

far for a simile. A cathedral bell sounding far away over a river, a waterfall heard a long way off in the stillness of night, the sea rolling slowly in over a pebbly beach, a summer wind blowing over a hilltop of pines—in each of these there is a strange, indescribable quality which sometimes makes one's eyes fill and one's throat contract for mere physical sympathy, and in Mr. Gladstone's voice, when he will, there is the same note. The admirable concentration of his speech, in reply to the Tories on the Home Rule question, how it began by a few personalities and references to his immediate predecessors; debate, how it passed gradually to elaborate historical argument, how it turned to denunciation of the rival policy, how there came late in the touch of national poetry, and the picture of Erin with the cup at her lips—picture finished with a touch of Virgil—how it concluded with a solemn appeal for a blessed oblivion of the past, and happiness, prosperity, and peace for the years that are to come—these, and the utter absence of any personal taunt, any complaint, any reference to the speaker's own person, all can see who will read it. But that voice—it is only an inalienable memory.

Lately, and it is a noteworthy proof of the rancour of party spirit, complaints have actually been made, of course by parties hostile to the present Local Government, that the Catholics get more than their share of the grants given to charitable institutions. Or, rather, it is said that they get as much as others, though their numbers are much less. How can it be avoided? These numbers, though less, contain the greatest number of the poor of the Province. It is to aid the poorest in the land, in whatever denomination found, that the charity of the land is due. Have not the other denominations got reason to thank God that their poor are fewer? When our Saviour said "Go, give all that thou hast to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven," did he say "of thine own sect?" At this rate, if there were a sect altogether free from poverty, possessing no poor at all, and yet the equal in numbers of a sect having many poor people, the first ought yet to get, on account of its numbers, an equal share of the charitable grants! Could partyism, making the aid of bigotry to enforce its plans, go farther? These, too, are the very class of people—these who would not aid the poor Irish more than they can help—who oppose every measure calculated to aid them in their own country. Naturally, and in both cases from party spirit. But a better day is dawning here. Ireland has, in spite of the misrepresentations of pretended philosophers, many warm friends in Canada; and notwithstanding the result of the late elections, many warm friends in Britain. Let us hope that these friends will soon arrive when Ireland's distress will cease to be either a laughing or an emigrating point of the per-

Mr. Goldwin Smith describes Gladstone as "the most powerful, unscrupulous and denigrative demagogue who ever appeared in British public life." Disraeli once described Goldwin Smith as "a wild man of the cloister who goes about the country maligning men and things." We are rather inclined to accept the declaration of the author of Lothair.

The Rev. S. W. Wesley is the only contemporary preacher in the world. He is extremely humble and describes himself as "a barrel of dust and a bag of wind." He recently referred to "the whining old whelps who have been hit with some of my gospel rocks." He is described as a very "faul-mouthed" preacher.

The American newspapers are publishing portraits of the exiled young Bonapartist prince. He is 22; has a melancholy face; large, dark dreamy eyes; and a mouth and chin which the sorcerer says, "show no trace of sensuality." What audacious sneers the conductors of some of the American papers are to be sure!

President Cleveland has said "Vote" to just one hundred bills.

Hamilton has an epidemic of diphtheria.

The London Times describes the present movement headed by Mr. Gladstone as "the Irish-American conspiracy." The Times is no longer conspicuous for its insight or its wisdom.

The sea-serpent is said to have held up his undiminished head from the shores of the Trent river. The Mail says that Col. Denison would have fined the discoverer \$1 or \$20 days as evidence *prima facie* that he had been under the influence of whisky.

Attorney-general Blair, of New Brunswick, vigorously repudiates the Secession cry. We wonder how his colleague, Mr. John V. Ellis, proprietor of the St. John, N. B., Globe will relish this repudiation.

During the absence of Hon. Thomas White Mr. McLelan is acting Minister of the Interior.

Mr. Chapleau has left the capital for Montreal, and Sir Adolphe has gone to his summer residence at Riviere du Loup. Sir John is still at Ottawa; and he keeps a little.

The Stony Mountain Metis now in the penitentiary for participation in the rebellion will be amnestied in a few days. The destitution among the families of these misguided men is said to be very great. Of course they must not be allowed to starve.

The suggestion which Observer makes about the laying of a telegraphic cable between the Island and the city is a good one. The Island, beyond question, should no longer be without telephone connection.

The *Annals of Hygiene*, a monthly journal devoted to Hygienic Science, and edited by Joseph F. Edwards of Philadelphia, has come to hand. This monthly contains so much advice that is indispensable from the sanitary point of view that no household should be without it.

We are thoroughly in accord with a contemporary who complains that the press association has done very little towards ameliorating these grievances under which gentlemen of the quill are said to suffer. These who make a point of attending the meetings of the association should have taken some steps towards the framing of a measure on libel which ought to be presented to Parliament. But, nothing, or next to nothing in this respect has been done. After all, per-

haps, the editors are only hard up for a wrong to fulminate against when they hold the libel law up to execration. They attend the association meeting merely to discuss extraneous matters and their own personal comforts. And even these would not be discussed, unless a deathbed ticket was forthcoming.

Henry Ward Beecher speaks of Mr. Gladstone and his oratory in the most enthusiastic terms.

In his speech at Beaverton, recently, Mr. Blake said many wise things. He condemned, and with great and just force, the custom now prevalent in Canadian public life of Ministers of the Crown accepting gifts from contractors and others who are suppliants, or intend becoming such, of the Government for peculiar favour. He showed that several of the most prominent members of the Government had been laid under obligations by this class of persons, and concluded with respect to another phrase of public impropriety. There is another class of cases in which both Ministers and ordinary members are concerned, but in which the guilt of Ministers as their power and responsibility are higher, must be deemed even graver than the guilt of ordinary members. When Ministers act as these have done depend upon it members will follow suit. When the great and high placed in our land stoop to indefensible positions their example will be followed all too fast. The path downward is easy and rapid, and if these who should be exemplars of public morality, public integrity, and public probity, who ought to be men above suspicion, place themselves in suspected positions, can you expect that others not so highly placed will not act in a similar spirit? Take the railway grants, I say, and I say it with extreme regret, that the system has grown up—it is not an isolated case—a system has grown up under which the grants in aid of railways, whether out of the exchequer treasury or out of the public domain in lands, the grants which give value to the charters, which give a price to the stock and bonds, which give a possibility of gain or increased gain to those who have control of the charters—under which these grants and the charters and powers given by Parliament are trafficked in by members of Parliament for personal gain. I do not object to a public-spirited member of Parliament taking an honest interest, as a public man, in railway development. Let him labour as hard as he pleases as member for the development of his county or his country. But I do object to a pretence of public interest being used to cover private interest. I do object to the admixture of private gain with the public duty. I do object to members, not railway builders or railway contractors, knowing no more about railways and having no more occasion for them than the bulk of you to whom I speak, becoming ardently interested in these enterprises in themselves as for the accomplishment of schemes under which large and valuable concessions shall be made tributary to their own pockets. For such timely and just censure as this Canada is under obligation to the Hon. Edward Blake.

The Canadian exhibits at the London Exhibition seem to have attracted considerable attention. The cables labor with alidings as to the number of things that "royalty" purchased of our exhibitors. The Queen bought an otter skin from a French Canadian and the fact is announced in large letters by two or three newspapers. It is strange that these journals did not affirm that

a day of thanksgiving should be set apart whereon to commemorate this act.

Our readable neighbor, the *Orange Sentinel*, comes enlarged and improved. From 40 columns it has been increased to 56 columns; and the typographical appearance is extremely neat. We need hardly say that it exhibits all its old vigor in the discussion of questions, and especially those having any relation to that Order of which it is the able and influential mouthpiece. Very, very cheap is such an excellent weekly paper, at one dollar a year. By the way, we learn from the *Sentinel* that what may be looked upon as a new development in Orangeism was inaugurated in London recently, under the express sanction and authority of the Imperial Grand Master, the Earl of Enniskillen. This was the founding of the first female Orange Lodge in London, with the view not only of carrying out the idea more vigorously and systematically in England than has hitherto been done, but of inaugurating a similar crusade throughout Ireland. The new lodge for London is to be named the Salisbury Female Lodge.

Peer Poundmaker has paid the last tribute to nature. It is said that his spirit was broken by his imprisonment and that since the day of his surrender his health had been declining. This was a splendid chief; and we do not think that our Government or certain militia officers have much to feel proud about in certain of their transactions with this Indian. The speech delivered by him when upon his trial is one of the most dignified, pathetic and plucky utterances that we have ever read. It is to be found in the *Blue-Book* containing the authorized record of Riel's trial. We may some day give it to our readers.

Mr. M. A. MacKenzie is author of the latest Trinity College prize poem. The subject is a very good one, to wit, Bartholdi's statue of Liberty. As a rule prize poems are very absurd productions; but although Mr. Mackenzie's effusion has no poetry, it is quietly clever. Macaulay could once that a prize poem was like a prize sheep; that a prize sheep was good only to make candles, and the prize poem fit only to light them. As a rule the college Don is the poorest possible judge of a poem. Something in Pope's line always commends itself; and that which aims at the didactic and the obvious is sure to take the laurels.

Several months ago Professor Roberts, of Kings College, Nova Scotia, published a poem entitled "Canada" in the *Century Magazine*. The *Mail* reprinted it a few days ago; but on the following day printed a reply in verse from some ambitious gentleman. Now it was all right enough for this aspirant to write against Mr. Roberts or anybody else; but it is hardly fair that a man like Mr. Roberts should be belabored in bad rhymes, and queer English. After all, this local poet, whose name has slipped our recollection, is not so much to be blamed as the *Mail* is.

There is a local politician named John A. Macdonald in Prince Edward Island, and certain letters that he wrote during the provincial elections were attributed to the old Tory chief. In the Nova Scotia local elections there was a Mr. Blake; and the *Mail* has discovered that there are three Mills, one a half-negro, another a base-ball pitcher and a third the philosopher of Bethwell.