

United States Parties.

THOUGH it is impossible just now to foreshadow with any safety the result of the Presidential and Congressional elections pending in the United States, it may be not unprofitable or uninteresting to give a brief outline of the situation as it stands. Omitting parties and candidates who are not likely to affect the issue to any great extent, there are four Presidential tickets, representing four different platforms, as to which there seems to be a good deal of confusion in the public mind. These are here taken up in the chronological order of their nomination.

1. The Republican Convention met this year at St. Louis, and it was the first held. It nominated McKinley, of Ohio, and Hobart, of New Jersey, as its candidates for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency, respectively, and it placed them on a platform of which the most prominent planks are: (1) protection to home manufactures, and (2) the maintenance of the gold standard until other nations consent to adopt both gold and silver at a fixed ratio to each other for currency purposes. In other words, the chief standing ground of the Republican party is protection and international bi-metallism. McKinley has frankly and fully accepted the nomination on this platform.

2. The Democratic Convention met at Chicago and nominated Bryan, of Nebraska, and Sewall, of Maine. The most prominent planks in its platform are: (1) taxation for revenue only, (2) diminution of expenditure to suit a reduced revenue, (3) continued issue of Government legal tender notes, (4) free coinage of silver at a ratio of sixteen to one of gold, and (5) legal tender equivalence of silver and gold. Bryan in his oratorical campaign has forced the currency question to the front, as he has done also by his letter of acceptance.

3. The Populist Convention, held at St. Louis, nominated Bryan, of Nebraska, and Watson, of Georgia. The Populist platform embraces, besides the free coinage of silver at sixteen to one, proposals looking to (1) an expanded government note currency, (2) the cessation of all bank note issues, State ownership of railways, and other collectivist projects. The substitution of Watson for Sewall as candidate for the Vice-Presidency greatly complicates the situation and makes the outcome more uncertain. Bryan has not yet formally accepted the Populist nomination.

4. A second Democratic Convention was held at Chicago, at which the delegates represented the Cleveland-Carlisle wing of the party. Their platform includes (1) a tariff for revenue only, (2) the maintenance of the gold standard, (3) the withdrawal of government notes from circulation, and (4) the improvement of the national bank note system. The candidates nominated were Palmer, of Illinois, and Buckner, of Kentucky.

As illustrations of the complications resulting from this unprecedented crossing of lines of cleavage it is worthy of note that the Republicans who favoured free silver coinage "bolted" the Republican Convention without stating what their subsequent course would be; that the Democrats who were opposed to free silver did not "bolt" the Convention, but afterwards nominated candidates of their own; that the Populists who nominated Watson for the Vice-Presidency have been insisting on the retirement of Sewall who was nominated with Bryan by the Democrats; and that a large number of Democratic journals are advising "gold" Democrats to vote for McKinley and Hobart as the surest means to defeat Bryan for the Presidency.

Canadians take a deep interest in the contest, and rightly so, for whatever its result may be they are sure to be

seriously affected by it. The polling does not take place till November, and before that time there may be clearer indications as to the outcome of the struggle.

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In a Copy of Browning.

Bliss Carman in *The Bookman*.

Browning, old fellow, your leaves grow yellow,
Beginning to mellow as seasons pass,
Your cover is wrinkled and stained and sprinkled,
And warped and crinkled from sleep on the grass.

Is it a wine stain or only a pine stain,
That makes such a fine stain on your dull blue—
Got as we numbered the clouds that lumbered
Southward and slumbered when day was through?

What is the dear mark there like an ear-mark?
Only a tear mark a woman let fall,
As, bending over, she bade me discover,
"Who plays the lover, he loses all!"

With you for teacher, we learned love's feature
In every creature that roves or grieves;
When winds were brawling, or birds were calling,
Or leaves were falling about our eaves.

No law must straiten the ways they wait in,
Whose spirits grieve and hearts aspire.
The world may dwindle, and summer brindle,
So love but kindle the soul to fire.

Here many a red line, or pencilled headline,
Shows love could weld line to perfect sense;
And something better than wisdom's fetter
Has made your letter dense to the dense.

You made us farers and equal sharers
With home-spun wearers in home-made joys;
You sent the chary Contemporary,
To make us wary of dust and noise.

Long thoughts were started, when youth departed
From the half-hearted Riccardi's bridle;
For, saith your fable, great Love is able
To slip the cable and take the tide.

When Fate was nagging, and days were dragging,
And fancy lagging, you gave it scope,
(When eaves were drippy, and pavements slippery,
From Lippo Lippi to Evelyn Hope.

When winter's arrow, pierced to the marrow,
And thought was narrow, you gave it room:
We guessed the warder on Roland's border,
And helped to order the Bishop's Tomb.

When winds were harshish, and ways were marshish,
We found with Karshish escape at need;
Were bold with Waring in far seafaring,
And strong in sharing Ben Ezra's creed.

We felt dark menace intrigue and pen us,
Afloat in Venice, devising fiks;
And little mattered the rain that pattered,
While Blougram chattered to Gigadibs.

Or truth compels us with Paracelsus,
Till nothing else is of worth at all.
Del Sarto's vision is our own mission,
And art's ambition is God's own call.

We too have waited, with heart elated
And breathing bated, for Pippa's song;—
Seen Satan hover with wings to cover
Porphyria's lover, Pompilia's wrong.

Through all the seasons, you gave us reasons
For splendid treasons to doubt and fear;
Bade no foot falter, though weaklings palter,
And friendships alter from year to year.

Since first I sought you found you and bought you,
Hugged you and brought you home from Cornhill,
While some upbraid you, and some parade you,
Nine years have made you my master still.