

congratulating Canada upon the good fortune of the discovery of a round million square miles of great resources.

At the Toronto University reception, last week, Lord Stanley complimented the president, Sir Daniel Wilson, on his title which he did not seek, and, in fact, did not want. His Lordship added that the title which Her Majesty had been pleased to confer on him had been worthily won and is worthily worn. In the name of all our readers, and of the friends of education and intellectual culture throughout the Dominion, we join in these good wishes to Sir Daniel.

IS IT A BACKING DOWN?

As we write these lines, on the point of going to press, we learn from Ottawa that the Government have heard nothing about Newfoundland in regard to the alleged abandonment or postponement of the delegation from that island to treat of the matter of incorporation into the Canadian ring of provinces. And yet the papers had cut and dried the whole story for the public, stating that the people of Newfoundland foresaw a political storm brewing for Canada, out of the Fisheries question, such as they see many an atmospheric one breaking along their own coasts. Naturally, not having been in the trouble beforehand, Newfoundland would want to keep out of it afterward. Of course, those who laid this down as a reason for the abstention of the island, forgot that the latter is as much involved, as a party to it, by the treaty of 1818, and even more, because old Canada—that is, the two provinces of Upper and Lower Canada—have changed their form of government since then, whereas the sentinel isle of the gulf is still ruled precisely as it was seventy years ago.

By the time these lines are laid before the reader, the truth will be known whether we are to have a Newfoundland delegation or not, and hence we can venture no comments in the matter. It will be quite enough to say that we see no reason why the present little *interregnum*, as we may call it, should interfere with the contemplated negotiations. If we understand the matter rightly, the proposed conference at Ottawa is simply preliminary, and nothing definite can be attempted before another year is over. The delegates are expected to lay officially before the Federal Cabinet, first, a balance sheet of the financial condition of the island, which is the point to which the older provinces will look the closest; secondly, an appreciation of the strength of parties and the bent of public feeling, so as to be able to make a reasonable forecast of the upshot of a popular vote, and the expense of calling it out; and, thirdly, whether the influences—two or three in number—which are known to be inexorably opposed to every shape of union, are powerful enough to override the will of the people, who, if they were left untrammelled, would go, in great numbers, for the Confederate scheme, as a possible change for the better. The present is obviously not the time to discuss these contending influences, which are no secret in the Upper Provinces, where regular correspondence, from high sources, has appeared for years in the *Globe* and *Gazette*, and, in the former, Hon. Senator Macdonald has been publishing a series of very searching papers, entitled "Newfoundland and Labrador," written from observations taken *de visu* and *in situ*. The question of union is an important and interesting one, and we believe that we give

the opinion of the majority of our readers when we say that the incorporation of Newfoundland, historically, geographically, socially and commercially so closely allied to us, would be hailed with greeting throughout the Dominion.

ONE THING OR ANOTHER,

Although there has been little or no stir among the people, the newspapers indulged in floods of writing, and politicians felt called upon to pour forth their eloquence in torrents on the attitude which this country should take in face of the ill-timed threats of the President of the United States. At first, the feeling was sound and universal that Canada should keep cool, as she has done admirably throughout, and stand upon her vested rights without blowing or bluster. Somewhat later, a little weakening was shown, and the counsel was guardedly put forth that the Dominion, while holding her own, should be most careful not to widen the breach with the United States and, in other words, should eat the leek with as good grace as possible.

Now, one thing or the other has to be done. Either we have to be Canadians, first and foremost, to the backbone, now and always, here and everywhere, or we must come out plainly and acknowledge that our allegiance to this land is only half-hearted, and the other half of our likings and longings—because we imagine that one-half of our interests are there—lie beyond the border. There could be no rational reference to party needs in a matter of this kind, as the nation is composed of the two parties, and this question is essentially a national one, affecting each and every member of that nation. There are political crises, among every people, when the government of a country—be it Reform or Conservative, Blue or Red, Grit or Tory—must have the support of every man of every party, without stint, and with no attempt at mental reservation. So long as the danger lasts, and the country is kept in a false position, through no fault of her own, and only to serve the turn of two parties battling for office, on the other side, this unanimous stand ought to be maintained. Once that the need and the tension have ceased and passed away, the parties here shall be at liberty to fall asunder again, and abuse each other with an increase of wrath and billingsgate that shall make up for lost time.

These American friends of ours are admirable in this respect. When they have a contest among themselves they can be very savage, if they choose, and in the actual Presidential strife—although it is milder than usual—many of their writers and speakers are bitterly personal, indeed. Yet, if you attack the fair name of their country, attempt to "steal a march" on them, in any way, they will turn on you to a man and attempt to eat you up. Even literary men from abroad, if they have the misfortune to indulge in any criticism, however gentle, lose their caste forever, as instanced by Mrs. Trollope, Charles Dickens, Matthew Arnold and others. Even Thackeray escaped the same fate, with difficulty. In such circumstances they are no longer Republicans nor Democrats, Northern men nor Southern. They are Americans, and they brush up their classics so far as to repeat the proud boast of Verres: *Civis Romanus sum*. There is nothing sickly or morbid in that feeling. It is national. It is genuine patriotism. Canadians are fast coming up to the saving standard, and here is an occasion when they ought to live up to it like men.

LITERARY NOTES.

James Wralinson Waghorn has published a Guide to Manitoba and the Northwest.

T. B. Browning has secured an interim copyright for the "Chart of Elocutionary Drill."

Captain Holiwell is again to the fore with a new guide to the city of Quebec and environs, with map.

Hon. Edward Blake has given \$2,500 for scholarships in the Department of Political Science in Toronto University.

Hon. G. W. Ross, of Ontario, Minister of Education, has received the degree of LL.D. from St. Andrew's University.

Mr. Griffin, the author of "Twok," favours us to-day with a thoughtful little paper on the right notion of independence.

The Tourists' Guide to St. John and the Province of New Brunswick is issued by the Canada Railway News Co., of Montreal.

The quaint and original sketch, "Circumstantial Evidence," which appeared in our last issue, is the work of a young Montreal writer of high promise.

The new professors for Queen's College will be appointed next month. One will be from Edinburgh and the other will be a Canadian, and a distinguished one.

The English Dominion Statutes are completed, and will be bound next week ready for distribution. The first volume of the French translation is nearly completed.

Mr. Beaugrand has just put forth a second edition of a novel called "Jeanne, la Fileuse," bearing on the question of French-Canadians in New England factory towns.

"A Modern Titan," in this number, is from the pen of a gifted lady of Montreal, who signs "Akan Adian," in such sketches, but always her own name when she publishes stories or verses.

The opening of the Canadian College in Rome is announced for October. The college has been erected under the superintendence of Father William Leclair and under the auspices of the Seminary of St. Sulpice, Montreal.

A pleasant incident of the great Toronto Fair was the presentation, by the Governor-General, in the name of the York Pioneers' Association, of an oil painting of himself to the venerable Dr. Scadding, their president, and the author of "Toronto of Old."

The first free library established in the Dominion of Canada is that of Toronto, and, although it is but four years in existence, it can boast of a large collection of volumes. During the past year about 750,000 people took advantage of the reading-room and books. The library was started by Act of Parliament, the vote submitting the question to the people being carried by a large majority. They were empowered to levy taxes amounting to a half mill on the dollar, but a quarter mill was found to be sufficient.

At a meeting on the 11th June the Canadian Copyright League was formed, and the officers elected were: J. Ross Robertson, President; Geo. M. Rose, Vice-President for Ontario; S. E. Dawson, Montreal; J. McMillan, St. John; A. W. McKinlay, Halifax; Alex. Taylor, Winnipeg; T. N. Hibden, Victoria; Theo. L. Chapple, Charlottetown, Vice-Presidents for the other provinces; R. T. Lancefield, Secretary, with the following Council: Jas. Murray, W. D. Gillean, A. W. Croil, Richard Brown, D. A. Rose, A. S. Irving, W. Bryce, A. F. Rutter, G. M. Adam, D. T. McAinsh and Geo. H. Suckling.

"BEAUTY AND THE BEAST."

(TRANSLATED FROM BÉRANGER.)

Ye gods! how fair she is! how bright
To me her beauty seems!
Her eyes are full of tender light
That haunts the soul in dreams.
No breath of life can sweeter be
Than hers, beneath the sky—
Ye gods! how beautiful is she,
But what a fright am I!

Ye gods! how fair! scarce twenty years
Have watched her charms unfold:
Her mouth a budding rose appears,
Her tresses, molten gold.
Demure and coy, she fails to see
Each grace that we descry:
Ye gods! how beautiful is she,
But what a fright am I!

Ye gods! how exquisite her bloom!
And yet she loved me well:
For years I envied men on whom
Fair women's eyes would dwell.
Until I won her, Love from me
Disdainfully would fly—
Ye gods! how beautiful is she,
But what a fright am I!

Ye gods! she seems more charming now
For me her passion glows:
Bald before thirty years, my brow
To her its garland owes.
My love shall now no secret be,
Triumphant I can die—
Ye gods! how beautiful is she,
But what a fright am I!