

"I regard Browning's teaching on Conversion as his supreme message to our time. It is that teaching, as it seems to me, which ranks him with the prophets. Valuable as is the light he sheds upon those problems of life and experience which are as old as man, or at least, as old as the days of reflection; splendid as is the courage with which he girds his loins, and faces the darkness and the doubt; yet more solitary and distinguished is his teaching on the soul of man, his impassioned confidence that the soul may, in one grand moment, leap sheer out of any depth of shame or subtle bondage, and leap to the breast of God."

Queen's University.

The following paragraph shows that all Catholics do not take the same favourable view of Queen's and its work. That was scarcely to be expected. To Romanists, at a distance, the thought of a Protestant University is repugnant. But it is something to have the testimony of those actually concerned that they have been fairly treated.

"The Freeman, in to-day's issue, answers the criticism of its Roman Catholic contemporary, the *Antigonish Casket*, which 'called down' the Kingston paper for being so friendly to Queen's University. The Freeman sustains its recent contention by enumerating the many distinguished Roman Catholics who have passed through Queen's in Arts, Medicine and Science. In conclusion, it says: 'One cannot visit any important centre in Canada or the United States without meeting leading Catholics who have received their education at Queen's. There are at present fifty-seven Catholic students in the various faculties. Four Catholic professors are found on her staff, three in Medicine and one in Arts. Hon. William Hart is president of the School of Practical Science, and James Harpell, B.A., is managing editor of Queen's Quarterly. And it is a pleasure to inform The Casket that during all these years the faith of no Catholic student has been interfered with in the slightest. What would The Casket have us do but speak well of a college that has been the source of so much good to the Catholic people of Kingston and also of Canada?'"

Lunacy and Drink.

The report of the Inspectors of Lunacy in Ireland recently published may be profitably compared with the Registrar-General's returns dealing with Crime in Ireland. The number of insane patients under the jurisdiction of the inspectors is now over 22,000, being an increase of more than 1,000 in the past two years, notwithstanding the fact of the diminution of the population in the same period.

The cost to the ratepayers of the maintenance on the insane during the year amounted to nearly half a million. Figures such as these must attract the attention or even the most careless and apathetic. The figures of the Registrar-General are, however, nearly as startling. The charges for drunkenness have increased from 88,000 to 91,000 showing a ratio of cases of drunkenness to the population of about 2 per cent. On these figures the *Irish Times* in a leader comments as follows:

"These are figures which might almost be said to justify to the utmost the most superlative intolerance of the most bigoted teetotaler. That our indulgence in intoxicating liquors is the cause of most of the crime in Ireland has frequently been asserted from the pulpit, from the judicial Bench, from the platform, and in the Press, and, undoubtedly,

ly, from these returns temperance reformers will find substantial material to press home their arguments."

Such words as these in one of the leading Irish papers should encourage our Society and other Temperance organisations to renewed efforts. The increase in lunacy and the increase in drunkenness should be considered together, and inquiries should be made as to the causes of insanity in the cases of those 22,000 patients. Many of the cases are of course, hereditary and many congenital; but it would be both interesting and profitable if returns could be obtained from the medical officers of the various asylums stating how many cases of insanity they attributed either directly or indirectly to the use of alcohol. The liquor traffic is so profitable as a producer of taxes, and those interested in it have such a powerful influence in the politics of the country, that it seems almost impossible to get the Government to take any action either for the reduction of the number of licensed houses or the diminution of the sale of intoxicating liquors.

Governments, and the voters who make Governments, must learn that the drink traffic is not really a true source of revenue; but that the income derived from it is more than counterbalanced by the expenditure occasioned by the necessity of providing and maintaining prisons and asylums for the victims of the traffic as well as in countless other ways.—The Dublin Visitor.

Literary Notes.

The opening article in the November *Cosmopolitan*, (Irvington, N. Y.), is entitled *Adventures on the Ice Floes*. Other articles are *The Turk as a Soldier*; *The Ethics of the Subordinate*; *Jerusalem as it is To-day*; and *Japan's Wonderful Progress*. Several good short stories and the first instalment of a serial by H. G. Wells, called *The Food of the Gods*, go to make up a bright, readable number.

In the November Harper's (Harper and Brothers, New York) we have the opening chapters of the serial we have been looking for so long, Miss Johnson's new story, "Sir Mortimer." It is rather soon to judge whether this work will equal "Prisoners of Hope" and "Audrey," but the 16th century is a good setting for a stirring romance. In the way of short stories we have such names as Maarten Maartens, Mary R. S. Andrews, Margaret Deland and Marie Van Vorst to ensure a pleasant hour or two. Articles of a more serious nature are not wanting and include *The ten Temples of Abydos*; *American Epigrams*; *London from a 'Bus-Top*; and *The Scientist and the Food Problem*.

That Betty, by Harriet Prescott Spofford, \$1.00. Fleming H. Revell Company, Toronto. This pretty little volume with its dainty brown cover and its wide margined pages will surely prove attractive as a gift-book at the coming Christmas season. The publishers tell us that the story was first submitted for publication in a much briefer form and under another title, and Mrs. Spofford was asked if she could not enlarge it. The result was this charming little novelette. The characters belong for the most part to the fashionable world where hearts are supposed to be hard, but we are shown how hard hearts are softened by sympathy for the unfortunate, and the great good that wealth may do among the poor and suffering. The little romance interwoven will add a good deal to the enjoyment of feminine readers.

The *Christian Endeavor Manual*, by Rev. Francis Edward Clark, D.D., cloth, price \$1.00, Boston. The United Society of Christian Endeavor. An excellent idea is admirably carried out in this book, viz., to furnish material for training classes in the history, theory, principles and practice of the Christian Endeavor Society. There are thirty-six chapters, each treating of some distinct feature, in a succinct, informative way and accompanied with questions for review as a test of the knowledge of a class or an individual seeking to gain information. As might be expected, nothing is wanting in a manual prepared by the founder of the movement who has guided its affairs with success for so many years. There is an excellent Bibliography and several appendices are added giving forms of correct tuition, services for reception of members, installation of officers, and information on matters of special interest. A good index facilitates reference to every term in the book.

Book lovers should send for T. B. Mosher's (Portland, Maine) catalogue. It is more than a list of books, it is a thing of beauty, and real literary interest. Gems like the following are scattered through it.

Where be they who once would sing,
Poets passed from wood and dale?
Faintly, now, we touch the string,
Faithless, now we seek the Grail:
Shakespeare, Spenser, naught avail,
Herrick, England's Oberon,
Sidney, smitten through his mail,
Souls of poets dead and gone!

Ronsard's Roses blossoming
Long are faded, long are frail;
Gathered to the heart of Spring
He that sung the breezy flail.
Ah! could prayer at all prevail,
These should shine where once they shone
These should 'scape the shadowy pale—
Souls of poets dead and gone!

What clear air knows Dante's wing?
What new seas doth Homer sail?
By what waters wandering
Tells Theocritus his tale?
Still, when cries the Nightingale,
Singing, sobbing, on and on,
Her brown feathers seem to veil
Souls of Poets dead and gone.

Charon, when my ghost doth hail
O'er Cocytus' waters wan,
Land me where no storms assail
Souls of Poets dead and gone.

ROSAMUND MARRIOTT WATSON.

There are no havens fairer to the traveler than those of Christian affliction.

"The D.D. Emulsion"

Trade-mark.

**Prevents Emaciation
Increases the Weight
Builds up Solid Flesh
Sweet and Palatable as Cream
Does not Derange Digestion.**

**A POSITIVE CURE FOR
Nervous Exhaustion,
La Grippe, Anaemia,
General Debility and
Pulmonary Diseases.**