

man: 'with his eminent abilities he might hope for a prouder position in the councils of the nation than would be ever possible for him as a henchman of George Brown.' The "soft sawdor" was liberally applied; but it failed to 'stick' Mackenzie. The tactics were changed: the *Mail* was started in Toronto to counteract the influence of the *Globe*, and very soon Mr. Mackenzie had the pleasure of seeing a different portrait of himself. He must have had some difficulty in determining which was he: for if the earlier picture was flattering, the latter one was graphic. 'His abilities were of the most meagre order: his features were grotesque in their ugliness: his clothes didn't fit'; and so forth. Mackenzie used to tell the story with great glee; throwing the blame partly on Providence and partly on his tailor. "But," said he, "there was another shocking thing—I was 'a working-man': and I 'looked like the leader of a gang of working-men on strike.'" However, flattery and abuse alike failed to stave off the inevitable. The Sandfield-Macdonald Government collapsed; and Conservative power was—for a time—broken in Upper Canada. Mackenzie became Treasurer of Ontario; and in this position doubtless learned lessons of government which, later, stood him in good stead.

But 1872 saw another change. The home province was now comparatively safe, and the Reform forces were concentrated for the main attack. The features of the great political campaign need not be again sketched. It fell to Mackenzie's lot to lead the final attack on Sir John A. Macdonald's Government; which he did in a wisely quiet way. The case being strong, strong words could be dispensed with. People who crowded to hear the great speech found it, as they said, "inferior to some of his highest flights of eloquence"; and yet admired the skill with which he compressed the mass of charges and testimony into a well-arranged address of an hour-and-a-half. The fatal Fifth of November '73 came, and Sir John surrendered at discretion: Mackenzie at once standing before the country as Premier of the Dominion of Canada.

The little stone-cutter boy had now carved his fortune. One may recall his portrait *then*, to place it beside that of the successful statesman now. Shall it be confessed that the *Mail* was right; and that the rough lineaments of the Perthshire boy show up through the lines of the later portrait? Yes; the Honourable Alexander Mackenzie is not a handsome man—neither is there any indication of culture, refinement or suavity. To engrave his likeness side by side with that of his great opponent was not a bad election dodge. But if Mr. Mackenzie did not look well, he for a time wore well. His moderation became known unto all men. His zeal and attention to the details of office were quoted as surprising; and the popular conception of him became that of a man who—if somewhat rough-hewn and unimaginative—was at least intelligent, painstaking, straightforward and honest. And it must be allowed that in this conception has not been greatly disturbed by his conduct in office. If in Opposition he showed himself fearless, thick-skinned, tenacious and persevering, he showed equally as Premier an honest purpose and a strong effort to do right. It must be confessed that he has not shone as the ruler of a great party. Made Premier by the blunders of his opponents, his own blunders have unmade him. He made mistakes in judgment: the famous purchase of "steel rails" on a falling market being one of them. (The further charge of dishonesty in this transaction is itself confessedly dishonest.) But he made other mistakes. He failed to control or dismiss rapacious followers who brought the party into disrepute, and did their best to make the name of Reform a sorry jest. Another trouble was Mr. Mackenzie's inability to mould and control his Cabinet. Arbitrary, irascible, over-bearing, non-conciliatory, his friends found it difficult to remain friends; and men of superior mind, like Edward Blake, found it still more difficult to play second fiddle to the first violin of the Premier. And alas! "hard times" came along as the ready ally of his foes, and discontent became general. The one Parliament during which Mackenzie had held the reins of power was dying of old age, and was dissolved. The elections came on, and the result was the sweeping majority which has just consigned the Premier to the limbo of political ghosts.

When the late administration came into power, it was remarked by Goldwin Smith—in allusion to the supposed overmastering influence of the *Globe*—that the new Government partook largely of the character of an echo of an irresponsible authority outside Parliament: and that, if it should live down this suspicion, it might long survive other shocks. It cannot be doubted that the support of the powerful journal was a source of weakness to the late administration. It brought upon its head the personal dislikes and animosities which cluster round Mr. Brown and his paper. But there are, as we have seen, other causes: and chiefly the demonstrated fact that a name matters little in regard to political morality. The country had got sick of Reformers who needed to be reformed, and of watchmen who needed watching. It has said 'if we *must* have corruption, let us have it apart from special professions of purity.' And it has been proved once again that eternal vigilance is the price of good government. The party slain by its own misdeeds may rise again, but it is questionable whether any turn of the wheel will again place the late Premier at the head of affairs.

Yet is the Hon. Alexander Mackenzie a standing example of the value of a rugged definite purpose persistently followed up; and of that moulding power of free institutions already referred to. Honour to the land which can train its masons for state-craft: which can take a man for what he is, and use him for what is in him. For after all there is good stuff in Mr. Mackenzie. He is an effective logical speaker, going straight to his point; and often times showing a sense of humour which in a Scotchman is marvellous. And where else should we find a working mason who, a few years after his entrance on public life, could frame an important Act for the regulation of municipal corporations? And who could also combine in himself the functions of a Major of Volunteers, the President of an Insurance Company, Chairman of a Baptist Society, Treasurer of a Province, and Prime Minister of a Dominion?

GRAPHITE.

Near the shores of Lake George, the Loch Katrine of America, I saw an oak and a maple so joined that they seemed like one tree. I am reminded by this of the old oak of England with its gnarled and twisted root, and the young shoot of America with glorious promise of the future. May the union of the two trees on one root be always typical of the union of America and England.

—Dean Stanley.

THE UNMARRIED ONES.

Statistics inform us that, in the countries about which we can gather accurate information, the number of women must exceed that of men by two to five per cent. This is the necessary superabundance; but owing to the vicious state of modern society, and many other causes, the real proportion of surplus, and consequently necessarily single, women is thirty per cent. At first sight this seems an alarming number condemned to lead a career of vice or a life of celibacy—for most people consider that to be unmarried means a miserable, or at least incomplete, existence. A thoughtful writer, speaking on this subject, has said, 'There are hundreds of thousands of women, scattered through all ranks, who have to earn their own living, . . . and who are compelled to lead an incomplete existence of their own. Thousands of girls are working in mills; . . . in great cities thousands are toiling in the ill-paid *métier* of sempstresses and needlewomen. Higher in the social scale we find two classes of similar abnormal existences, women more or less well educated, spending youth and middle age as governesses, . . . but laying by nothing, and retiring to a lonely and destitute old age; and old maids, with just enough income to live upon, but wretched and deteriorating.' This is indeed a sad picture, if true; and the sadder because the writer seeks to demonstrate that the misery is entirely unnecessary, and could be prevented in divers fashions.

No doubt almost all evil is, to a certain extent, preventable, but first let the question be asked and answered whether celibacy is an unmitigated evil. The marriage of completion—that perfect harmony between two persons in which the weakness of the one is supplemented by the strength of the other, the sweet and tender affection of one beautifying and softening the rugged and stern asperities of the other, both striving towards perfection, both in full sympathy, ringing out a full chord of love and trust—is certainly the most divine state upon this earth. But how often is the actual state one of bickerings, mutual hate, misunderstandings, and distrust, selfishness ready to grind down all the finer feelings in order to gain its own end, unforgiving harshness, niggardly spite, a perfect hell of evil passions, the more furious for being chained up in the small space of two hearts and unable to expend themselves in a wider horizon! There are some women to whom marriage is only a secondary consideration; children are the sole end and aim of life, and the pleasures, happiness, and advantage of the children are placed far above the wants and wishes of the husband. Women of this description are equally happy as sisters of charity, as nurses, as governesses, as fond aunts ready to spoil the whole tribe of nephews and nieces, who know where to fly from the stern discipline of father or mother to caresses, kisses, and sugar-plums. Again, some of the most exceptional and highly-strung dispositions would suffer terribly in the wear and tear of life, would writhe under the selfishness of man, and possibly sink altogether under the load of petty worries and inevitable anxieties that the possession of husband and children entails.

Granted even that marriage is the true outlet for women's energies, are we not sometimes the better and the truer for what we have not, rather than for what we have? It is said that every woman has had one offer of marriage in the course of her life. If she has not accepted it, from folly or from mistaken motives, or from any other cause, is she therefore to sigh in despair and sadness all the rest of her days, and call herself incomplete, or abnormal, or wretched? The very happiest persons are those who, having abjured enjoyment for themselves, throw all their sympathy into the lives of others, possessing thus an endlessly wide range of interest and affection. The reason why the celibacy of priests is a mistake is, because they seek to stamp out the dictates of nature, to choke in themselves natural impulses to love and be loved, and to lead a cramped impossible life of self-denial, which precludes them from entering into the trials and difficulties of ordinary people. But the single souls, those of either sex who pass through this vale of tears alone, have suffered and have tasted of the tree of knowledge. The involuntary celibates chiefly recruited from the upper and better-educated portions of society are certainly much to be pitied. Few things are more wretched than to see a girl pining away, listless and dissatisfied, hoping against hope, for the husband who cometh not, and refusing to throw herself heart and soul into any engrossing occupation. She sees that her beauty, the only possession she values as a snare to entrap men, is waning hourly; the very fretting she indulges in is hastening the process. No wonder that such examples call forth a deluge of laments about the difficulty of girls getting married, and the absolute necessity there is for women to find husbands in order that they may 'suckle fools and chronicle small-beer.' It is far more likely that sour old maids and frivolous girls will develop into scolding shrews and insane, useless mothers than that the mere fact of their remaining single should mar and ruin their whole life.

It is very seldom that one hears old bachelors complaining of their loneliness, their blighted lives, or the sense of desolation that undermines their constitution. Yet elderly men troubled with gout, and somewhat peremptory in manner to the waiters at the club, no doubt had once some romance, some romance, some absorbing love or crushing sorrow that has caused them to remain single. But men know well enough that the mere act of metaphorically shaking oneself, and doggedly setting to at any task that is available, cures the heart-ache, and is the best mode of turning tribulation into rejoicing. The poor curate in his dismal lodging; the sailor far away from home, and the pretty tearful face he left behind him; the struggling literary hack, to whom a wife and children mean starvation,—one and all have had their golden dreams, their unattainable ideal, none the less golden or the less ideal because it was never reached. Such hopes serve to cheer men on, and to brighten the dull round of daily routine; but if the fair girl marries another, or the prospect of marriage has to be abandoned, or the loved mistress prove false, still life has to be borne, and one more unmated soul is added to the number.

There is a place for everything in Nature. Women are gradually themselves finding scope for their faculties, and fresh outlets for their activity. If single men are not unhappy, why should single women be so? The mind, absorbed in its own infinitesimal perplexities and affairs, forgets that the same sun shines over all the earth; that the same impulses and passions and desires nerve all mankind; that history repeats itself, and is but one continued record of failures, disappointments, and desperate struggles after right. From the

GENTLEMEN'S CLOTH COATS, FUR LINED AND TRIMMED, EUROPEAN STYLE, AT REYNOLDS & VOLKEL'S, 427 NOTRE DAME ST.