

"-AROLOWS AND -OFFSKIES, -EFFS, AND -OFFS AND -VITCHES."

Up till now the names of the Russians figuring in despatches from the frontier have been comparatively simple. Komaroff (accent on the first syllable) is almost as simple as Lumsden, and Alikhanoff is no worse than Ridgeway. But unless the incident is ended, there will be many an unhappy Briton who will appreciate the groan of the Boston poet, who has vented his feelings in the following Russian war song:—

We're coming, Alexandrovitch, at least a million more,
From Kanineshaeja's bay and Obskalagouba's shore,
From Karakouski's frozen wild, from Tymaskaia's plain,
We're marching, Alexander, with all our might and main.
From Gatmonsckino's forest, from Tschernorbeskoi's vale,
From Wassiagourbska's blooming fields, from Olymskia's dale,
From Kakamajosa's villages, from Meidouscharaki's isle,
We're coming, Alexander, the weary rank and file.
From polysyllabic villages we're marching gaily down,
Perchance to rot in Afghanistan to gild anew your crown;
We're on to Berg-el-Murhab, and Penjshidych we seek;
And we're headed by some generals whose names no tongue can speak.
From provinces and villages whose names before the eye
Look like a heap of consonants shovelled into "pi."
We, -arolows and -offskies, -effs and -offs and -vitches,
For Holy Church and Pious Czar will die in Herat's ditches.

—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

THE DARK SEANCE AND "FLIRTATION."

"AND now," continued Mr. Maskelyne, "I come to a much more serious matter, and in stating my opinions I am guided by absolute knowledge of facts and conclusions drawn from them. It is my firm and dispassionate conviction that if it were not for that miserable subterfuge and abomination—the dark séance—spiritualism would fall to the ground, for without it it would not be sufficiently lucrative a pursuit for the professional medium to keep it up. I have no hesitation in stating publicly that it is the opportunity offered for what I will call 'flirtation'—not to use the right and stronger term—during its hour and more of darkness which has rendered it so extremely popular with the spiritualists, who are made up chiefly of dupes and rogues. I don't mean to say that there are not honest men among them; I am talking about the majority. I am perfectly well aware that in saying this I shall bring a perfect whirlwind of abuse about my ears, but the truth had better be told; and mine are not groundless charges. I could tell you of visits paid to me by fathers and husbands, begging me to expose the vile 'faith' and its professors who, under cover of its dark séances, had insulted their wives and daughters, and I could tell you of occurrences within my own knowledge which your paper could not publish. Now, why are these proceedings permitted to go on and flourish? Simply because people will suffer almost anything rather than make a scandal upon the subject. It is not a fortnight ago since I received a visit from an indignant gentleman on the same painful subject, and inculcating a medium whose name is a very familiar one just now. I do not say that dark séances are got up solely for this purpose, but I do say that that is what they are *used* for, and that the spiritualists know it and trade upon it; yes, and fatten upon it too. The dark shows at the Polytechnic caused quite a scandal at one time, and even in my own séances at the Egyptian Hall I received some complaints of the same nature; but ever since then I have always kept the electric light flashing during the few minutes of darkness, and as a consequence the complaints have discontinued. At a spiritualistic dark séance I once heard a young lady crying out—not at all crossly, I assure you—'If you don't behave I'll never come to a séance with you again! If you do that again I'll beat you!' Of course, the guilty as well as the innocent will give the lie direct to what I have told you, as is only to be expected, but there are scores upon scores of indignant persons whose feelings have been cruelly outraged, who will thank you for having allowed me to speak out frankly on this painful and unsavoury subject."—*Mr. Maskelyne, in Pall Mall Gazette.*

For years, as every one knows, not only the Half-breeds but the white settlers of the Saskatchewan have been complaining of their wrongs. They have represented, they have petitioned, they have begged, they have implored, they have threatened, they have rebelled. They are shooting down our soldiers. To say that the Government were not aware of the true state of affairs on the Saskatchewan is to bring a severe accusation against them; but it is not true. They did know. They had the repeated communications of the settlers. They knew how their neglect of those communications were affecting the authors of them.—*Manitoba Free Press.*

THERE are indications that the Salvation Army does not attract the interest it did. This may perhaps be accounted for by reason that the masses are fully impressed with a feeling that instantaneous salvation is a deception, an impossibility. The doctrines of Salvation by Faith alone, and instantaneous Salvation through mercy, have wrought illimitable evil, totally abolishing, as they must necessarily do, all true religion. It is felt that the mere repetition of "I believe in the Lord" is nothing more than so much empty breath. To be saved, or for a man to be reformed, he must shun evils as sins. A reformed man may be compared to a dove as to the understanding, and to a sheep as to the will. Therefore instantaneous reformation, and hence salvation, would be comparatively like the instantaneous conversion of an owl to a dove, and of a serpent to a sheep. The transition that is now taking place in the religious world is from Faith alone, to Charity with Faith, and when the transition is past, all such ignorant travesties of religion as Salvation Armies will find their occupation gone.—*Bobcaygeon Independent.*

A MEETING was held in Exeter Hall, under the Bishop of London's chairmanship, extremely characteristic of the hysterical excitement which we are suffering from. A set of busybodies calling themselves "enumerators" have been counting the numbers of visitors to public-houses on Saturday nights. On the average between 400 and 500 persons entered each house watched during the three hours before midnight. Whether one drunken rascal went into a house a dozen times, and was each time told to be off, does not appear. Of course the enumerators would count each fruitless application a visit. Again, the spies related with horror that children were among the number of those who entered these wicked places. Hence, if Sally fetches a pint of beer for her mother, who has just finished a long day's work, it is put down in letters particularly black in the ledger of sin. And so the bishops and members of Parliament, with footmen at their command and credit with their wine merchants are in favour of a law to render it illegal to send a child to a public-house. We shall expect next to see a statutory list of the good little books that children are to read, or even of novels allowable for young ladies to peruse. Interest in the condition of the poor, and a desire to improve them mentally and physically, are excellent motives; but it is to be hoped the hysterical philanthropy and hypocritical professions which are encouraged by intemperate temperance will not drown a little good in a great evil.—*Weekly Dispatch, London, Eng.*

CANADA.

BRAVE men and true, let's name the land
Where freedom loves to dwell,
Where truth and honour firmly stand,
Whose children love her well.

Chorus—Canada! Canada! Canada!
Fair land, so broad and free,
Oh! give me then, fair Canada,
Aye, she's the land for me.

When o'er the sea the war-cry rings,
And mourned are deeds of woe,
The true Canadian's brave heart springs
And longs to meet the foe.
(Repeat chorus.)

Come peace or war amid us then,
We'll join the rank and file.
If war must be, we're ready, men,
Content with peace the while.
(Repeat chorus.)

Mrs. Frances F. Moore.

MUSIC.

ON Friday Evening, 22nd instant the Arion Club gave their second concert in Victoria Hall, London. Excellent as was their performance a few months ago, a very marked advance is now perceptible. Firmer attack, more even crescendo, and more distinct simultaneous pronunciation of words. The concert opened with Mrs. C. G. Moore's national song and chorus "Canada," the solo taken by Mr. J. I. Anderson. The other selections sung by the club were, "Forth to the Meadows" (Schubert); "The Image of the Rose" (Reichardt); soprano solo by Miss Inez Mecusker, "Onward Roaming" (Müller); "Slumber Sweetly" (Eisenhorfer); "The time for Song" (Ries); "When the hues of Daylight" (Reissiger); "Sleeping" (Stirling); "Arion Waltz" (Vogel). All good music, and all well sung and heartily applauded. The solo vocalists were Miss Inez Mecusker and Mr. Whitney Mockridge. The former is already a favourite here, and in the "Staccato Polka" displayed considerable flexibility and clearness of tone. "Regnava nel silezio" (Lucia), and several English ballads were highly appreciated, and especially an encore, "Tit for Tat." Mr. Mockridge was accorded a flattering reception. His first song, "Salve Dirnora" (Faust), was carefully sung, and displays his voice to much advantage. "Ah! Non Credea" (Mignon); "Let me like a Soldier fall," and "When other lips," were all received with rapturous applause. Mr. Mockridge most good naturedly responded to several encores, although evidently suffering from a hoarseness and over fatigue. Mr. C. E. Saunders in a flute solo ("Etude-Caprice," by Terschak) was very successful. He was deservedly encored. Mrs. C. G. Moore played Mendelssohn's "Andante and Rondo Capriccioso," and (as an encore) Rubinstein's "Melody in F." Miss Raymond's artistic accompaniments merit high praise. Mr. Birks has reason to be justly proud of the rapid progress made by the Arion Club, which is fortunate in possessing so able and painstaking a leader. The Mendelssohn Quintette Club is expected shortly.—*Marcia.*

THE Anglo-Canadian Music Publishing Company send "To-Morrow will be Friday," song by Molloy, and "Bid Me Good-Bye Valse," by Henry W. de Camars, after Tosti's beautiful ballad. The first-named composition has words by Weatherley, the music being in Molloy's own quaint style. For want of a better term, it might be called a rollicking monkish song, and is well suited for a florid baritone. It ought to become as popular in Canada as it is in England. The waltz, which has four movements, is catching and pleasing, and—a not unimportant consideration with amateurs—moreover, easy.