

AMERICA has been in too much of a hurry to settle her country thickly. Is it a noble thing to parcel out every acre or sell every franchise for messes of pottage, and leave forty Belgians here for the next coming generation? This sending of agents to Europe to out-Turner and out-Cropley the painters in colouring the glories of homestead life in the Far West is all wrong. It disappoints the poor emigrant, and it crowds out the next crop of Americans.—*Chicago Current*.

To make commerce possible on the artificial lines, the Dominion is spending millions she can ill spare in the construction of railroads which never would have been built from merely mercantile considerations. An end must come to this business, sooner or later. The four groups of provinces, into which nature has divided the Dominion, must find it more costly to trade with each other across greater inter-spaces of wilderness, than with the adjacent parts of our own country, with which nature has associated them so closely. This closer commerce need not involve any closer political connection with our own country, but it does demand a larger measure of independence on the part of Canada, if not entire independence of the Mother Country.—*The American*.

WE can picture to ourselves Prince von Bismarck laughing in his sleeve with grim enjoyment at the facile promptitude with which our impulsive neighbours have given credence and attached importance to his admirably simulated dissatisfaction with the fictitious obstructiveness of Her Majesty's Colonial Office in relation to his modest and justifiable South African projects. But we are not in the least apprehensive that any steps hitherto taken, or likely to be taken in the future, by the British Government with respect to the matter in question will lead to a fundamental change in the character of the relations that—happily for both countries—connect the Empires of Germany and Great Britain by bonds of sincere and enduring amity.—*Daily Telegraph*.

As a general thing, though, farmers do not reap the benefit they should from attending exhibitions. To see and examine the varied classes and sections that compose one of our large shows, the average farmer and his family only devote one day, and in this time there is no chance even to get a half-view of the exhibits. To mark, learn and inwardly digest every department of one of our large shows should at least take four days—and this time spent is the best money value a progressive farmer can get—and it should be borne in mind that only advanced farmers derive any solid benefit from attending an agricultural fair. A farmer who goes only one day to see and be seen, without any definite object, misses the main objects—instruction advancement.—*London (Ont.) Free Press*.

Crowds of British savants are at this moment voyaging across the Atlantic to Canada, where—for the first time in our annals—the national scientific assembly will shortly be held. The little fact is one of great Imperial significance. It brings into prominence the really vital connection existing between Great Britain and her colonies, and shows that it is quite possible, even for social and scientific purposes, to regard Canada and England as one country. The event should give courage to the advocates of a general confederation of the whole Empire. If it is so easy for hundreds of eminent men of science to cross the Atlantic to share the labours of the British Association, the five thousand miles of salt water ought not to prove any obstacle in the way of Canadian delegates coming over to this country to take part in a kind of indefinitely-extended Privy Council or Imperial Senate, now the great idea of the confederation of the Empire has begun to realize itself practically.—*English Paper*.

WE notice a memorial presented to the owners of the "City of Rome" complaining that gambling was permitted to such an extent as to annoy the passengers extremely. This accords with expressions of members of the British Association who were earnest in condemnation of the disgraceful pool-selling which prevailed on board some of the steamers on which they came. As these members were too busy to make their own complaints we refrain from particulars except to say that in one case the gambling was promoted by "certain vulgar bagmen" from Manchester who were supposed to have no business on board. In another it is actually asserted that the captain took part in the transactions and that the ship showed a singular sympathy with his predictions with regards to the daily run. This is an old abuse and it is time it were put a stop to. We cannot see why everyone who crosses the sea, even in a religiously-governed ship, should be made a forced inmate of a floating "gambling hell."—*Montreal Witness*.

It is a remarkable fact that, though the Island of Newfoundland lies directly between Canada and Europe, we hear comparatively little of its affairs. The island province has steadily refused to enter the Canadian Union. The fact appears to be that events transpiring since the union of the continental provinces in 1867 have operated as a damper on the Confederation idea in Newfoundland. One of these is found in the fact that by holding aloof from the Canadian Union the island received something like a million dollars as its share of the fishery award, while Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, P. E. Island and Quebec had the ill fortune to see what was paid on account of their coast fisheries go into the Federal treasury. Another cause which prevents the islanders of the mid-Atlantic from joining their fortunes with ours in our big debt. A still more serious impediment to union with Canada is found in the Canadian tariff. The Newfoundlanders are free traders, and have maintained a very low tariff, such as the Maritime Provinces had before the Confederation, and would have maintained had not the control of their fiscal affairs passed out of their hands. During the seventeen years in which we have been adding to our burdens year by year till we have doubled our taxation and debt, Newfoundland has held on the even tenor of its way with a very low rate of customs duties, yet sufficient for all its public wants.—*St. John Telegraph*.

THE PERIODICALS.

THE September *Overland Monthly* is a light number, principally of travel and fiction. There is little new in "Nine Day's Travel in Mexico," nor does the paper on "The Rogue River War of 1855-56" contain any historical discoveries, though both contributions are very readable. "Three Days' Quarantine at Marseilles," "A Naturalist in the Desert," and "San Carlos" will serve *pour passer le temps* in the dog-days. Harriet F. Stevens is the writer of two quaint theories of the pyramids—one that they were constructed for the spider-god to spin his web upon; the other that they were built to teach the people the symbolism of lines. There are two good stories entitled "Young Strong of 'The Clairon,'" and "An Hour with Maum Calamity." The solid papers are those on "Charles Lamb," by Henry Colbach, and "A Practical Consideration of the Mormon Question," by William A. Beatty. The following extracts from the latter are worthy attention:—

The men who see nothing good in Mormonism, who denounce it without knowledge of its inner workings, are many. But such men have forgotten the spirit of our institutions. The history of this people shows the falsity of such views. We find them deluded and superstitious, but the great mass of them, at all times, have been honest, industrious, and progressive. They cleared the Missouri wilderness; when driven thence they built up a populous and prosperous city. They grew rich; their fields produced in abundance, and artisans crowded their busy streets. When, under the leadership of Brigham Young they crossed the desert, we cannot characterize them as shiftless or worthless; but, on the contrary, they showed themselves determined and self-sacrificing men and women. A people who unflinchingly faced that thousand miles of wilderness and began again their labours, have earned the respect and admiration of all. We see Utah, in 1847, almost uninhabited; now, a great commonwealth. It has become, truly, the "Land of the Honey Bee." Emigrants have poured in from all quarters, until the population now numbers about one hundred and fifty thousand. The unpromising soil has been cultivated; ten thousand of miles of irrigating canals have been built; towns and cities have sprung up. The taxes in Utah are lighter than those of any State or Territory of our Union, and there is no bonded debt. The gaols are not half filled. In 1881, out of twenty-nine prisoners in the county gaol, but six were Mormons. In the State prison there were fifty-one prisoners, and only five of these Mormons.

There is but one most peaceable and efficient solution of this entire problem. It is by means of education. The adherents of the Mormon Church are most of them ignorant, being made up, it is averred, from the pauper class of Europe. No measure that does not tend to raise them from their present low level can be of permanent efficiency. It is a moral evil we are attacking—the moral influence of the Mormon Church. No martial or political measure can reach this influence. And all attempts of this sort are sure to make the Mormons look upon themselves as martyrs, and, as a result, to make them more devoted to their religion and their priesthood. These feelings can be removed, and the root of the evil got at, by adopting the educational remedy. There are two ways of doing this. The Christian Church, with its vast moral power, can easily bring about good results. Let some of the millions that are annually sent abroad to convert the heathen be kept at home, and used to elevate the ignorant of our land. The Christian Church has as yet made no move in this direction, but has contented itself with uttering philippics against the Mormon Church and people. If they are not disposed to undertake the work, the United States Government must do it.

MACMILLAN'S *English Illustrated Magazine* completes a volume with the September number. The opening article, "The Tour of Covent Garden," from the graphic pen of Austin Dobson, will be read with interest by many who know that cramped yet world-renowned spot. The accompanying illustrations are splendid pieces of artistic work. A spirited defence of Chaucer, also richly illustrated, occupies second place on the contents, and is followed by a charming paper on the origin and development of that "Prince of Games," cricket. A village story, "Friede," and "The Armourer's Prentices" are the fiction of the number. J. P. Mahaffy contributes an article on "Greece in 1884," and there is a poem entitled "An Autumn Night in Orkney."

In the September number of the *Canadian Methodist Magazine* (Toronto: Wm. Briggs) is a paper by Principal Grant, on the "Organic Union of Churches," which will probably attract much attention. Mr. J. Reade contributes a second article on "Some Curious Kinships," and the next item of importance is "The Lord's Land," by the Rev. Hugh Johnson. Other subjects are: Lady Brassey's continued log-book; "On The Hudson," by the Editor; the second instalment of the story "Old Fend-Off;" poetry, reviews, and editorial notes—the whole contributing to an excellent magazine.

BOOK NOTICES.

OUR CHANCELLOR. Sketches for a Historical Picture. By Moritz Busch. Two volumes in one. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Toronto: William Briggs.

At a time when the great Teutonic Prime Minister occupies so prominent a place in international politics, anything which assists to a comprehension of his character is welcome. Mr. Busch in his preface disavows any intention of writing a biography. Indeed, it is not easy to see how he could hope successfully to undertake that task whilst Bismarck is Chancellor. But the Bismarckian Boswell, in what he modestly terms "sketches for an historical picture," gives us an interesting account of many little circumstances (known to him personally) connected with the private life of the great chancellor which wonderfully help to an understanding of that successful statesman. One is not surprised to be told that "our chancellor" is a satirist, a cynic, even a humorist; but to be told that he is a poet! Unbent, the Master of the German Empire can, furthermore, tell a good story, and is epigrammatic in description. More than this, Mr. Busch claims that Prince Bismarck is a good writer of prose, with command of a large vocabulary, and capable of expressing himself gracefully and not without pathos. He is passionately fond of the sea, is fond of boating, and is a good swimmer. Somewhat of an