and others, that the Epistle to the Ephesians was a circular letter, which was written to a group of Churches in Proconsular Asia. It is a subject too lengthy for discussion in this place, and we would simply refer our readers to the accurate statement of facts and the candid arguments of Mr. Macpherson. We quite agree with the author's remarks on the relation of this