

letter that he wrote to the citizens of that city when he was ordered to the north is one of the most noble utterances that ever came from the pen of man. Closing, he says, "I now leave you with the proud consciousness that I carry with me the blessings of the humble and loyal under the roof of the cottage and in the cabin of the slave, and so I am content to incur the sneers of the salon and the curses of the rich." "Happy the land," writes Jas. Parton, "which at a crisis of danger can summon from the walks of private life a man capable of doing what he did, and recording it in a strain of such severe and grand simplicity." In law and business he was long-sighted and acute. Massing a fortune of \$7,000,000, he nevertheless kept up the show of poverty by putting a mortgage of \$50,000 or \$100,000 on every house he occupied. All his life long he kept people guessing, and to do the thing that was startling and bizarre was his great delight. With all his brusqueness he was charitable and kind, and thousands of lives he has rendered more tolerable by his provision and forethought. His home life was quiet and simple, and his love for his family was the admiration of all who enjoyed the hospitality of his hearth.

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Gen. Butler has written and said many remarkable things in his day, and not a few of them have been aimed against Canada. He was one of the most bitter of that class of jingoists recently grown so common in the states. His vehemence in this line was not always tempered with brotherliness, and his plans of campaign by which Canada was to be conquered and brought into the Union have furnished humour for his own countrymen, as much so as they have for us. Some men think that they are doing God's service when they are spending their strength in alienating the nations and in kindling strife, controversy and envy amongst men. This tendency is to be seen on this side of the line as well as south of it, and it is certainly an indication of weakness. When we see the public press, and hear the orators of the pulpit and platform haranguing in bitter terms against their neighbors on either side of the line, it makes us think that the spirit of civilization and grace is still a long way from being in our midst. Oh for

the time when party, press and politicians on both sides of the line will cease to bark and bite, and when preachers, orators and teachers will glory rather in setting forth the graces of their neighbours than in declaiming upon their blemishes and defects!

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Mr. Frank Ferron, the "Queen's" delegate, recently returned from Kingston, where he enjoyed the well-known hospitality, not alone of our medical brothers, but also of the citizens of the famous old Limestone City. Queen's University ranks high in the list of British educational institutions, and her medical faculty has made rapid strides of late, many of the details of which Mr. Ferron has made us familiar with. These fraternal visits do much in the direction of fostering that warm friendship and interest which should and does exist amongst all those engaged in the study of scientific medicine and whose lives will be devoted to the alleviation of suffering humanity.—*McGill College Fortnightly.*

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### ✦ Literature. ✦

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#### ROLAND GRAEME, KNIGHT.

A TALE OF OUR TIME BY AGNES MAULE MACHAR.

**R**OLAND GRAEME, the latest and best of Miss Machar's stories, is what it claims to be, essentially a tale of our own time. But it is something more than this,—it is also a clear, forcible and entertaining exposition of the doctrines of Christian Socialism of to-day. We know in many minds the term socialism is but vaguely defined, and frequently confounded with more dangerous isms, (Emerson says all isms contain a truth), and carries with it a sort of reproach, as if it were antagonistic to law and order, and lawlessness were its natural outcome. To all such we heartily recommend the reading of Roland Graeme. Theirs will be a double gain,—a charming story well told, into the thread of which is skilfully woven the statements and practical illustrations of some of the most vital questions of the age.

The aim of the book is better told in the words of the hero, Roland Graeme, than any words of ours can tell it: "It is designed to promote the brotherhood of man, to secure a better feeling between class and class, employ-