

At intervals, moreover, articles have appeared concerning certain Bishops of the Church, notably Bishop Bourget, of Montreal, which, though perhaps not wholly abusive, have at least defined their influence to be sinister, and their conduct, in matters educational and provincial, at times questionable.

It is because I believe the position of THE WEEK on the question of senatorial appointments to be correct, and its strictures on the construction of the Senate itself deserved, that I am led to regret that its opinions should seem prejudiced, and its impartiality doubtful, by reason of utterances such as I have alluded to, utterances which, I must make bold to say, are not over-courteous, certainly none too assuring to a portion of your readers.

F. W. G. F.

Toronto, February 23rd, 1885.

[We are always anxious to give everybody a fair hearing; but history is history. Would our correspondents justify the conduct of the Jesuits in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, or even their conduct in more recent times? Does he wish to identify his Church with them? We do not wish to identify Protestantism with the Penal Code or with the Execution of Servetus. Has anything harder been said of the Jesuits in these columns than was said of them by the Catholic Pascal? Abuse of ecclesiastical power in elections is not religion but intrigue, nor by protesting against it do we disparage any man's religion or offend any religious mind.—ED.]

SIR WILLIAM LOGAN.

To the Editor of The Week:

SIR,—I beg to call the attention of your correspondent, "Terranova," to an error in his letter, in last week's issue, on the late Mr. Murray. He speaks of the late Director of the Geological Survey as Sir Humphrey Logan. The name of our greatest scientist—Sir William Logan—should, I think, be more familiar to Canadians.

J. C. S.

THE "JOHN BROWN" SONG.

To the Editor of the Week:

SIR,—The note on the origin of "John Brown" by Mr. Clemens in the WEEK, January 22nd, will, I imagine, be a novelty to the men who sang it and heard it sung in 1861. The finical and elaborate song by Edna A. Proctor couldn't have got itself sung in the army, and is simply a working up of the motive of the original chanson, which was often made up or added to by the singers. It was a single verse repeated three times—the first being

"John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave"

and followed by

"But his soul is marching on."

The verse which brought out the most vigour was

"We'll hang Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree," etc., etc.

Miss Proctor's song may be better poetry, but would have killed all the enthusiasm of the army of the Potomac—and those who, like myself, have heard a solid-lunged Massachusetts regiment, 1,000 strong, roar it out, marching down Pennsylvania Avenue, will remember something different from Mr. Clemens' version. Yours truly, W. T. STILLMAN.

HOUSE WARMING—SUPERHEATED AIR.

To the Editor of the Week:

SIR,—The most important of all our sanitary questions in Canada, because the most universal in its application, is that of the winter-heating of our houses. My own conviction is, that the defective methods adopted in so large a majority of cases are the active cause of more disease and mortality than any other deleterious influence whatever, and I have come to this conclusion after many years of observation and thought. We start with a simple axiom: The human lungs cannot, without injury to their wonderfully delicate texture, breathe anything over 100° Fahrenheit for any considerable space of time. But this is constantly being done, and what we properly denominate "superheated air" is taken in particles and streams and drafts into the system, during sleep especially, when the human frame is least self-protective. You may stand by the side of a burning stove, and not breathe the superheated air that ascends from it, because it takes a direct course upward. Go to the floor above, and you are sure to get it, through the side drafts always caused by heating centres in the interior of a building. Simple as this proposition is, it is seldom fairly discussed, and reliance is constantly placed on the thermometer, which does not indicate the heat of streams or particles, but only gives a rough average of the temperature.

Yours, SANITAS.

Quebec.

GIFT TO THE HERBARIUM OF UNIVERSITY COLLEGE.

To the Editor of The Week:

SIR,—An interesting collection of Himalayan ferns has been recently added to the Herbarium of the University of Toronto through the liberality of one of its old graduates, the Rev. John Wilkie, M.A., now a missionary in Central India. The collection was made during a temporary residence in the mountainous district of Sikkim. The lower ranges of this part of the hill-country are characterized by a rich temperate flora, indicative of a climate highly favourable as a healthful resort for the Anglo-Indian. The fifty species of ferns and lycopods collected by Mr. Wilkie and presented to his Alma Mater are well calculated to convey an idea of the aspect of this division of the flora. They include specimens collected both within the British frontier and in independent Sikkim. The varied climate of the Himalayas and the diversity of flora at successive altitudes are well known as indices of the changes resulting from the great mountain range of Northern India. The lower limit of the snow line is, on the southern slope, at an elevation of 12,981 feet, while on the northern slope it is 16,620 feet above the sea. This arises from the dryness of the air and the radiated heat from the great tableland beyond. Cultivation is carried on to the foot of the mountains, where the vegetation is still tropical. At a height of 12,000 feet the rhododendron flourishes: at 5,000 feet European plants and grains succeed; and suitable districts have been found where the tea plant is now largely cultivated.

D. W.

Toronto.

It is difficult to avoid repeating the fatigued quotation, "Who reads an American book?" when one glances through the advertising columns of the leading English literary weeklies, and as one notices the steady and yet rapid increase in the number of American books reprinted or, at least, republished in England. Perhaps the *Spectator* is the most abundant and the most kindly in its criticism of American books, but the *Saturday Review* lags not far behind. In the number of this journal dated January 31st there are twelve long book-reviews, of which five are devoted to American publications—four wholly and one almost entirely; and no one of these articles is unfriendly in tone.—*Nation*.

THE VISION OF THE MISSING LINK.

He had a prehistoric air,
The parent of our race,
As some tragedian's was the glare
He fixed upon my face.
"Behold your ancestors!" he groaned,
In accents somewhat grim,
And half I wished I had not owned
An ancestor like him.

"I am no trick of Maskelyne,
Devised to talk and think;
No human origin is mine—
I am the Missing Link!"

"Phantom," I said, "your words are vain,
Haunt not a sage reflective;
You are a vision of the brain,
Subjective, not objective.

"The airy medium beguile,
The 'Psychical' distress;
But think not, with unmeaning wile,
To hoax an F.R.S."

He should have vanished from my side,
Yet did not fade nor shrink.
"Oh, subtle intellect!" he cried,
"I am the Missing Link!"

"A nation lost to human ken,
We vanquished all our foes
Before the Prehistoric men
Upon our ruin rose.

"And how we fought and overcame
No bygone record hints,
Nor how they routed us—ah, shame!
With their confounded flints.

"Yet on their race in that dark hour
We laid a parting ban,

"That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can."

"At every time, in every place,
For heart and hand and brain,
Even now upon the conquering race
I see the curse remain.

"I see youth's kindly impulse fade
Before its fatal stress;
I see the law of Profit made
The law of Righteousness.

"I mark and with a fiendish glee
I chuckle all I can,
Perpetuated here I see
The Prehistoric Man!"

"Phantom," I said "you simply bore;
Into your dust retire.
Shall we, who Ruskin can ignore,
Of Missing Links inquire?"

"Your temper is depraved; your views
Are Radical in tone.
Go!—on your own demerits muse,
And leave our age alone.

"Are there no spirits brave and pure,
And true of heart and brain?
Strong in whose honour, I abjure
The old barbaric stain."

The vision crouched and cowered away
As if in sore distress,
And shuddering answered, "Oh, you may!
You are an F.R.S."

"Yet"—as he faded from my view
The parting murmur ran—
"Yet shall the multitude renew
The Prehistoric Man."

—Saturday Review.

EXTRACTS FROM THE NEW "LIFE OF GEORGE ELIOT."

ON RELIGIOUS FAITHS.

ALL the great religions of the world, historically considered, are rightly the objects of deep reverence and sympathy—they are the record of spiritual struggles, which are the types of our own. This is to me pre-eminently true of Hebrewism and Christianity, on which my own youth was nourished. And in this sense I have no antagonism towards any religious belief, but a strong outflow of sympathy. Every community met to worship the highest Good (which is understood to be expressed by God) carries me along in its main current; and if there were not reasons against my following such an inclination, I should go to church or chapel constantly for the sake of the delightful emotions of fellowship which come over me in religious assemblies—the very nature of such assemblies being the recognition of a binding belief or spiritual law, which is to lift us into willing obedience and save us from the slavery of unregulated passion or impulse. And with regard to other people, it seems to me that those who have no definite conviction which constitutes a protesting faith may often more beneficially cherish the good within them and be better members of society by a conformity, based on the recognized good in the public belief, than by a non-conformity which has nothing but negatives to utter. *Not*, of course, if the conformity would be accompanied by a consciousness of hypocrisy. That is a question for the individual conscience to settle. But there is enough to be said on the different points of view from which conformity may be regarded to hinder a ready judgment against those who continue to conform after ceasing to believe, in the ordinary sense. But with the utmost largeness of allowance for the difficulty of deciding in special cases, it must remain true that the highest lot is to have definite beliefs about which you feel that "necessity is laid upon you" to declare them, as something better which you are bound to try and give to those who have the worse.

I believe that religion, too, has to be modified—"developed," according to the dominant phrase—and that a religion more perfect than any yet prevalent must express less care for personal consolation, and a more deeply-awing sense of responsibility to man, springing from sympathy with that which of all things is most certainly known to us, the difficulty of the human lot. I do not find my temple in Pantheism, which, whatever might be its value speculatively, could not yield a practical religion, since it is an attempt to look at the universe from the outside of our relations to it (that universe) as human beings. As healthy, sane human beings, we must love and hate—love what is good for mankind, hate what is evil for mankind. For years of my youth I dwelt in dreams of a Pantheistic sort, falsely supposing that I was enlarging my sympathy. But I have travelled far away from that time. Letters are necessarily narrow and fragmentary, and, when one writes on wide subjects, are liable to create more misunderstanding than illumination. But I have little anxiety of that kind in writing to you, dear friend and fellow-labourer, for you have had longer experience than I as a writer, and fuller experience as a woman, since you