

acts; she was the petulant, spoiled, generous, passionate *prima donna* to perfection. M. Duquesne as Baron Scarpia pleased me at least immensely; a benign villain after all, and perhaps not quite vicious enough. Anyway he manifested great restraint in the third and fourth acts. The audience held many Presbyterians, Dissenters and sober Church people of all denominations. Art for once was victorious over convention.

LA FARFALLA.

Bright little butterfly, mounting at morning
Over love's garden of sweet delight,
Heedless of harm and the honey-bee's warning,
Bent upon pleasure in pain's despite;
Gaily thou flutterest, gaudily flaunting
All thy fair charms to the winds that kiss,
Like a soul in Elysian happiness haunting
New meadows of bliss.

When the first grey beam of the dawn uplifting
Shadows of sleep from a world of dreams,
From sea-marge to mountain and meadow-land drifting,
Lighted at last on thy wing's bright gleams,
Kiss'd thee and waked thee and whispered thee hasten
To herald the sun where it might not smite
In the deeps of dark dells where white flowers wasten
And languish for light.

Arising to welcome the flushing Aurora,
And greet the red sun as it leaps o'er the hill,
Thou hast stirr'd in their sleep the fair children of Flora
With the touch of thy wings and they waken and thrill;
Thou hast fann'd with thy flutter the lark and the thrush
Till they rouse from a rest that hath been too long,
And look for the coming of morn and begin it
With service of song.

Thou hast bathed in the sun flashing spray that arises
From ripples that laugh on the brook's fair face;
Thou hast gazed in the mirror that Nature devises
For Beauty's delight in her own sweet grace;
Thou hast basked in the heat of the noon-tide splendour
When crickets piped high in the grass beneath,
And the blossoms that carried thy burden so tender
Were crown'd with a wreath.

The heart of each flower as it knew of thy presence
Thrilled out through the petals that round thee play'd,
Till the rare exhalations of passion's quittance
Enriched the bright air with the perfumes they made;
Some sought to entrance thee and hold thee for ever,
Bright beauty like thee they had seen none such;
And others to seize thee made madding endeavour,
Yet swoon'd at thy touch.

The lily grew pale as thou pass'd its perfection;
The violet bow'd in a passion of grief;
The daisy had hope of thy gracious election;
The blue-bell despaired of its heart's relief;
The hyacinth spreads all its beauties before thee;
The marjoram blush'd as it caught thine eye;
The mignonette flung its sweet fragrances o'er thee;
But thou pass'd them by.

Light was thy heart, and the pleasures thou scattered
Were pure as the flowers on which they fell,
Till the red rose sought thee and caught thee and flattered
With promise of love thou has known too well;
All the long hours till the low sun glamour'd
The bright blushing petals to kiss and to toy
Thou paus'd in thy flight, for thy heart enamour'd
Drank deeply of joy.

The blossoms that droop'd in the dark and were sighing
For tidings of light thou wert hidden to tell,
Lay down in despair, dreading death and yet dying,
And great was the grief in the deeps of the dell;
For thou had'st forgotten the message of morning
And the work of the day thou wast given to do,
For the love of the rose and the honey-bee's scorning;
But thy love was true.

Poor little butterfly! dying so sadly
At the rise of the moon o'er the ripe-gold grain,
Dost thou rue of the pleasure thou tasted so madly?
Would'st thou take back thy love to take life again?
Ah! no—Love is sweeter and meeter than duty
And shall hold thee in joy till the last breath beats,
Till thou liest at rest—a dead marvel of beauty
Surrounded by sweets.

SAREPTA.

LOVE, like the opening of the heavens to the saints, shows for a moment even to the dullest man the possibilities of the human race. He has faith, hope and charity for another being; perhaps but the creation of his imagination; still it is a great advance for a man to be profoundly loving, even in his imagination.—*Arthur Helps.*

A HOUSE built on sand is, in fair weather, just as good as if builded on a rock. A cobweb is as good as the mightiest chain cable when there is no strain on it. It is trial that proves one thing weak and another strong.—*Beecher.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

A KIND WORD.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—Old subscriber and constant reader as I am and have been of THE WEEK, I was never more convinced of its merits than by your last number, which I should readily offer to any supporter of the *Fad* that we have no Canadian literature in proof of his error. Nor was I ever more sensible of its good fortune in the list of its contributors, and (don't be blushing) of its editor. To begin with the ladies: we have Emma C. Read, giving us a touch of Thomson and Niobe in her beautiful but mournful verses on the "Passing of Autumn," and wielding the sceptre of the poet of the seasons as his worthy successor in a realm where the Salic law does not prevail. Fidelis, ever tender and true, full of faith in the divine goodness, but sympathizing with Whittier in his aversion to theological rigidity, and the Shibboleths of ecclesiastical divisions, and his preference of the Sermon on the Mount to the Athanasian creed. Alice Jones, discoursing in language at once religious and poetical on "All Saints' Day" and the land of the great departed, the silent dead, in consonance with this period of the falling leaf and the death of nature. Seranus, she with the masculine name and sense, and the light hand and delicate touch of woman—the sweet singer of the Rose, the Pine, and the Fleur de Lis, whose birthday book has given us, from Canadian poets, graceful memorials for our several natal days, and entertains us as a Lady Rambler with the strange doings of Paris, the processions of genius from Boston, the Kilted Regiment of Toronto, and why we love a Man-of-War. Sarepta, the lord (or lady, for his or her sex is a mystery to me) of Sonnet, and to whose muse we owe many excellent specimens of this favourite form of poesy, and a most interesting article on Philomela, whose sex has been so strangely dealt with by the poets who imagine that all things beautiful and lovely must be feminine, and so will certainly assign that gender to your said able contributor.

I have not much room left me to speak of those of the sterner sex as they deserve. I make my bow to them and acknowledge my indebtedness to them, and to you for enabling me to know them and benefit by their labours. Mr. N. F. Davin especially deserves our gratitude for showing us so clearly *what* our coming Canadian Ministers ought to be; but would not that gratitude have had a firmer *raison d'être* if he had also told us *who* they ought to be? The great teachers who have sought to direct our studies and tell us what they ought effect, have given us lists of the books we ought to read; would it not have been well that Mr. Davin should give us a list of the gentlemen who should form our Cabinet? How can he refuse to do so? Does not his article prove that, as he says of Mr. Abbott: "He is a man of judgment; he knows the opinion of Parliament, the necessity of the situation, the sentiments of the country." And has he not shown himself able—"The applause of listening senates to command?" Let him tell us the names of those whose advent to power we must pray for, and endeavour to secure?

On the principle laid down by the wise and peace-loving Chancellor of Queen's University, it would seem that a Government, like a Parliament, should be formed of able and honest men taken in *due proportion* from both sides of the House; and Mr. Abbott might consult Mr. Laurier as well as Mr. Davin in choosing them. The plan seems Christian and wise, but it would make a *coalition*, a form which does not suit the lovers of the loaves and fishes, or the spoils system. Yet a coalition Government abolished the Seigneurial Tenure and settled the Clergy Reserves question.

And now, sir, allow me, with all possible deference, to say a word to you. I know that you are as stern an opponent of annexation as Sir John himself, but wish, as he did, and as I do, for the most friendly feeling and the closest intercourse between Canadians and their American cousins consistent with the honour of the Dominion, its control of its own tariff and its relation to the Mother Country, and that you would like, as I should, that travellers might pass across the line either way, and over or under the St. Clair River, without being stopped by custom officers and asked for the keys of their trunks, or searched for contraband goods; but you seem to think, with Mr. Wiman, that this might be effected, without violation of the conditions above mentioned, under Unrestricted Reciprocity; and I believe many of its supporters think so too. Doctor Goldwin Smith says that Unrestricted Reciprocity would abolish the custom houses, but he evidently must understand the term in a larger sense than our Opposition members admit. They limit it, I believe, to the productions and manufactures of the two countries respectively, with which limitation the customs officers must remain, and have the very difficult duty of ascertaining the origin of each article carried across the line. The two countries must have corresponding tariffs if the system is to work effectually and fairly, and as they could hardly remain unaltered forever, some provision must be made for changing them on occasion, and a change may involve taxation which should be accompanied by the consent of the party taxed. The United States would hardly consent to Canada's lowering the duty on British manufactures, and so spoiling the Canadian market for American. I do not say that Mr. Wiman has no plan for obviating these objections, but he has not told us what it is; and you and he must pardon me if I have ven-

tured to differ from you; but I believe *you* and I agree. Your poets, *genus irritabile* as they are supposed to be, seem to have no jealousy among them, and your critics, if you have any, are very mild. I have heard neither growl nor squeal from either, and I have, now and then, been a contributor to your columns in verse and prose. W.

Ottawa, Nov. 3, 1891.

NOTE.—Our high opinion of our venerable and accomplished contributor has overcome our innate modesty, and led us to publish his very kind and generous letter.—Ed.

OUR PAUPER POPULATION.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—While the question of national, municipal and individual assistance rendered in supporting the charitable institutions of the country is now engaging the attention of so many minds, it may be well to notice one particular phase of the subject that has not yet been brought before the public. Judging from their numbers, this Province would appear to afford a congenial home, and the Government of Ontario to legislate as much almost for the infirm, diseased and poverty-stricken classes of the community as for those who labour and have to pay for the support of this non-producing and pauper population. I do not include in this category either insane or criminals. As society is now, and has been, these are inevitable, and their care and safety becomes a necessity. But it is those large and increasing classes who, either unable or unwilling to contribute towards their maintenance, find a home in some of the charitable institutions of the Province. It is not for any non-humanitarian motive that the "unable" and the "unwilling" are ranked together. So far as being a burden on the State, they are alike; and their presence and numbers in a country so young as Ontario are simply a calamity, if not for the sake of the State then for their own sakes. However, as they are for the most part of foreign birth, it should require but little legislation to stop their importation.

Their presence in our midst has given birth to another and perhaps a more costly mistake. It is true they should be provided for in some form. On whom should such provision devolve? On charitably disposed individuals or societies, or upon the State? As this duty is at present performed, the work in Ontario is partially, and perhaps wisely, borne by each. State supervision is a necessity by reason of the proportions the work has assumed. The mistake, however, is in the number of the institutions erected for the care and treatment of these classes. In Toronto there are twenty-one charitable institutions, supported by the contributions of the public and assisted by a grant from the Ontario Government; in Ottawa, a city of about one-fourth the size of Toronto, there are thirteen institutions, and the same condition of matters is true more or less all over the Province. It is a question, indeed, whether the finances of the Province should be thus disbursed. The scene has changed from the time when legacies or annuities were bequeathed by well wishers of humanity for the erection of buildings to shelter the worthy in need, and it has now become the popular action for wealthy men to associate their donations and names with the building of charitable institutions with the hope of bringing to themselves fame. In many instances these become denominational or class institutions in their management and system of admission, and accomplish but little real good. Men of wealth with a penchant for such work seem to have been forgetful of the necessity or utility of such buildings, and of their cost of maintenance. This latter is frequently inadequate, and a spirit of jealousy exercised towards their more fortunate neighbours is one of the results. The principle is wrong. There is no urgent demand in Toronto for twenty-one homes of this class. Those who are admitted therein are not so varied in age, habits nor in sex, nor so fastidious in their tastes as to require any such a number of buildings in care for them. A less number of institutions means a reduction in cost of building, in the cost of management and equipment, and a greater expenditure to devote to scientific care and instruction of the inmates.

Even now the advisability of withdrawing the usual annual Government grant has been mentioned, and if such a step be carried out (and, in view of the burden being so great on the Province, this may yet be a necessity) such a decision will doubtless be a check to the unreasoning rage for building, and assist in securing the greater benefits already mentioned. I. R. A.

Toronto, Oct. 27, 1891.

ART NOTES.

Comic editors differ widely, one of their few points of similarity being that they are themselves seldom comic. The editor of *Waggery* is a short, stout man, but, nevertheless, a man with a "certain presence," a sharp eye, and a good hard head for business at a pinch. And he needs his hard head, for, what with proprietor, advertisement-canvassers, printers, advertisers, publisher, office-boys, engravers, correspondents, the public, and literary and artistic staff, he has enough to do. He is the buffer between the advertisement canvasser and the Jones type; between the artists and the engravers; between anybody and everybody else. The artists' constant wail is that the engravers will "improve" instead of reproducing their