

THE WEEK:

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Sixth Year.
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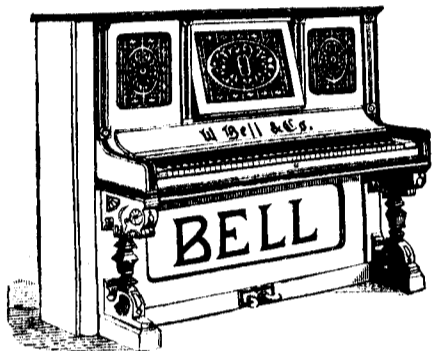


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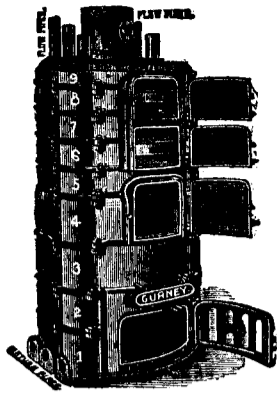
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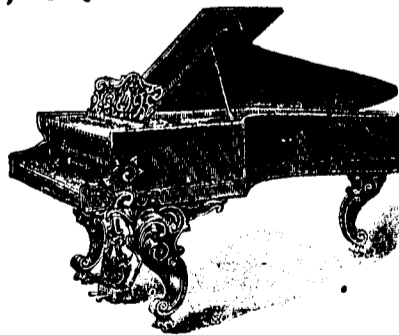
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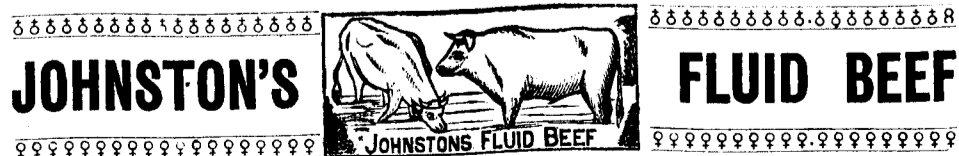
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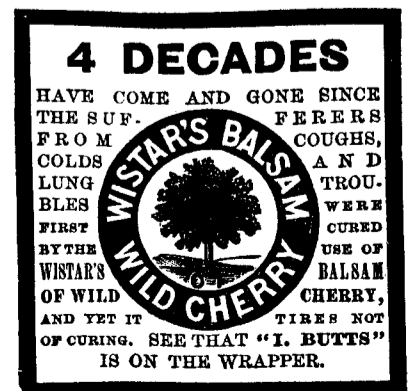
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CONTENTS OF CURRENT NUMBER.

TOPICS—	PAGE
The Educational Commission.....	371
The Question of Policy.....	371
A Constitutional Question.....	371
The Canadian Pacific Report.....	371
Who are the Canadians?.....	371
The Anti-Jesuit Legislation Mismanned.....	372
The Proposed Imperial Congress.....	372
Should Colonies Pay Their Legislators?.....	372
The Vice-Royalty Difficulty.....	372
Mr. Parnell's Explanation.....	372
Anti-Bribery Legislation in the U. S.....	372
Associated Press Despatches.....	373
The Sugar Bounties Question.....	373
Execution by Electricity.....	373
PROFESSOR HUXLEY IN REPLY.....	373
ROYAL SOCIETY OF CANADA.....	Rambler. 374
AT SEA (Poem).....	Theodore H. Rand. 374
LONDON LETTER.....	Walter Powell. 374
MONTREAL LETTER.....	Ville Marie. 375
CANADIAN NATIONAL LIFE.....	C. A. Boulton. 375
BAISER.....	Archibald MacMechan. 376
PARTING (Poem).....	Emily McManus. 376
A POLITICAL RETROSPECT.....	Octogenarian. 376
AN OPEN WINDOW.....	A. H. Morrison. 377
IN MUSSELBURGH, SCOTLAND.....	Jessie Kerr Lawson. 378
CORRESPONDENCE—	
Proposed Imperial Congress.....	A. M. B. 378
FLEMING—IN MARCH (Poem).....	Seranus. 378
THE HISTORY OF PROFESSOR PAUL—Continued.....	Stuart Livingston. 378
A BRITISH HERO.....	380
OUR LIBRARY TABLE.....	380
LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.....	380
MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.....	B. Natural. 381
READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.....	381
CHESS.....	382

All articles, contributions, and letters on matters pertaining to the editorial department should be addressed to the Editor, and not to any other person who may be supposed to be connected with the paper.

THE Minister of Education for Ontario has done wisely to issue a commission, or assent to its issue, for the settlement of the vexed question whether every teacher in the Public Schools of Ontario is capable of teaching English, and whether English is efficiently taught in every school. Public interest in the matter has been aroused by the contradictory evidence heretofore published, some of it from sources politically friendly to the Government of which Mr. Ross is a member. It is to be presumed that the investigation will be so above board and thorough that the question of fact may be definitely settled. Nor will that be, by any means, the only advantage which should result. The veracity of the Minister and the extent and reliability of the information given by his Department are important matters in themselves, and it is in the interests of both Minister and Ministry that the serious doubts that have been raised should be quelled, and the damaging aspersions disproved by irrefutable evidence. But it is of even greater importance that the people should be enabled to know just how the matter stands at present, and to decide what is the right policy to be pursued in this difficult and delicate business. The report of an efficient commission should be most valuable to both Legislature and people as a basis for future action. The Cabinet, too, can have no real interest different from that of the public in such a matter. Should it unfortunately prove that Mr. Ross's statements in the House were hasty, or based on insufficient or misleading information, it will be much better for all concerned that the fact should be frankly admitted, and satisfactory assurance given that the policy of the Department will be promptly corrected.

WHEN the facts shall have been fully ascertained, and the report of the commission given to the public, it will, perhaps, be soon enough to consider more fully the course that should be pursued, and the principles that should govern, in the future. Some of the views that have been from time to time expressed are certainly

narrow and unreasonable. The argument which has been drawn from the policy of the British Government, in dealing with the Welsh, lacks the closeness of analogy which is needful to give it weight. None but an extremist will deny that the ratepayers in a district essentially French, are entitled to have their children instructed in their own language. Nor can any one whose opinion has weight suppose it possible that a school composed mainly of French children, knowing only their own mother tongue, can be efficiently instructed without the use of that language, particularly in the earlier years of the course. The real question is whether in an English Province, the English tongue cannot be taught and have the first place in every school receiving Government aid. We have seen no evidence to show, and we see no reason to suppose that any French parent, or, to say the least, any but a very few of the most ignorant and prejudiced, would object to have his children taught the language of the country in which they are to live—the language in which all the important business of the Province is carried on. On the contrary there seems good reason to believe that in the great majority of cases the parents are willing and anxious that their children should have the advantage of knowing English. All those higher considerations which should have especial weight with the Government, such as the necessity of a common language to the unification of the country, are so manifestly on the same side that it is scarcely necessary to present them. The main difficulty, we venture to say, springs from the lack of teachers with an adequate knowledge of both languages, or the difficulty of procuring such for the meagre salaries offered. This is no doubt a serious but surely not an invincible practical difficulty. Seeing how over-crowded all the avenues to the teaching profession admittedly are, and to how low a figure the salaries are brought down by competition, it must be safe to assume that a very small encouragement or premium would be needed to bring forward an abundant supply of teachers qualified in both languages, if such qualification were declared legally indispensable in certain localities.

A QUESTION of importance both financially and constitutionally, is likely to be raised in connection with the survey of the so-called Short Line route between Harvey and Salisbury. The Bill authorizing the construction of this line was, as our readers will remember, passed in the Commons, but thrown out by a large majority in the Senate. During the discussion in the Senate, in reply to an inquiry by Senator Miller, Hon. Mr. Abbott is reported as having said: "I may say most positively that no expenditure of any kind will be made on this road until it is sanctioned by Parliament." On the other hand, an Ottawa dispatch of the 13th inst. announces that the Railway Department has nearly completed all the arrangements for the survey of the Short Line route between Harvey and Salisbury, and that two surveying parties will be sent out almost immediately under the charge of Mr. Vernon Smith, C.E. The question is, by what authority or right the Government can go on to expend money on the survey, in view of the defeat of the Bill providing for such expenditure, and in spite of the seemingly distinct assurance of the Government leader in the Upper House? Its proposed action can hardly be justified on the ground that expenditure for surveys is not expenditure on the road, since the appropriation asked and refused was for surveys, and the words "of any kind," in Mr. Abbott's unequivocal promise would certainly exclude this form of expenditure. It can hardly be that, having the sanction of the Commons, which represents the power of the purse, the Government feels at liberty to disregard the action of the Senate in what may be considered, in one of its aspects, a purely financial matter, since the Senate is a constituent part of the Parliament from which all the powers of the Ministry are derived. It must be that the Government, having at its disposal a certain sum granted for the purpose of unspecified surveys, feels itself at liberty to use a portion of the fund in the manner indicated, relying on its ability, with the report of the surveyors in hand, to meet all objections and carry through the Short Line at the next session. To say nothing of the doubtful constitutionality of such a course, it is not easy to conjecture

what pressure the Government can hope to bring to bear to induce the Senate to reverse its decision.

ALL good Canadians will have listened with pleasure to the undertone of confidence and hope which runs through the speeches in which at the recent annual meeting in Montreal, President Van Horne and Sir George Stephen, respectively, moved and seconded the adoption of the report on the affairs of the company for the year 1888. The fact that, notwithstanding the effect produced by the exceedingly light crop of 1887 in Ontario, upon the receipts of the road—very little of the crop having been left for carriage in 1888—the net earnings were larger by nearly \$370,000 than those of 1887, and larger by \$170,000 than those of 1886, is encouraging. There is, however, matter for thought in the accompanying statement by Mr. Van Horne that while the serious effect of the falling off in freight business in Ontario was more than made good by business along the main line, and of through traffic to and from the Pacific Coast, the "through traffic had to be carried at rates affording comparatively small profits," and that in consequence this increase in the net earnings of the road was not in proportion to the increase of its gross earnings. This means, of course, that the local traffic has to pay more than its own proportion of the whole expenses and profits of the road, and so, by inference, a part of those which belong of right to the through traffic—an injustice analogous to that which called into being the Interstate Railway Commission of the United States. It is unfortunate but perhaps inevitable that the magnates of our two great trunk lines should deem it necessary to lecture each other at these annual meetings. The mutual recriminations detract a good deal from the dignity of these occasions. When President Van Horne says gravely, "What is not to their interest the Grand Trunk people will not do if they know it," the truism may be readily accepted, but one is inclined to ask curiously, not to say incredulously, whether the speaker meant to imply, and if so what evidence he could adduce to prove, that the Canadian Pacific people are accustomed to act on more disinterested principles. It may be that a good time is coming in which the managers of each will be as tenderly careful of the interests of the rival road as of those of their own, but when that day arrives the millenium will not be far off. Meanwhile the public will be satisfied if they engage in fair and honourable competition, without unnecessary quarrelling.

IN his interesting address before the Royal Canadian Society, at its recent annual meeting, Rev. Principal Grant asked and answered the question, "Who are the Canadians?" In his answer, as reported, he classified them according to their four constituent parts, or, as we should prefer to say, origins: First, the *habitants*, the original colonists; second, the U. E. Loyalists; third, the Scottish clans; fourth, the emigrants from Britain. The descendants from each of these classes have no reason to be ashamed of their ancestors, and will not readily forget them. But may it not be pertinently said that this classification is, after all, an answer to the question, Who were the Canadians? rather than to the one proposed? It would be most unfair and precarious to base a criticism upon a condensed newspaper report. Our object is not to criticize Dr. Grant's paper, which we do not doubt was excellent, but to point out a fact that is not made sufficiently prominent in many discussions of the future of Canada. The typical Canadian of to-day is, we take it, quite distinct from either of the classes described. He is the man born and bred in Canada. His father or his grandfather may have been English, or Scotch, or Irish; but the type has been remoulded by the influences of environment. We have no sympathy with nativism in any of its exclusive forms, but we are, we think, but stating a fact that will be obvious on a little reflection, and that must have a most important bearing on Canadian development, when we say that it is this native Canadian who must be reckoned with in all federation or other schemes. To him, Canada is native land, just as England is to the English, or Scotland is to the Scotch, emigrant. In nine cases out of ten, the native Canadian has never seen Great Britain, and never expects to see it. However he may revere the land of his forefathers for its glorious history, it is not to him, and

never can be to him, what it is to his neighbour who was born in England, Scotland, or Ireland. And, naturally enough, the ambition of this native-born Canadian is to develop a distinct Canadian nationality, with a life, a character, and a destiny all its own, rather than to make it a feeble, imperfect copy of the British. Divided and scattered as the population of Canada still is, the existence of this distinctively Canadian type—a type midway between the British and the American—is already a fact, recognized by every observant visitor. Is not this fact the most potent factor in Canadian development, and, at the same time, the one least taken into the account by most of those who speculate about the future of Canada?

WHATEVER may be one's view of the merits of the Anti-Jesuit agitation, most thoughtful observers must come to the conclusion that it is being, in some respects, seriously mismanaged. The playing at cross-purposes which is at times but too apparent is no doubt the result of partizan feeling, which it is impossible to suppress at once, and so cannot fairly be made a reproach to the movement itself, but only to certain of its supporters. But it can scarcely be doubted that the resolution to petition the Governor-General, as an alternative policy, to dismiss his constitutional advisers and appeal to the country is singularly ill-advised. To suppose that the Canadian people, after having wrought and fought for half-a-century to obtain full Responsible Government, should now seek to overthrow the fabric reared with so much toil and care, by asking the Governor-General to take the prerogative of dissolution again into his own hands, seems almost to border on the absurd. It is not easy to see how anyone who understands and cherishes the representative system can put his name to such a petition. True, substantially the same objection lies against asking his Excellency or his advisers to disallow the Act in face of the overwhelming vote in the Commons against disallowance. It seems as if the only logical course open to the people, assuming the great majority to be in favour of disallowance, is to move as individual constituencies against the members who no longer represent their views. Very few members would care to withstand a distinct demand for their resignation made by the great majority of their supporters. Here is a clear channel through which the Government may be effectually reached. But, strange to say, we have as yet heard of no instance in which the voters in any constituency have called for the resignation of their member in consequence of his obnoxious vote in the Commons. It may be questioned whether still another serious mistake is not being made by the committee's adopting the method of secret working, as seems to have been done in Quebec, and to some extent in Ontario. Outsiders cannot, of course, know all the strong reasons which may appear to render this necessary, but secret councils of any kind seem eminently un-Protestant, and it is surely a pity that those whose motto is "Light" should borrow in any respect the tactics of their Jesuit opponents.

A CONTRIBUTOR, "A. M. B.," presents in another column an outline of a proposed Imperial Congress, intended, we presume, to form the supreme legislative authority in the proposed Union of the Empire. The scheme is, so far as we are aware, the first attempt that has been made, at least in Canada, to give to Imperial Federation that "definiteness of development," the lack of which has hitherto been the chief obstacle in the way of its practical consideration. We shall gladly do what we can to elicit the views of Canadians, and to secure for the scheme critical consideration in the other colonies and in England. In order the better to effect this we shall refrain for the present from offering our own opinions or criticisms. It may not be amiss, however, to ask, without comment, as perhaps suggestive of points on which the light of criticism may be directed, a few of the many questions which crowd upon us as we read the details. The centre of interest is, as a matter of course, the Imperial Congress. This is to be presided over by a new British Cabinet Minister. What will be the relation of this minister to the Premier of Great Britain? What the relation of the Imperial Congress to the British Parliament? As all measures, in order to become law, would have to pass through the Imperial Congress after passing the two Houses of Parliament, does this imply authority in the former to block or defeat a measure that has been passed by the Commons and the Lords, and, if so, can the British Parliament and people be expected to take kindly to such an arrangement? If we understand the scheme, Great

Britain and Ireland would be represented in this Supreme Congress by but three representatives, and each of the federating colonies, Canada for instance, by the same number. Would not this put the forty millions or so of the "tight little isles" in a minority to which exception might with some reason be taken? Would all measures passed by the National Senate and Parliament (a novel distinction, it strikes us, as we had always supposed the latter to include the former) have to pass through the National Congress in order to become law? If so, would it not be rather hard on those venerable and hitherto supreme bodies? If not, who is to decide and how, what subjects of legislation shall come and what shall not come within the purview of the Imperial Congress? Finally, for the present, whence is derived the benefit to Canada, which is to compensate her for the expense and the sacrifice of autonomy necessarily implied in such an arrangement? These are but some of the points upon which, as it appears to us, fuller light is needed, and to which the attention of critics may be profitably directed.

NEW SOUTH WALES is, we believe, the only one of the Australian Colonies which does not pay or "indemnify" the members of its lower House of Parliament. Commenting upon the fact that an attempt is now being made in the parent colony to remedy this defect, the *Colonies and India* is terribly severe upon the "popular" legislators of that colony. "We have all along protested," it says, "that it would be an act of gross injustice to the New South Welsh taxpayer to squander his money on the mob of briefless barristers, plundering land-agents, and itinerant carpet-baggers, who succeed in cajoling constituencies to send them to the well-known bear garden in Macquarie Street, and whose goings-on, as reported in the Sydney papers from week to week, have become a standing disgrace to Colonial Legislatures." It seems at last, however, to have dawned upon the mind of the editor that it is possible that the two facts of the non-payment of members and their general worthlessness, may stand to each other in the relation of cause and effect. This sensible conclusion is materially strengthened by the recollection that in the younger colonies of New Zealand and Victoria, where the system of indemnifying members is in vogue, the character of the legislators is very much better. As a result of this comparison, the *Colonies and India* now admits it to be possible that the system of paying members may have brought out the better class of members in the other colonies, and may, after all, be a "desirable institution to adopt." Had the *Colonies and India* not been misled by the practice in Great Britain, in which the abundance of men of wealth and leisure destroys the analogy, it might have long ago seen that it is unreasonable and unfair to expect that, in a young and sparsely peopled colony, a sufficient number of men of the right stamp will come forward to do the work of legislation for nothing. They cannot afford to do it. Those who come to the front, and profess their willingness to serve for naught, will very often be found to be self-seeking adventurers, who trust to their wits to find means of recouping themselves for the pretended sacrifice—a sacrifice which no body of colonists has any right to expect.

THINGS must have come to a sad pass in regard to Ireland, if it be true that the Government finds it very difficult to name a successor to the Vice-royalty. It is not easy, it must be confessed, to reconcile such a fact with the explanation of the retirement of the Marquis of Londonderry which has been put forth, viz., that the crisis which called him to the helm is past, and smooth water again reached. Even English noblemen do not usually refuse a position because its duties are too light, if it is honourable and lucrative. The idea of sending a Royal Prince to preside in Dublin Castle, if ever it was seriously entertained, must now have been abandoned, in view of the chorus of disapproval with which it has been received in all quarters. The immediate outcome of this novel difficulty will be, it is not very rash to predict, that no successor to the retiring Viceroy will be sent. What substitute will be tried, or what effect the change will have on the fortunes of Ireland and its relations to Great Britain, it is hard to conjecture. It does not, however, follow that the transfer of the duties of this office to a commission, or to the Secretary of State direct, will be necessarily a step in the direction of Home Rule, though most persons will so regard it. It is quite possible that the *Times* may be right in arguing that the maintenance of the Irish Court favours the Nationalist views, and that its abolition may be made to tend in the opposite direction.

MR. PARNELL bluntly told Attorney-General Webster, in his cross-examination before the Commission Court, that a certain statement made by him in Parliament in 1887 was untrue, or if not untrue very extravagant and boastful, and that he did not doubt that it was made with the deliberate purpose of misleading the House. On returning to the witness-stand next day Mr. Parnell said that he had consulted Hansard and found that the statement in question had reference to a different society from that he had supposed, and was "fairly accurate" in respect to that society. In view of this modification it is intimated in certain quarters that those journals which commented adversely upon Mr. Parnell's first statement are bound in fairness to modify or withdraw their criticisms in the light of the second statement. For our own part we should have been quite ready to do so, if we could, for we admire the cool, clear and wonderfully frank manner in which Mr. Parnell gave his evidence and replied to all questions. It would have been a pleasure to be able to believe in the perfect rectitude and honourable intention of so clever a leader. But, unhappily, we are unable to see that the explanation lessens, in any material point or degree, the gravity of the charge. The fact remains that Mr. Parnell coolly declared himself capable of solemn falsification on the floor of Parliament. A man, conscious of absolute rectitude and honourable intention, would, it appears to us, have at once indignantly protested that it was simply impossible that he should have made any statement at any time which he did not at the time believe to be strictly true. The ready acceptance of the theory of falsehood or exaggeration is equivalent to an open admission that such tactics would have been resorted to had the occasion demanded. The main question, so far as onlookers from this side of the Atlantic are concerned, is one of character. When it has been established on a man's own evidence that he is capable of a certain discreditable act, the question whether he was actually guilty of that act at a given time and place becomes a matter of secondary importance. At the same time we gladly admit that the prosecution seems so far to have utterly failed to connect Mr. Parnell or the National League with any act of violence or outrage.

THE astounding bribery that was almost openly resorted to during the late Presidential election has had the effect of opening the eyes of a good many in the United States to the danger inherent in their electoral system. All efforts to reach the evil through the courts, or even to secure any searching investigation have proved abortive. It is pretty clear that the wire-pullers of both parties are about equally indisposed to having their methods too curiously inquired into. But a number of the States have been driven, in alarm at the wide-spread corruption, to adopt more stringent laws for the prevention of bribery and intimidation. In most cases the Legislatures have contented themselves with adopting a system somewhat akin to the Canadian, especially in the provision made for the secrecy of the ballot. The Legislature of Massachusetts has now before it a measure which goes much further, and which, if passed, can scarcely fail to prove still more effective. It provides that every political campaign committee in state, city, town or district, which expends over \$100, shall have a treasurer, through whose hands shall pass all the money received or expended, who shall keep a detailed account of all receipts and expenditures, and shall, within twenty days after election, "file with the secretary of the commonwealth a return, setting forth all the committee's receipts and a detailed statement of all its expenditures and disbursements." A similar detailed statement is required from the person elected to Congress or any state office. These statements, as a matter of course, are to be made under oath. These provisions are similar in principle to those which have proved so effective in England. This system provides so simple and direct a check upon undue and corrupt expenditures and so ready a means of tracing such expenditures that it is a wonder it is not adopted in substance by every State and Province which is really in earnest in striving to secure purity of elections. It is much needed as an addition to our Canadian legislation.

UNHAPPY is the man who, occupying a position of prominence, and being called upon to express opinions upon questions which excite public interest, finds himself at the mercy of the press news-agents in the matter of making known his sentiments to the public. That public, in its turn, is less unhappy only in the proportion in which it may be less deeply interested, seeing that it is obliged to rely upon the same medium for its information.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY IN REPLY.

A striking instance has just now been furnished in the case of Mr. Erastus Wiman's evidence before the Inter-State Commerce Committee, in New York. Mr. Wiman, if the latest report may be accepted, states to a reporter that the Associated Press despatches, upon which the general reader is obliged to rely, and which are scattered broadcast over the United States and Canada, are most incorrect and misleading. He instances no less than five or six statements of considerable importance ascribed to him, and declares that he not only did not say what he is thus reported to have said in each case, but that what he did actually say was radically different. The same issue of one of our morning papers gave on one page a long editorial article filled with quotations from the press reports, and arguments based upon these quotations, proving Mr. Wiman out of his own mouth, as thus reported, to be a dishonest conspirator, utterly unworthy of trust; and in another column Mr. Wiman's own emphatic declaration, not only that he did not say the things attributed to him, but that he did say in each case something almost the opposite, and wholly unobjectionable. Assuming the substantial correctness of Mr. Wiman's own version, as we may pretty safely do on grounds of inherent probability if on no other, the case is a hard one. All experience shows that no denial he may make, however vehement or well substantiated, can ever overtake the slander or undo the injury. The first perverted version of his words will be accepted and quoted, and made the basis of hostile comment, so long as the questions at issue continue to agitate and divide the public mind.

A SEVERE logical test will be applied to the British principle of free-trade when the Bill for giving effect to the Sugar Bounties' Convention comes up for discussion. Lord Herschell and Mr. John Morley have given notice that their political friends will oppose the Bill. It is not unlikely that a number of Liberal-Unionists will do the same. The question as it presents itself to the English mind is both interesting and difficult. It can hardly be denied that the sugar refiners have a grievance. Their business has been injured and in some cases ruined, and their workmen deprived of their employment. But, on the other hand, the manufacture of preserves, candies and other products into which sugar enters as a raw material, has been stimulated, so that it is claimed there has been no loss but rather a large increase of employment. If it be admitted that the effect of the foreign bounties has been to give the people of England cheaper sugar, it is pretty clear that they are gainers rather than losers, that the abolition of the Bounty System will be injurious on the whole, and that the Government, in seeking to secure this result, has been doing harm to the country. The discussion will, no doubt, be interesting.

A HORRIBLE interest attaches to the approaching execution of the murderer Kemmler in New York State, as it will be the first case of capital punishment under the new law. The murder was one of peculiar brutality, and the convict is entitled to no special sympathy. But the fact that he has incurred the death penalty will bring up afresh all the doubts and misgivings excited by the new and strange provisions of the New York Act. As a humane (?) innovation, no specific day of execution is to be fixed. Consequently, it is argued by some, the condemned wretch will be kept in constant apprehension that every moment may be his last, and thus the "humanity" prove to be excruciating torture. Strong exception is not unnaturally taken to the exclusion of press representatives and the prohibiting of publication of anything beyond the bare fact that the sentence has been carried out. This, it is forcibly contended, is contrary to the spirit of the Republic and of the time, and will be openly disregarded. But the most harrowing fears are called forth by the new and untried method of inflicting the death penalty—by electricity. It seems probable that the authorities must have satisfied themselves regarding the efficiency and certainty of the apparatus to be used, or will do so in time to prevent the possibility of miscarriage. But the public seem unaware that any such result has been reached, and are in dread of some unprecedented horror. It is freely predicted by some of the newspapers that the first execution by electricity will also be the last, and should there be any bungling the prediction is very likely to be verified. Otherwise, there is a possibility of its being speedily adopted in other States and lands as a substitute for the harrowing barbarity of the rope.

NOT long ago Professor Huxley fell foul of a paper read by Principal Wace at the Manchester Church Congress on the subject of Agnosticism. In the course of his remarks he also referred to an expression employed by Bishop Magee of Peterborough, complaining that the Right Reverend Prelate had spoken of a "cowardly Agnosticism." As Dr. Huxley was the author of this term, at least in its modern application, he felt bound to take up the cudgels in its defence, and he did so in his usual uncompromising manner. His paper produced two replies, one quite brief from the Bishop of Peterborough, in his usual inimitable Pascalian style, and the other a thorough, learned, and elaborate essay by Dr. Wace.

To these two articles Professor Huxley publishes a rejoinder in the *Nineteenth Century* for April, to which we now propose to draw attention. One thing it is not quite pleasant to notice in this article, namely, that the writer is somewhat angry, writes, in short, as if he had been driven into a corner, and needed to strike out. Dr. Huxley is so able a writer, and has such admirable command of pure, nervous English, that it is much to be regretted that this feeling should interfere with the reader's pleasure in reading what he writes—a pleasure which may be lawfully enjoyed without one's agreeing with the opinions which he expresses.

It is not possible even to refer to many points brought forward in Dr. Huxley's article. To discuss even a small portion of them would require a volume instead of a brief paper. It is quite easy to scatter doubts right and left, to affirm and deny, to refer casually to authorities without occupying much space. When we proceed to meet those doubts, to negate the affirmations or affirm the negations, we cannot afford to be quite so offhand. We must, therefore, be contented to select some special points in this article, and give our reasons for thinking we may still refuse to admit that we "know nothing," that we are mere agnostics, with reference to the supernatural origin of the Christian religion. We, therefore, pass by Dr. Huxley's remarks on the Lord's Prayer, and on the Sermon on the Mount, and others of the same kind, as having very little bearing on the real question, and draw attention to some points which both sides must recognize as vital.

We should have a good deal to offer in the way of protest against some of the Professor's remarks on the Gospels in general; but we will here confine ourselves to what he says on the Resurrection of the Lord Jesus from the dead, and principally to three remarks which we will here first set down in a condensed form. Dr. Huxley says (1) that the narrative of the resurrection in the first gospel and those in the third gospel and the Acts are "hopelessly discrepant with one another;" (2) that St. Paul, after having assurance of Christ's appearing to him, "abstained from any re-examination of the facts;" (3) that "the sepulchre might have been vacated" without any miracle at all. We propose to offer a few observations on these points.

1. With respect to the alleged discrepancies between the Gospels named and the Acts, we will venture to say two things, first, that the different accounts given of the resurrection are clearly independent, so that one does not borrow from the other. Of course the Acts of the Apostles is, by common consent, from the same hand as the third Gospel. But, secondly, we remark, that, whilst there are just such differences between the different accounts as we might expect from different witnesses who were giving honest testimony to what they had seen or heard, there is really no difference whatever between their substantial testimony. As Professor Huxley does not mention the points in which these discrepancies occur, we cannot be sure that we know what he means. But we would ask any honest and impartial reader to turn to the various accounts of the resurrection in the Gospels, to select, for example, those parts which present the strongest appearance of discrepancy, namely, the references to the discovery of the open sepulchre, and then to say whether they do not all leave very much the same impression upon the mind of the reader. We would ask whether the words which are there written down might not have been spoken, with perfect sincerity, in the witness box by men who had perfect knowledge of the events which are there recorded. No jury would regard the testimony of one of these witnesses as inadmissible or doubtful; and this is the question in point. How far these differences may be in accordance with any special theory of Inspiration is another question, and is a question which concerns Christians and theologians; but it is one which does not in any way affect the historical character of the narratives, and that is the question between Christians and unbelievers.

2. Dr. Huxley tells us that St. Paul, having become satisfied, by means of a vision, that Jesus had risen from the dead, "is most careful to tell us that he abstained from any re-examination of the facts." Now, we wish to treat Dr. Huxley with perfect respect, with more respect than he accords to our belief, but we must point out that here he falls into a double error. St. Paul, in the passage quoted by the Professor (Galatians i. 16, 17), is referring not so much, or at all, to the resurrection, but to the gospel which he received from Christ Himself. St. Paul was called and qualified for a particular work, and it seemed good that he should not get his knowledge of Christianity at second hand, but that he should receive it from Christ Himself, as the other apostles had done. Surely an unprejudiced mind might discover here some support for the apostle's view of his own calling. He says he received his gospel from Christ; he certainly taught the same gospel as the other apostles. Unless we have determined beforehand that there can or shall be no communication of truth from a higher world, there is surely here some evidence of such communication.

But, again, we are told that the apostle "abstained from any re-examination of the facts." This statement, in a literal sense, may be true; but it is calculated to convey an impression which is quite the reverse of true. It suggests that St. Paul set to work to teach men the truth of the resurrection, having nothing but his own (perhaps purely subjective) impressions to rely upon. Now, every reader of St. Paul's first epistle to the Corinthians knows how far this is from being the case. No one now doubts the genuineness of that epistle, or that the fifteenth chapter, in particular, was written by St. Paul. Now, it is quite true that the apostle had no doubt of the reality of the resurrection; but it is equally obvious that he did not ask men to believe in the fact upon his own sole testimony. On the contrary he was careful to gather together the most remarkable appearances of Christ after His resurrection, so as to take away from men all pretext for unbelief.

The list of appearances which he furnishes is, in various respects, noteworthy. But one instance may be given which illustrates a part of his history and his relations to the other apostles. St. Paul mentions the appearance of Jesus, after the resurrection, to Peter and to James. The appearance to St. Peter is noticed by St. John; but there is no account, in any of the gospels, of the appearance to St. James. Now, St. Paul tells us that, when some time after his conversion, he went up to Jerusalem, he saw Peter and James. Doubtless it was on this occasion that they told him of the circumstances in which they had seen the risen Lord. At any rate there is no evidence, in St. Paul's manner of dealing with this subject, of the unreflecting enthusiasm which bids men believe what they want to find true, without any sufficient evidence. Here, as elsewhere, St. Paul is thoroughly rational and free from any trace of such enthusiasm as would have impaired his power of understanding the value of evidence.

3. If anything, the last point that we have noticed in Dr. Huxley's Polemicon is the most serious of the three. He insinuates that the body of Jesus was stolen from the grave between what we should call Good Friday and Easter Day. If an agnostic can be said to have any belief or disbelief on such a subject, it is clear that this is Dr. Huxley's belief. He does not say whether he accepts the theory that Jesus did not die on the cross, but was taken down from it in a state of suspended animation. But whatever he may think on this subject, we thought that all reasonable men had abandoned the notion that such a resurrection would account for the acknowledged facts in the history of the disciples of Christ.

These men, shortly after the death of their Master, went abroad through Jerusalem, and from Jerusalem through Palestine, declaring that their Master was the Lord of life, that He had conquered death and the grave and had gone up into heaven. Whence did they gain this conviction? As a matter of fact, they did gain it. No one imagines that they pretended to a belief which they did not really entertain. But how did they arrive at that belief? Will Dr. Huxley or his adherents read what Strauss has said on this subject? Dr. Strauss did not believe in the resurrection, but still less did he believe that the revivification of a half-dead man could account for the new faith that was awakened in the apostles.

But whether Dr. Huxley holds this particular theory or any other, he does clearly insinuate that Jesus did not "rise again from the dead," that the sepulchre was found empty simply because the body of the Lord had been stolen from the tomb between the Friday and Sunday. Now, this leaves us open to only one of two suppositions. Either the body was removed by the friends of Christ or it was

taken away by His enemies. In the first case, the apostles must be judged deceivers and impostors; in the second case, we ask how the enemies of Christ could permit the apostles to preach the resurrection without producing the dead body of the Crucified? The dilemma is surely obvious, and we cannot see how it can be escaped from. We are asked to believe that all Jerusalem was ringing with the story of the resurrection, that there were men living who had the simplest means of contradicting the story, and yet that the truth never leaked out.

We are glad that Dr. Huxley has ventured upon a field on which it is not difficult to meet him. If he had stuck to the matter of the "Galilean pigs," as he elegantly calls them, it might have been difficult to answer his "railing;" but in the case of the resurrection the case is quite different.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF CANADA.

THE Seventh Annual Meeting of the Royal Society of Canada took place in Ottawa on Tuesday, May 7th. Members and delegates registered themselves at the Office of the Secretary, Dr. Bourinot, in the House of Commons at ten o'clock, and at eleven the general meeting for business was held in the Railway Committee Room. The President, Mr. Sandford Fleming, occupied the chair; and the Secretary read the report for the year. The delay in the appearance of the "Transactions of the Society" was caused by the incomplete nature of many of the papers. Four vacancies were filled up during the year—three in the English section and one in the Mathematical. In 1887 a committee was appointed to consider the proposition of taking steps in the direction of an Imperial Union of the services of similar societies, in connection with the Imperial Institute, to co-operate in developing and illustrating the resources of the Empire. A favourable report having been returned, the committee was further instructed to communicate on the subject with the authorities of the Imperial Institute.

Delegates from affiliated societies were introduced, representing The Society of Canadian Literature, The Natural History Society, The Numismatical and Antiquarian Society, The Society for Historical Study, The Literature and History Society, The Geographical Society, The Quebec Institut Canadien, The Ottawa Institut Canadien, The Field Naturalist Club, The Entomological Society, The Toronto Canadian Institute and the Nova Scotia Historical Society.

At half-past one the society proceeded to Government House, and having registered, assembled in the drawing-room, where Mr. Sandford Fleming read an address to His Excellency, expressing the hope that he would be pleased to accept the position of Honorary President, which his predecessors had filled; giving a sketch of the origin and objects of the Society; referring to its basis as the same in principles of liberality and unity as that upon which our Confederation is founded; and concluding with complimentary allusions to His Excellency's illustrious father, who had won many academic honours in the study of the ancient poets and in his successful rendering of the Iliad into matchless English verse. The address was beautifully illuminated and bound in handsome red morocco. After receiving it His Excellency made a courteous and happy reply, one of those airy, fairy, self-adjusting utterances which constitute the first and foremost qualification for his position.

After some delay from dilatory Cabinet Ministers, the company, by special invitation, sat down to luncheon, one of the most superb and magnificently appointed entertainments that has ever graced Rideau Hall.

At half-past four the literary work of the Society commenced. His Excellency occupied the chair, and all the meetings being open to the public, Lady Stanley, as well as many distinguished ladies and gentlemen, were present. Mr. Sandford Fleming delivered his presidential address, which, touching on the fact that of the eighty original members seven had passed away, and that the Society had reason to congratulate itself upon the justification of all its elections, consisted of a learned examination and inquiry into the origin of the two great races which form our Dominion. L'Abbé Casgrain, one of the most scholarly and cultured of gentlemen, followed with an address on the objects of the several sections, after which His Excellency expressed the pleasure he had in listening to two such able representatives of the Society, and to the exhaustive and masterly discussions of such important topics.

Thereafter the various sections distributed themselves, and under their respective officers entered upon the duties of the season. The papers, though mostly by specialists, were not above the comprehension of the popular mind. But the popular mind in Ottawa is an indefinable quality as well as quantity, and the learned gentlemen were not too much disturbed in their scientific and literary flights by the repeated necessity of coming down to terrestrial explanations. The scope and sweep of the papers may be gathered from the following partial list:—

- The Study of Political Science in Canada.
- Trade and Commerce in the Stone Ages.
- The Cartography of the Gulf of St. Lawrence.
- Nematophytin.
- De Marseilles à Oran, Souvenirs d'Afrique.
- L'Empereur Maximilien du Mexique.
- The Historical Influence of Physical Geography.
- Canadian Pre-Railway Trans-Continental Journeys.

Trilinear Co-ordinates on the Sphere, and Oblique Co-ordinates in Geometry of three dimensions.

A Problem of Political Science.

Papers on Higher Mathematics.

The Ore Deposit of the Treadmill Mine, Alaska.

The Microscopical Character of the said Ore.

Fossil Sponges from Beds of the Quebec Group of Sir Wm. Logan at Little Metis.

Copper Deposits of the Sudbury District.

Geography and Geology of the Big Bend of the Columbia.

On Wednesday evening a public meeting of the French Section was held in the small chamber, and was attended by a free gathering of the society and some outsiders. His Excellency, having expressed a desire to hear L'Abbé Casgrain, presided. Principal Grant addressed the audience on "Who are Canadians?" L'Abbé gave an oration on "The Death of Montcalm;" several poems were recited, and His Excellency made a speech in French.

At a general meeting of the Society on Wednesday and another on Thursday, it was resolved that the Council select four members for three years from the past membership of the Council in order to ensure permanency; it was suggested that in future the meetings of the Society be inaugurated by a conversazione; the question of extending the term of Presidency from one, to three or to five years, was discussed and deferred till next session; a committee was appointed to welcome in the name of the Society the American Society of Mining Engineers in Ottawa in the autumn. A committee was nominated to meet the American Association for the Advancement of Science in Toronto; and the following officers for the ensuing year were elected:—L'Abbé Casgrain, President; Principal Grant, Vice-President; Dr. Bourinot, Secretary, and Dr. Selwyn, Treasurer.

Mr. Sandford Fleming entertained a select party of members at luncheon in the Rideau Club, and on Thursday afternoon the entire Society was invited to a garden party at Government House, where the lovely weather, the beautiful spring greens, music, and refreshments in the Tennis Court added to the charming hospitality of Their Excellencies.

The meeting is admitted to have been one of the most successful in the history of the Society. But it may be worth the consideration of the august body whether the papers are not too numerous, and the periods for discussion too limited; whether the advantages of meeting occasionally in Toronto or Montreal might not outweigh the disadvantages; and whether it may not be matter for especial enquiry and effort to induce a more enthusiastic attendance on the part of the public. The influence of a society of specialists meeting in every part of the country, discussing questions of vital and universal importance to the nation, in the broad, liberal, popular spirit which ought to characterize men of learning, and to audiences made up of all classes of the people, may be one of incalculable extent and value, and, aside from everything else, may well be set before the Royal Society of Canada as its chief *raison d'être*.
RAMBLER.

Ottawa.

AT SEA.

BENEATH a moving canopy of blue,
With sunny clouds slow drifting from the west,
Or stars which strike their fires to ocean's floor,
We cleave a shining path the waters through.
Sometimes we see from out our gallant bark
The great round sun drop to his crimsoned rest;
Sometimes we see him, like a mighty spark
Of opal fire, upflash from seas of grey,
And through the chilly mists of dawn outpour
His saffron splendours o'er the azure day.
Great God, how glows Thy vesture in our sight!
How throbs at touch of Thine the glad some sea!
These are the gleaming symbols of Thy might,
And speak Thy presence from eternity.
The sound of many waters soft and strong,
Are Thy sweet whispers breaking into song.

THEODORE H. RAND.

LONDON LETTER.

THOUGH "Wealth" at the Haymarket cannot by any courtesy be called a success, it is not so much the fault of the author as it is that of Mr. Tree, a fact Mr. Tree ought clearly to understand, but which I am afraid will never enter that gentleman's mind. Given an adequate "Matthew Ruddock," and the play would have succeeded. It isn't the work of a genius by any means, but it is full of excellent commonplace stuff, and would have been most acceptable at the Adelphi, for instance, where any one of the actors of the older fashion would have pulled it triumphantly through. Pinero has spoilt many of us for the ordinary comedy or drama by his admirable dialogue, full of the unmistakable literary touch, by his skilful ingenious construction, but I think there are comparatively few in an audience who care to pull a play to pieces in order to find out why they like or dislike it, and I am sure there are a great many honest souls who prefer that language and action should be of such a character that they can understand both with the least possible effort. On the first night of "Wealth," then, when Mr. Jones began to unroll his neat little design, with his central figure sharply defined (no impressionist vagaries for him),

the colours painted very black, so that the stupidest of us couldn't make any mistake in his character, the hero very quiet, a pair of sportive lovers, and a pair of lackadaisical ones, we knew pretty well what we had to expect, and could have sketched a fairly correct outline of all that was to follow. We knew the young lady with the train-ante voice and the long skirts would be crossed in love, and would refuse to hold up her head till the end of the fourth act; we knew that the comic young gentleman with the crooked face and disordered black hair (who really was very comic indeed) was there to make us laugh, and nobly he fulfilled his mission; we liked, as it was intended we should, the good people, and despised the bad. So far all was right. But what Mr. Tree was trying to make out of his perfectly simple part none of us could discover. We forgave him his first extravagant entrance, and said to ourselves, "Were we actor-managers, doubtless we too should behave in the like conceited fashion;" we tried to forgive his absurd Lancashire accent, which he frequently forgot, but we could not forgive the manner in which he tortured us with those tremendous soliloquies (I believe he writes himself these soliloquies Haymarket frequenters have learnt to dread), with those wearisome ravings, and extravagant gestures, and when he died to slow music, a red light full on his face, and for all the world as if he were Mrs. Bernard Beere, I am sure we were very much relieved. That the man who acted "Captain Swift" so admirably could make as "Matthew Ruddock" such mistakes—mistakes in the worst taste—seems very odd. If he were an artist one would say he was attacked with colour-blindness; he uses the most flaming vermilion and cobalt-blue for the central figure, which should have been drawn in half-tones and which he has sketched out of all proportion to the rest of the picture.

"I must go to the city; it is Board Day," cried Tree at one period. "It's Bored Night," growled my yawning companion at which small joke some one near us looked so scandalized, I am afraid we were sitting by Mr. Tree's sister, or his cousin, or his aunt.

After all was over, and we had been thanked from the stage for our kindly reception of the play—your first night friends are sneaks and dare not speak their minds; each applauding critic, too, knew he meant to abuse everything next day in the papers—we turned in at the Café de l'Europe, one of the old comfortable supperhouses long ago put into the shade by the brilliant places that have sprung up everywhere. Nobody but cockneys know of this cheerful room with its lines of interesting portraits left by the company of French comedians over here in 1720 (under the patronage of His Grace, the Duke of Montagu) and who brought with the rest of their properties these excellent counterfeit presentations, amongst the best of which are Louis XIV., and Marie Teczinska, and the Old Pretender, and his wife. But not even a cockney can give you anything like a reliable history of the place, anyone with whom you may speak on the subject insisting that this large saloon was once the greenroom of the old Haymarket Theatre, pulled down nearly seventy years ago, whereas the whole of the Little Playhouse, as it was called, could hardly have exceeded the space on which the café stands. What is more probable is that when the new theatre was built in 1820 the café was erected on the site of the old theatre, and as the furniture of the demolished greenroom was all sold then these pieces were no doubt bought for the further adornment of the new coffee-house. It has been known as an actor's dining place through the reigns of George IV., William IV., and Victoria, and here the stage-struck young gentlemen in the old days would go for the sake of watching Liston, Robson, Wright, Keeley, or the elder Farran as they sat at dinner, just as in our own time they have foregathered here to have the pleasure of being in the same room as Buckstone, Sothorn, or old Webster. The boxes into which the place is divided in the fashion dear to the Londoner's heart are generally full whatever time one comes, full of the quiet middle class, who like to be in the touch with the respectable members of a racketty profession, who keep up the old tradition and stroll in for a chop at five, or a welsh-rabbit at eleven, as their fathers have done before them. Only one fracas has ever disturbed the elderly peace of mind of the café, and that was on the occasion when a certain newspaper, since dead, insulted an actor. After the impertinent paragraph appeared, the subject of it sent a polite note one afternoon (I fancy it was the Matinee of "Jim the Penman") to the editor of the paper, who was enjoying himself in the stalls, and who innocently accepting the invitation came in here between the acts, when he was promptly fallen upon and thrashed by the indignant actor. Beyond this noisy episode the place has no history (the happier for that, they say), and I am told that all through the rough times when the Charlies were gradually giving way for the Peelers, and this part of town was proverbially ill-governed, the Café de l'Europe kept up its character, never losing one of its respectable clients, though the way to their dinners and suppers lay through such disorder. In the heart of the Haymarket quarter the café stands, an interesting survival of the fittest old London coffee-houses, an admirable example of a side of life that is gradually slipping away from us in these days of French-decorated restaurants and glaring electric light.

Loitering home under the stars, along the famous way bordered on the right with fine historic houses, and on the left by the sloping lawns of the Green Park, I heard the following bare little anecdote, which I present to anyone with a turn for story-writing as a germ for a society novel. It has one merit: it is true.

"She was awfully pretty," said my companion, "and only seventeen when Routh, the painter, insisted on marrying her, taking her home to live in Newman Street with his stiff and starched old sister who was entirely given up to good works in the East End. She hated good works: she hated being made to sit everlastingly to Routh for his pictures, which she was sensible enough to see would never get hung or sold they were so infernally bad, and she couldn't get on with her sister-in-law, and couldn't endure the dull, cramped life they led, and the stupid, incompetent people they saw, as stupid and incompetent as her husband. Why did she marry him? I don't know unless it was that she had no money, and no people of her own; and she thought an artist would give her some position and fun, and, besides, anything was better than governessing. But the thing didn't work. Whenever you dropped into his chilly, ugly, little painting-room you felt there was something wrong in the atmosphere. He hardly looked up from his Portias and Jocosas and she would be staring into the fire with a frown on her face; but generally she was out, no one knew where. I think they had been married six months when she announced to her family that she had joined a travelling company of actors at a salary of two pounds a week, and was starting with her companions for Wolverhampton that evening. They were to begin with 'The School for Scandal,' she said, and she hoped her husband would lend her the dresses he had painted in his picture of the Screen Scene. Routh made a horrible row, and vowed that if she persisted in this mad scheme she should never come back to his house, and as a matter of fact she never did. I used to see more of him after she had gone. He grew very grey. He did better work.

"One day Miss Routh told me they had heard her brother's wife had got into some kind of trouble and had drowned herself in the Serpentine, and that her brother had been told, and had recognized the body at the Receiving House in the park by the marks on the linen. After that he spoke of her to me once or twice, a thing he had never done since she left; and he finished a sketch he had painted of her in the early days, and hung it by the mantelpiece.

"Well, a year or two afterwards, while a model was sitting to Routh, he was called out of the room, and when he came back again he found her in front of his wife's portrait. 'That lady's husband has taken the Squire's house in our village' she said. 'They are very rich: he gives the largest subscription to the Cricket Club of anybody.' 'That lady is dead,' Routh answered in such a tone that the girl daren't say another word then; but later, just before she left, she began speaking about the sketch again, and her story amounted to this: She could swear that she had seen the original at church in the Essex village only a Sunday or two ago, and that, moreover, the lady had worn the same silver bangle as that drawn in the sketch: and she described a certain trick of the hands and turn of the head by which Routh knew that she must have seen his wife.

"He has told me of his journey down to Essex and of their chance meeting in the churchyard. She was going to decorate the altar for the next day's service and he was on his way to ask of the parson particulars about the newcomers at the Manor House. Please would he go back to town and not disturb her, she said, she was very contented and happy, and liked the country. She supposed the mistake about the drowned girl (who was one of the travelling company) had arisen because she had been given all Mrs. Routh's clothes when Mrs. Routh left the stage and came to live here. She had seen the announcement of her own death in the papers; but didn't care to contradict it. What did it matter? Did she want to be divorced? Oh no; if ever she did she'd let Routh know. Was he still at the old address? She gave him a bit of lily of the valley, and he returned to London by the next train.

"Not long after Routh heard from her that she was in distress and he sent her £100 a year for some time. Then she asked to be set free; and she married once, if not twice, but neither time very happily. He has never spoken to her since that afternoon in the Essex churchyard; and lives on, unmarried, still in Newman Street, and still painting impossible scenes from the 'Vicar of Wakefield' and the like, while she is on the stage again; and looks so young and so pretty." WALTER POWELL.

MONTREAL LETTER.

THE quaint little Church of St. James the Apostle has just celebrated its Silver Wedding. Its beloved rector, the Rev. Jacob Ellegood, dates his reminiscences of his work here as far back as 1847, when ship fever and black smallpox raged among immigrants from Ireland, where famine had so impoverished their systems that they fell an easy prey to the dread diseases. Seven of Mr. Ellegood's co-workers were cut down from infection caught in the discharge of their daily routine of visiting and help, and as many as 6000 men and women were buried in one grave. A large boulder down at "The Point," with an inscription marks the spot. In 1863 the first suggestion of his present pretty church was made. A lady and gentleman presented the site, then surrounded by primitive nature, now by grocers and plumbers (primitive art), and supplemented their gift by an addition of \$4000, afterwards increased to \$8000. Thus started, the suggestion grew apace, and the more that others contributed the more the original benefactors left them far behind in gifts. The tower in memory of a cherished past, the surplices for the choir, \$6000 for an organ, and

recently the chime and bells, all came from the same generous spirits. All that remains to be given is a chapel-of-ease, with free seats for all-comers, and doubtless Mr. Ellegood shall soon arrive at this desired achievement.

The Wesleyan Church College had a most successful convocation. Ferrier Hall was crowded, and hundreds were sent unadmitted away. The venerable Dr. Douglas presided, and satisfactory reports of the year's work were presented.

An interesting gathering of a similar nature took place at Laval University, where the College of Physicians and Surgeons of the Province of Quebec met for the annual formalities. Of 110 candidates for admission to medicine 82 passed, and 19 others in supplementary subjects on which they had been previously tripped up. The College appointed a committee to consider the demand of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Manitoba for reciprocity of licenses in the two Provinces, and the President urged a federation of degrees for the Empire.

Mr. Charles A. E. Harriss, organist of the Church of St. James the Apostle, has, with all artistic enthusiasm announced and organized a May Festival of Music, and it is most devoutly to be hoped that, not only for Mr. Harriss' sake, and our own sake, but on behalf of the distinguished talent he is bringing on, we shall do our part of it. Miss Emma Juch, Signor Perotti, Miss Adèle Aus Der Ohe, and a Symphony Orchestra made up from Boston and New York, as well as other famous names, constitute the attractions. The Festival consists of a varied programme for the evening of the 13th and the afternoon of the 14th, and a Grand Wagner night on the evening of the 14th, with scenes from "Tannhäuser," "Meistersinger," "Flying Dutchman," "Lohengrin," and "Die Walküre."

Gounod's Oratorio, "The Redemption," was rendered in Trinity Church, and "The Holy City," which made a hit on Good Friday evening by a choir of fifty, is to be repeated.

The arrangements for the celebration of the Queen's Birthday are rapidly developing. In addition to the Queen's Own from Toronto, and the Governor-General's Foot Guards from Ottawa, regiments from Quebec, Kingston, Sherbrooke and St. John's are expected to take part in the pageant. The city, public corporations and private citizens are all putting their shoulder to the wheel, and the Field Day is likely to be something we need not be ashamed of.

The unnatural inflation of building in Montreal has subsided into what may turn out to be a collapse. A rush has been made for neat, small and inexpensive houses, leaving their more pretentious neighbours to look after themselves. Whole blocks of new houses and stores stand still unoccupied. The Grand Trunk railway has at last come to terms about the Sub-way difficulty, having agreed to pay half of the cost (\$64,000), and half of the damages to property. The season of sunstrokes has commenced, and the daily consumption of water has increased by two and a half millions of gallons. The dread of an ice famine is upon us, the harvest being only 22 inches instead of 36 in thickness. Prices will be high as supplies are low.

The City Surveyor has been granted leave for three months to visit England and France in search of rest, and new ideas upon improved methods of paving and harbour protection. May all the old shoes of the season go after him! The island ferries and wharves have received their spring inspection. The mountain is being swept and garnished, and newly-painted benches are seeking shady nooks. But the dust on the drives! What shall we do with it? And the wholesale robbery of wild flowers and wealth of blossom! Not a button-hole, or even a bouquet, but arms and baskets full. Not the desire to pick one, but the determination to leave none.

The City Improvement Association has had an important meeting and discussed a varied and extensive field. Narrow tires on wagon wheels cut up the streets. Wide tires weld them into a more solid mass. Hints were thrown out weeks ago, and friendly threats of taxing the narrow. But there are many "blind horses" in Montreal, and only one company took the hint. On good, smooth streets the narrow is easiest for draught, but on ours the broad seems a necessity. Overhead wires, too, came up in the meeting, and the danger arising from the complication of the system, which led into an unfruitful debate as to the financial value of our lines. No one seems to have asked what right these telephones have to attach themselves to and support themselves by the roofs of our houses without our permission. The poles also came in for their share of attention,—the nuisance, the size, the number, the ugliness, the interruption to pedestrians which they present on every hand. Tenement houses, too, to ensure safety and health, ought to be regulated and controlled in construction and plan. It is only when a man raises himself to the position of an inmate of a jail that the condition of his accommodation is worthy of official examination and report. Dissipated dogs, who have lost their latch-key and bark all night to find it, are to be handed over to the police. They have been handed over long ago by statute, but the police are to be begged to accept them, and a committee was appointed for the purpose. Then our yards and back lanes, with private stables, brought up the rear of the programme, and the meeting could not agree as to the right a man had to house his horses behind his own house, not so much because of the relation of his stable to his own house, as on account of its relation to others, being, evidently, in front of one, east of a second, and west of a third.

The Woman movement is like a rolling stone. At every turn it gains in impetus and momentum. At a quarterly meeting of the General Hospital a member intimated that it was his intention to help on the medical education of women by proposing at a future meeting that their names be made eligible for election to the hospital staff, and that when qualified they should be allowed hospital practice as well as men. If the women should fail in getting what they want from McGill, he would suggest they hand their endowment over to the Hospital, where they could get as good a medical education as anywhere. Another member did not see why a stripling, who gave \$100 to the Hospital, should, because he was a man, be considered of more value in the council than the ladies of mature years and experience who had been contributing all their lives long; and seeing that the charter provided that any person who shall contribute by donation the sum of \$100 be elected a life-governor of the institution, he had much pleasure in proposing that certain ladies (whom he named) having been the most loyal and liberal supporters of the Hospital, be hereby elected. The motion was seconded before the "potent, grave and reverend signors" had drawn their bated breath; but as courage returned with a moment's delay, the council declined to have so very important a measure sprung upon them, and begged for time to consider. VILLE MARIE.

CANADIAN NATIONAL LIFE.

IN contributing to the printed thought of the country upon questions affecting its national life, the writer is impressed with the magnificence of the structure, the plan of which is engraved upon the minds of its inhabitants, and whose foundations are already laid in solidity, showing skilled workmanship in every detail. The perfection of national life is the outcome of political genius, better known as statesmanship, by which a spirit of self-sacrifice is called for on the part of the people to contribute to the development of their national resources and national strength, for the benefit of the humblest citizen in the realm as well as the most exalted, thereby in the end securing greater prosperity and greater security for the community at large. Under an autocracy like Russia, whose climate and territory more nearly assimilates to that of Canada than any other power, this political genius is the reflection of the abilities of a comparatively few individuals, but under our liberal constitution this political genius is the reflection of the abilities of the people as a whole reacting upon their representatives.

In realizing the importance of national life we can bear in mind no higher authority than St. Paul, a citizen of the distant province of Cilicia, whose abilities and Christian humility shine out pre-eminent in the history of our Christian era. "I am a Roman free born," was the confident answer he gave to his persecutors to obtain for himself even-handed justice, and for this national advantage, so greatly prized was it in those days, large sums were paid by individuals. The British Empire has arisen and represents to-day the power, if not the ambition, of the old Roman Empire, and every individual who is a subject of it, if not free born, is free the moment he sets foot upon its soil and becomes a citizen, no matter in what remote corner of the Empire he may cast his lot. It is upon this broad basis Canadian national life should continue to establish itself. The task that lies before the Canadian people is to continue the work of construction upon the most advanced lines of constitutional government, one of the essential elements of which is to preserve the liberties of the people free from the sinister influences which the baser part of our nature continually threaten, and to which the very freedom of constitutional government exposes them. Governing half a continent, whose climate and resources develop characteristics that cannot fail to make their influence felt, it will be our own fault if we do not succeed in forming a nationality which, through our relations to the Imperial power, will exert its influence in the scale of a progressive civilization it should be the aim of statesmen to foster throughout the world. One of the chief motive powers in a nation is its commerce, which it is our collective duty to develop. The national life of the country must necessarily be somewhat influenced by our neighbours, because speaking the same language it is impossible that the reflection of their genius or the effect of their policy should not react upon the minds of Canadians. The weight that bears upon the councils of American diplomacy is greatest from those States that know not, and while there is present in the minds of some a vague national doctrine known as the Monroe Doctrine, the diplomatic effect of their policy is to drive us farther apart, lending to Canadian national instincts a dignity and independence which creates a spirit the reverse of the theories they would promulgate. Their late President, who was reared on our borders, approached more nearly to the ideal of statesmanship necessary to promote national friendship and intercourse on this continent, by his able exposition of the doctrines of free trade, and his acknowledgment of the justice of our contentions through the fisheries treaty which he took upon himself to negotiate.

The policy of commercial exclusiveness throws Canadians upon their own resources, which their statesmen are not slow to develop, and brings out with greater force the weight that Imperial interests bear upon their national and commercial life. The soundness of the theories of trade is generally acknowledged by British subjects, but American policy has taught Canadians that it cannot be carried out in its entirety without co-operation. Apart

responsible government for His Excellency to confer appointments—as he was charged with doing—without any consultation with his Ministers. They argued that he had gone contrary to the very spirit and essence of that system of government so reluctantly conceded by the Imperial Parliament only a few years before. Sir Charles demurred to the views entertained and publicly expressed by his Ministers; and he did so with characteristic candour and fearlessness. Resignation followed, and the Governor-General remonstrated with the retiring Ministers on the ground that they had taken not only an extreme but unwarrantable course. They maintained their position, however, and as neither they nor Sir Charles would yield, great excitement was the consequence. The Rev. Dr. Ryerson came out as the champion of the Governor-General in a lengthy and ably written defence of His Excellency. Mr. Sullivan, a Legislative Councillor and one of the ablest men at the Canadian bar, took up the other side of the question in an equally lengthy series of letters over an anonymous signature, but which fell short of the argumentative ability displayed in Dr. Ryerson's one hundred and fifty pages of what he termed "calm reasoning." Mr. Sullivan, being one of the retiring Ministers, was an interested party, and Dr. Ryerson was accused of inconsistency for writing against the party with which he had been allied. He was charged, too, with aiming at personal advancement. He certainly ceased to be President of Victoria College, and was appointed Chief Superintendent of Education for Upper Canada, a position he held with credit and honour to himself and the Province up to within a few years of his death. Dr. Ryerson was a remarkable man, and in a great measure self-taught. He was without doubt the most influential man in Canada outside of Parliament and the Government, while his successful career as an educationalist endeared him to the people generally. He was the framer and founder of our present admirable system of education, which is justly the pride and boast of Ontario. His efforts in behalf of one of whom he said, "While God gives me a heart to feel, a head to think, and a pen to write, I will not passively see honourable integrity murdered by grasping faction, and spotless character and generous humanity hewn down by party combination," were successful, for Sir Charles, having dissolved Parliament, was sustained by the people in the course he took. Mr. Baldwin was forced to seek the support of a Lower Canadian constituency; Mr. Hincks, the Inspector-General, was beaten by a comparatively obscure opponent; and Mr. Harrison, another member of the Cabinet, was so ignominiously thrown aside by the electors of Hamilton that he disappeared from the scene in the night between the first and second days of the contest, Sir Allan McNab, who was afterwards chosen Speaker of the Assembly, being returned by a large majority.

OCTOGENARIAN.

(Concluded next week.)

AN OPEN WINDOW.

"This window open to the night."—POE.

SOME people have a passion for an open window—that is, when the thermometer is amenable to temperate influences and stands at any reasonable height. These same people, let it be observed, have also a decided preference for certain seasons, days, and hours. Spring, Saturday, and sundown—or, rather, the space between sundown and the first night, the gloaming—are cabalistic words, perhaps, to most in-door workers; especially are they so to the student-teacher, who finds in each "respite and nepenthe" from work-a-day vexations, and comfort and inspiration for those hours of relaxation, or work in another form, which he may properly call his own.

But not only must the window be an open one, and the thermometer satisfactory, there must be other adjuncts present to complete the sense of perfect enjoyment. There must be at least one picture, and there must be books. As for animate society, in the true sense of the term, a human companion may sometimes be desirable, sometimes not. Of course, the window should be a study-window; the books—more of them anon—will, of necessity, be there; the picture—the glorious landscape, a country landscape, framed in by the window in question; and the companion, if any—well! female—age, undecided, to suit taste, poetical, pretty, and sweet. If of the opposite sex—age, anywhere from thirty to a hundred; not particular as to looks; literary, good-natured, something of an idealist and naturalist, and not too loquacious. If, with these accompaniments, and ordinary health, a paradise of two hours' duration cannot be reconstructed from the *débris* of "the Fall," then there is something wrong with the weather or the—digestion.

Let us for the nonce imagine ourselves seated at such an open window, to see what sort of paradise may be constructed from the elements left by sin and fall.

Some flowerets of Eden ye still inherit,
But the trail of the serpent is over them all.

Is this true at all times? Perhaps not. The following lines by the same hand are preferable:

You may break, you may shatter the vase, if you will,
The scent of the roses will cling to it still.

Here is a chestnut tree, if you like! a vast pyramid of palmate leafage, every separate leaflet fingering the balmy air, and all along the branches, cresting the sprays, smaller pyramids—or, rather, cones—of snow-white blossoms, with petals like crumpled tissue-paper dipped in milk, splashed, just where the stamens spring from the base, with wine drippings, crimson and amber. The great bursting sprays

look in at the open casement, as though to meet us face to face, and give us good-night greeting. Standing under the gloom of the leafage in the early morning you hear the hum as of a populous city in the distance, the voices of the bees, great fellows with suits of velveteen, slashed with yellow braid and dusted with flower-pollen.

O velvet bee, you're a dusty fellow,
You've powdered your legs with gold!

Yes, with the gold issued from the mint of Nature, bearing the seal and impress of Heaven's High Regent in its face.

The great branches, in the morning-tide, sway and balance in the southerly breeze with a sound as of many rustling voices—or, rather, of one universal voice—low-pitched and tender, and telling of all beautiful things, uttering in very deed

A pleasant noise till noon,

the "worship without words" of the dead poet. It tells of expansive plains and broad rivers, of reedy wastes and wave-lapped shores, of wood-vistas vocal with the song of the mocking-bird, and shrub-dotted areas swept by the magic pageant of the Southern spring, haunted by bright-winged butterflies, the children of the sun. Anon, it lulls, fainting utterly out, to rise again presently in shriller cadence as it sings now of the plateau and the peak, of mountain slopes and crested heights towering to blue skies, from whose fissured sides is brought the echo of the gray pine woods and the maple lands, musical as is the shade, beneath which we stand, with the jubilant voices of Nature.

Hard by the chestnut with its broad, umbrageous leafage, springs a rowan, the graceful mountain ash, whose clustered red beads in the autumn-time look like little islets of coral in a sea of gray atmosphere. At present it is in blossom, or rather, semi-blossom, with greenish-white tufts of half-opened flowerets topping the beautiful feathery sprays, that seen against the clear sky look like ferns in lace work against a backing of pearl. The bees as yet do not seem to affect these tufts of opening bloom, but keep clustered round the chestnut panicles, clinging there like so many aerial John Gilpins to their swaying steeds, and gleaning and humming to their hearts' content.

A lady-bird flies in and settles on the window sill. It has come from the lilac clump just to the right of the garden path, separated from the rowan by a white wicket which fronts the road and the prospect beyond. It is a beautiful little creature, this fairy insect with its orange mailed surcoat, on which are placed Argus-like, the black eyes of the family crest, the patent of Herald's College. For, we must recollect, the lady-bird comes from a very ancient family; indeed there is a rumour to the effect that its direct ancestor was a fellow voyager with Noah in the Ark. It is, nevertheless, a very harmless and unpretentious little creature. You may let it rest on your hand and examine its armorial bearings for yourself, ere the tiny orange hemisphere parts, and from beneath the plates stretch two gauzy liliputian sails, very epitomes of pinions, and away she goes, back to the great purple tassels that are swinging soft fragrance from their petalled censers all through the long spring twilight.

There is but one thing wanting to complete the picture at our open window, so far as floral externals go. We miss the long strings of the yellow laburnum, the "golden rain" of the German poets. But a laburnum with lilacs on the one side, and a horse-chestnut and rowan on the other, all in bloom together, would be too much of Paradise for any one poor mortal to enjoy at any one time. So we comfort ourselves, and are thankful for what we have, nor waste time in repining for what we have not.

Hark! there is a louder whir among the chestnut blooms. Surely a monster bee indeed must stand sponsor for that stentorian outburst of quasi-buzzing melody. But it is not a bee at all. Here is the author of the disturbance, a humming-bird! and it rests, actually rests beneath our very eyes, not six feet away on a tender branch that scarcely quivers to the touch of the fairy visitant.

Thou happy, happy humming bird!

And surely no living creature is happier. It sits there for minutes, and we watch it breathlessly; it is a marvel of beauty and airy grace, a winged gem; its body a glossy metallic green; its head black as polished jet; its breast, white, and just where the under base of the beak joins the throat-feathers, and across the throat is drawn as with a brush a broad splash of vivid scarlet. There it sits, its keen, black, bead-like eyes peering this way and that, while its long and delicate bill, capillary-like, almost in its attenuated dimensions, moves rhythmically to the sidelong motions of the tiny head. At length it tires and the music of motion recommences, literally and figuratively. The rapid palpitations of the wings make the little creature look more like a magnified insect than bird. Were it not for the graceful lines of the body and the tiny crumpled-up feet below, we should mistake it for such. Ah, ladies! such feet for slippers! To which the glass ones of Cinderella were as nothing. There it hovers and probes now one bloom now another, its black eyes twinkling, its wings a gauzy maze of motion, and its little green body like an emerald iris suspended between, in a flexible and ever-ranging curve, that no earthly artist can imitate, that puts Hogarth's line of beauty itself in the shade. Something startles it, and like an iridescent flash it is gone, and with it something too of light and life has vanished. The world is darker than before. We begin to feel, that really, we have here a just cause for complaint, and are about to formulate our grievance in the guise of a semi-articulate murmur of querulousness, when a sudden gush of fragrance comes from the lilac clump, and a great yellow bee swings

himself like a gymnast from a blossom trapeze in our very faces, and lo! we are soothed and happy again—and behold, everything is very good!

But the picture, the landscape has been forgotten, and we have said nothing as yet of a pert and familiar sparrow, clamorous, like all his tribe, that chirrups and flirts his tail at us, in a style that would put the Mikado to shame, and in a most exasperating fashion, every time we appear at the window. Nor have we noticed the robins, nor a great "steel-blue" dragon-fly, a knight-errant, possibly, in search of adventure, that wheels in resplendent mail before the wicket.

The burnished dragon-fly is thine attendant,
And tilts against the field,
And down the listed sunbeam rides resplendent
With steel-blue mail and shield.

Nor have we spoken of the white butterflies that flicker like falling apple blossoms through the tender shade. It is really sometimes difficult to distinguish the butterfly from the snow-drift of the orchard at this time of the year. We must honour these with but scant notice and pass on to the picture.

As yet we have spoken but of the foreground, the foliage at hand, whose blossoms are in our faces and breath in our nostrils. The middle distance of the picture seems to be mostly bloom, a tangled wilderness of pink and white, with here and there great lilac splashes and now and then a tag of scarlet bravery, while underneath the cloistered shadows has been dropped the golden tribute of spring, largess to the herald of all-triumphant June. But this is in the morning, when the dandelion galaxy, looking up from the green earth to the blue sky, pays mute homage before the imperial Eye of Day itself. In the evening, when the purple shadows lie along the hills, and the last streaks of crimson faint from the western horizon, and the cool gray wings of the twilight droop over the scene, these fold their many-petalled radiances to slumber under the falling dew till morning.

But out beyond the blossom is seen the distance, the country; for the town lies behind us on the other side. The country, now blue in the haze of distance, with purpling contrasts not yet without suggestions of the green raiment of the noontide. Spectral-like, the tall trees raise their outline toward the ashen sky, where, even now, a star looks down, as the hour becomes later, and the bee-hum is going out from the trees, and the winged anthems of another insect host and a concert of many fragrances takes the place of the day-choruses around the chestnut spires and the lilac tassels.

The night closes and nature sleeps, nursing its wearied children in its pulseless bosom. But the window is yet open, for the weather is mild, and seated in the dusk, we can still linger and muse, unvexed by the entrance, promiscuous and unconventional, of beetle or fly, to abrase one's facial prominences, or outrage the sensibilities of the poetic mind.

And now for the books! The complement to the picture. That which makes our conception of the open window complete. True, they are of little use to us at present, eve-dreaming at a casement over a line of lilac-bordered palings; but, nevertheless, they are with us, ministers of the hour. We feel their presence though we see them not; for they are there behind in the shadow of the chamber, ranged in their trim rows, unseen—suggestive thought—unseen, yet there. The surviving mementoes of dead genius, the immortal relics of mortality, draped in the gloom of night, yet existent, as, we like to think, are the soul beings of the originators, though their bodies have long mouldered in the gloomy vaults of dissolution.

But the book, though an indispensable adjunct, must be suited to the scene and hour. There is an eternal fitness of association as of other things, too often neglected. Mention not Macaulay. What is that brilliant "book in breeches" to us? His ruffled shirt bosom was never bleached in the plebeian dew-drippings of dandelions, and has no place beside the humming-bird's-motley. Nor do we desire Milton. We have no wish to dream of a fallen world, with the semblance of such a very real Eden before and around us. Not even Shakespeare do we want, for to-night is sacred and we would be rid of universal humanity. We can endorse his songs, and suggestions of forest vistas, and banks "whereon the wild thyme blows," and moon-lit gardens, but we wish to have no intercourse just now with bearded Moors, nor bloodthirsty Jews, nor defiant Romans, no, nor with Christians either. We may possibly make exceptions, under protest, to the one companion, if she be an angel, or he—asleep or dumb. We want no philosophers with their *cogito, ergo sum*, or other transcendently novel speculations, nor historians, with their musty fables and political clap-traps, nor Dantean geniuses of the red-pepper type, with inspirations reeking of hell and woe, nor every-day twaddlers of every-day commonplaces, of rant and gossip and cant and gullibility. No, the scene, the hour and the window are sacred to the names of a chosen few, and there in the dark back-ground are they, silent suns, now sunk behind the horizon of sentient being, but at a wish to blaze forth in all the glory of noontide splendour and perennial freshness. There is old Isiaak Walton with his dream rivers under the quiet banks, the wave lapping at his feet round the rushes and the lilies, line upon the stream and volume in pocket.

There is White of Selborne, boon companion of nature, haunter of the quiet lanes and familiar of the hedgerows. There is Wood, whose pages are a constant nature-feast. There are Darwin and Lubbock, who philosophise and prattle in the same breath of all things lofty and low,

the antitheses of nature, evolution and the worm. Grant Allen stands cheek by jowl with Maurice Thompson in the corner. Hard by, William Hamilton Gibson fraternizes with Abbott, and Burroughs stretches hand of fellowship to Ruskin—how would these latter agree in real life we wonder?—neath the shadows of the shelves. We can almost fancy the ghosts of these celebrities taking shape in the gloom and kneeling by our side at the easement to drink in the soft fragrance of the Canadian evening, and offer at the shrine of the universal Father tributes of praise and generous acknowledgment for the beauty that dwells in nature and in the epitome of nature, the human mind, which, after all, is the seat of all beauty, the lens which magnifies the microscopic possibilities of contentment in a world and state of society dubbed by the pessimist flat, stale and unprofitable. We turn from the window at last, for the air even at this season becomes chilly after nightfall, and now,—for the other day. Come, shades of the immortals, and we will choose one for our evening fellow. What shall it be? "The Complete Angler," or Selborne, or "Happy Hunting Grounds: Upland and Meadow," or "By-ways and Bird Notes," or "Locusts and Wild Honey"? Well, to-night, as we feel in a pre-eminently American state of mind, and have been visiting all day with the bees and are therefore presumably in a bee humour, we make up our minds to wind up the evening in the same company, on the principle, perchance, that we cannot have too much of a good thing. So we decide upon Burroughs, and are soon lost in his suggestively picturesque pages, reclining upon the thymy slopes of Hymettus, drowsing on Hybla and Ida, and hobnobbing with the goat herds of Syracusan Theocritus, soothed by the humming melody of "The Pastoral Bees."

A. H. MORRISON.

IN MUSSELBURGH, SCOTLAND.

Musselburgh was a burgh
When Edinbro' was nane;
Musselburgh'll be a burgh
When Edinbro' is dune.

SO runs the old rhyme regarding this ancient town in which I had the good fortune to spend a couple of days this Spring. Whether this prophecy will be fulfilled or not may possibly become known to the toothless, hairless, one-armed individual, who, say the scientists, is to be the coming man of the future. Musselburgh is about six miles from Edinburgh, and is situated on the Esk, a tributary of the Liddel, which forms the boundary between England and Scotland on the west. That river is thus celebrated, as what geographical point is not, in characteristic Scottish song:

Oh, the Esk was swollen sae red an' sae deep,
But shouter to shouter the brave lads keep,
Twa thoosan' swam ower to fell English ground
An' danced themselves dry to the pibroch sound:
Dumfooned the English saw, they saw,
Dumfooned they heard the blaw, the blaw,
Dumfooned they a' ran awa, awa,
Frae the hundred pipers an' a' an' a'.

The town itself is quiet, wide strected, well kept, and has about it an air of solemn, self-conscious respectability as becomes one who was well known in the list of towns, long before that upstart Edinburgh had begun to spread herself round the foot of the castle rock, or about the knees of the couchant lion; or to assume to herself the title of the Modern Athens, forsooth!

Here in a field, named Pinkie-cleugh, a Scottish army was strongly posted to protect Edinburgh when Somerset the Protector marched into Scotland with an army of eighteen thousand men, to compel the Scots to wed their little girl queen to Edward VI.; a rough, if royal way of wooing. But though the Scots in their impatience to be up and at 'em, left their strong position at Pinkie, and paid for this blunder by being routed; and though Somerset wreaked his rage on the church of the Abbey of Holyrood, destroying it, and laying waste the country side, he did not succeed in his purpose, for the youthful Mary was removed to the priory at Inchmahome, and subsequently to France for safety.

Pinkie House is an old and interesting mansion standing in fine grounds just within the old town gates; and not far from it is Loretto College, one of the best Scotch schools, which is reported, however, to turn out more athletes than scholars.

On a hill above the town stands a grim, unprepossessing, old structure, as unlovely within as without, the ancient church of Inveresk. It is not without historic interest, however (I have yet to see the place that is), for in the churchyard here Cromwell planted his cannon; to bombard what, my informant could not tell—Edinburgh probably.

On the west side of the Esk, which runs through the town, the fisher part of the population are located in a lesser town of their own called Fisherrow; and there, un-influenced by the changes going on in the fashionable world at twenty minutes' railway distance from them, they work their own work and live their own simple lives, from generation to generation.

Musselburgh is a town of literary as well as historic interest. Here Dr. Moir, the gentle "Delta" of *Blackwood's Magazine*, author of many touching poems and the inimitable "Mansie Wauch," practised for many years as a physician, a "beloved physician" indeed; for he is remembered yet with reverential affection, and his self-denying labours in the old cholera times will never be forgotten. His grandson still practises in the town, and still occupies the old house in the High Street, with the beautiful garden

sloping down to the Esk. Here were wont to foregather in genial conclave the choice spirits of the day:—Christopher North, De Quincy, who lived at Lasswade, and many other intellectual and kindred souls. Tom Hood once came here to visit "Delta" and the happy children in the house, who were all alert to see the man who wrote such funny things, were lost in wonder to see him so sad, a man who never smiled.

At Wallyford Farm, about two miles east from Musselburgh, Mrs. Oliphant, the well-known authoress, was born. On the occasion of a visit to "Delta" she revisited her native place with great interest and enjoyment.

Victoria Terrace is the name of a handsome row of houses, overlooking the Links and the blue river beyond, with its infinite variety of moods and of seagoing craft. In one of these houses, as happy as "twa doos in a doocot," live Annie S. Swan, the popular Scotch authoress, and her husband, Mr. Burnett Smith, a young physician.

This lady is, beyond a doubt, the most popular author of Scotch fiction, of a certain class, at the present day. Her popularity, indeed, is phenomenal; for the last few years the demand for her books has been steady and ever increasing, and her latest novel, "Over the Hills and Far Away"—a Crofter story, which is now appearing in serial form in the *Glasgow Weekly Mail*—has done much to increase the circulation of that paper.

Her stories are neither clap-trap nor sensational; they are quiet, faithful pictures of everyday, middle-class life, and they are painted with a sweetness and simplicity almost idyllic. No greater praise can be bestowed on her work than a statement of the fact that, at a time when newspapers hire, at high prices, literary hacks to resurrect from infamous graves the long-buried carrion of detective murder trials, wherewith to supply a morbid appetite for sensational reading, such pure and wholesome stories have not only held their own in the literary market, but have actually created a demand for a further supply from the same source.

During her recent visit to America and Canada, Mrs. Burnett Smith was in a state of profound wonder, from which she has not yet recovered, at the sublimity of *sang-froid* displayed in the appropriation of other people's literary property, and the earnest, business-like way in which trans-Atlantic newspaper folks set to work to make money out of what one has created and another paid for, but which they have simply laid their tarry fingers on. This system of condoned wholesale robbery is one of the things people here cannot understand, and the only way they account for it is that the standard of commercial morality in America must be very low indeed to permit such cribbing. You will see I have unwittingly in this manuscript written "condemned," instead of "condoned," and have drawn my pen through the former in order to cancel the word. I am not sure now that I ought to have done so. I feel that while the word "condoned" is true as regards the mild way in which such steps are indicated, still the other is the only proper way in which to indicate them; in fact, the briefer and more emphatic monosyllabic pronunciation of the adjective would better represent the feeling regarding such transactions in the literary world.

JESSIE KERR LAWSON.

CORRESPONDENCE.

PROPOSED IMPERIAL CONGRESS.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—There is a general feeling that some form of Confederation between Great Britain and her Colonies and dependencies is not only "a consummation devoutly to be wished," but that it is the most probable outcome of the present agitation in men's minds. I am convinced, moreover, that the Federal idea only lacks definiteness of development in order to be at once practically considered—and probably accepted by all the scattered interests of the Empire. Allow me to present an outline of a scheme which seems to conserve every vested interest, while, at the same time, it makes room for a new legislative body to consist of representatives of every existing local Legislature. The governing powers would include:

1. The Crown; The Crown Delegates [local Governments].
2. The Cabinets [advisory and executive ministers].
3. The Imperial Congress.
4. The National Senates.
5. The National Parliaments.

[1] The Crown and the Crown Delegates would remain as now.

[2] The Cabinets would remain as now, but with the addition to the British Cabinet of a new Imperial Minister to preside over the Imperial Congress.

[3] The Imperial Congress would be made up of Representatives elected by—but not necessarily from—each National Senate and Parliament. The number of members contributed by each of these bodies would be three—with the view of representing the two leading Parties and also the non-Partisans.

[4] The National Senates would remain as now, including the House of Lords as the British Senate.

[5] The National Parliaments would remain as now, including the House of Commons as the British Parliament.

All measures, in order to become law, would have to pass through the National Parliament, the National Sen-

ate, and the Imperial Congress, and would also have, thereafter, to obtain the Royal assent.

This scheme places the Federal idea in a concrete form before the mind and therefore enables it to be intelligently judged. THE WEEK will, I trust, elicit the views of Canadians, and also commend the scheme to critical consideration in the other colonies and at home. A.M.B.

FLEMING—IN MARCH.

(A FRAGMENT.)

HERE on the wet waste lands,
Take—child—these trembling hands,
Though my life be as blank and waste,
My days as surely ungraced
By glimmer of green on the rim
Of a sunless wilderness dim,
As the wet fields barren and brown,
As the fork of each sterile limb
Shorn of its lustrous crown.

See—how vacant and flat
The landscape—empty and dull,
Scared by an ominous lull
Into a trance—we have sat
This hour on the edge of a broken, a gray snake-fence.
And nothing that lives has flown,
Or crept, or leapt, or been blown
To our feet or past our faces—
So desolate, child—the place is!
It strikes, does it not, a chill,
Like that other upon the hill,
We felt one bleak October?
See—the gray wood still sober
'Ere it be drunk with glee,
With growth, with an ecstasy
Of fruition born of desire,
The marigold's yellow fire
Doth not yet in the sun burn to leap, to aspire;
Its myriad spotted spears
No erythronium rears;
We cannot see
Anemone,
Or heart-lobed brown hepatica;
There doth not fly,
Low under sky,
One kingfisher—dipping and darting
From reedy shallows where reeds are starting,
Pale pink tips that shall burst into bloom,
Not in one night's mid-April gloom,
But inch by inch, till ripening tint,
And feathery plume and emerald glint
Proclaim the waters are open.

All this will come,
The panting hum
Of the life that will stir
Glance and glide, and whistle and whir,
Chatter and crow, and perch and pry,
Crawl and leap and dart and fly,
Things of feather and things of fur,
Under the blue of an April sky.
Shall speak, the dumb,
Shall leap, the numb,
All this will come,
It never misses,
Failure, yet—
Never was set
In the sure spring's calendar,
Wherefore—Pet—
Give me one of your springtime kisses!
While you plant some hope in my cold man's breast—
Ah! How welcome the strange flower-guest—
Water it softly with maiden tears,
Go to it early—and late—with fears,
Guard it, and watch it, and give it time
For the holy dews to moisten the rime—
Make of it some green gracious thing.
Such as the Heavens shall make of the Spring!
SERANUS.

THE HISTORY OF PROFESSOR PAUL.

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VII.—(Continued.)

"WE were obliged to make our descent to the plain below very slowly and cautiously, and the last gleam of light had for some time vanished from the hills, before we at length drew up in front of the village inn. We alighted, and my companion, finding his horses very much heated, remarked to me that he would water them when he came out.

"How distinctly I remember each trivial circumstance of that awful night!

"We entered the inn, and finding no one there, I called loudly for the host. A young girl, whom I knew to be his daughter, answered my summons, and told us her father had been called away suddenly by one of the villagers shortly after the noon hour, and had not yet returned. She added however, that she was expecting him every moment, and would if we wished it, herself attend to our wants until he came, to which we gladly assented.

"We took seats at the table, and she left the room to execute our orders.

"During her absence, I expressed my thanks to my companion for his kindness in bringing me so long a journey, and added: 'It will not be necessary for you to take me any further for the brothers do not live far from here, and I can walk it in a few moments.'

"He began to protest that he could not think of allowing me to do so, when I stopped him by saying:

"No, my friend, I will walk, as in that case there will be no noise of the horses, and I can slip in quietly without waking the brothers."

"I was just making the latter part of this remark when the inn keeper entered, and as I finished speaking he slowly walked over to where we were sitting and said:

"You may well slip into that house to-night, my friend, without waking any one."

"Ah," said I, turning with a laugh to my companion, 'our good host will always have his jest. Yes, he is right, the good brothers do sleep somewhat soundly, especially Suger, but then after a long life of toil like his, one deserves his rest. Is that not so?'

"I turned toward the inn-keeper, and noticed for the first time that his usually jolly face wore a very quiet and grave expression.

"He said slowly: 'Suger never slept so soundly as he sleeps to-night—he is dead.'

"I uttered no sound. A strange feeling came over me. The lights in the room grew dim and indistinct, and yet I caught every word he said as he proceeded:

"Neighbour Francis was passing the brothers' house at the noon hour on his way from work, and seeing Suger sitting in his accustomed chair in the little yard, called to him wishing him good health. Not receiving a reply, he called back again more loudly as he had by this time passed the house, and again receiving no reply he turned back and entered the yard. When he approached the old man he found him sitting, as was his custom, with a smile upon his lips but quite dead. Neighbour Francis at once gave the alarm, but as I have said our good old friend had already passed from life. Word was quickly taken to his brother at the Convent, and the neighbours say it was an awful sight to see his face when his eyes first rested on his dead brother. Indeed they had to carry him down the road to the house of his friend Jean where he now lies, and to tell the truth, my friend, it would be hard from the look of his face to say that he was not the dead man himself."

"As he said these words I arose from the table, and without speaking rushed out into the night. As I made my way hurriedly through the village my mind ran back over the quiet scenes of the past year. I remembered the many kindly words he had spoken to me; the many little acts he had done to show me that he was my friend; the many times he had said in his gentle way, 'My son it is better to be good; it is always better to be good, and remember at all times that the greatest good in all this world is for him who is most like the Christ.' And he was dead. Ah, my friend, I felt that I had lost my father, and when I reached the little house the tears were fast rolling down my cheeks.

"I was unacquainted with their custom, and expected to find several of the villagers, but when I entered the house no one was there; it was deserted. I had seen through the window that there was a light in the room which the good Suger was wont to occupy, and as I stood there in the darkness of the hallway an intense desire to look once more upon my old friend's face took possession of me. I noiselessly opened the door, and stepped inside. The appearance of the room was unchanged since I left. I turned half in fear towards the bed, but the foot-board which was very high, intercepted my vision, and I could not see his face. I moved a few steps nearer. His head lay upon a pillow between two candles. His long white hair was brushed back off his high forehead, and I could see by the pale, flickering light of the candles that a smile still lingered around the old man's lips. His face was infinitely tranquil and calm. I gazed for some time upon it in silence, and then my feelings again overcame me, and I threw myself upon my knees beside the couch, placed my head in my hands, and wept aloud.

"Oh, my friend, I felt such a strange feeling of loneliness.

"I must have been on my knees for sometime, when I heard an infinitely tender voice say:

"Do not weep, my brother, he is better, far better, as he is."

"The voice thrilled through my soul down to the very foundations of my being. I knew it; there was only one such voice in all the world. I scarcely dared to raise my eyes. A strange shivering took possession of my body. I looked up. It was she. It was Winnie.

"Oh, my friend, it was Winnie; but it was Winnie with a white band drawn tightly across her forehead. It was Winnie robed in black, with a long crape veil sweeping to the ground. Winnie with her blue eyes dull and lustreless; with her face emaciated, and pale as the dead face into which I had just been looking. Yes, my friend," he began, but ceased speaking, and turning his chair away from mine, placed his head in his hands, and sobbed aloud. After sitting thus for some moments he again looked up, and said almost calmly: "Yes, my friend, it was Winnie."

"When I raised my head she was again speaking from the otherside of the bed where she had knelt to pray, but when she saw my face her lips ceased to move, and her voice became silent. A dull red spot came in each of her cheeks, and then faded slowly out again, and left her face as white as the snowy band that crossed her forehead.

"She still said nothing, but gazed into my face. Oh, my friend, I will never forget that look. No sound broke the awful stillness. The wan light of the candles flickered slowly over her face, over mine, and then over the face of the dead man who lay so quiet and motionless between us, and still there was no sound.

"Presently I saw her lips move. I listened with all the intensity of my being.

"It is you, Paul;" she said in the same low tender voice. "It is you."

"She ceased speaking as if to gather strength, and then continued:

"I have not prayed for this, Paul, but I have longed for it these many years, that I might yet once more look into your face even as I do now, and say 'Paul, I loved you most.' But there has been a prayer, Paul, which I have prayed unceasingly to God, that one day I might lead you from your sorrows to where the Lord Christ sits beyond the stars, and hear Him bid you welcome; that one day we together, bathed in light, might walk beside the quiet waters that flow eternally before His face—just you and I, Paul; and He has promised me that it shall be."

"She ceased speaking, but her eyes were still fixed upon mine, and her lips were still parted as though she would speak longer. I was motionless. I did not breathe. I only listened, but she was silent.

"Then the words so long dead within my soul, broke from me in my agony like a torrent. I besought her to fly with me, and leave that awful place; the world was wide, and we would seek a home in some far land, and live and love each other more for all the weary years that had passed. I called her by her name; I called her Winnie, but she was silent. I leaned far across the couch; I leaned upon the dead man, and gazed into her face. There was no answering gaze. A dull sensation stole slowly into my brain. I arose to my feet almost stealthily; I think I feared that I might wake the dead man, and he would find us there together and give an alarm. I stepped noiselessly around the foot of the couch to where she knelt. I whispered 'Winnie, Winnie,' close to her ear. I kissed her upon her cheek; it was cold."

The old man was silent for a few moments; then he arose slowly from his seat, and tottered towards me. He placed a hand heavily upon each of my shoulders, and lowering his head close to mine gazed into my face. His lips were quivering. His whole body shook. His eyes were dry and hard as stone, and blazed into mine like red agates. Such a look of agony I never saw. Then his lips slowly parted, and he whispered:

"My God, she was stone dead."

VIII.

During the early part of the evening which I have last mentioned, Professor Paul made what I considered at the time a somewhat singular request. He said: "My good friend, you have been so long a patient listener to the history of my life, and have during its relation expressed so many kind feelings towards me, that I feel well assured that you will grant what I am about to ask of you."

He looked at me very earnestly as he said this, and when he had finished I replied:

"Your history has indeed interested me very deeply, Professor Paul, and if there is anything I can do that will show how completely you have won my sympathy, and at the same time be of assistance to you, I will not only willingly do it, but will be more than glad of the opportunity."

"Ah, my friend," he answered, "you do not know what strength and encouragement I am able to draw from your words. You have indeed been good to me, and I felt sure, now that the crisis was near, you would not desert me. What I would ask of you is this, that you discontinue your visits to me until the fourth night from to-night, and that you then come to this place at twelve o'clock prepared to remain with me until the morning."

It was certainly, as I have already said, a very odd request to make; and now that the fourth night was rapidly approaching the midnight hour, and I found myself near the door of the Professor's little shop, I could not help again going over the whole matter in my mind. Why was it he had asked me to come? Certainly not for the mere purpose of listening to the completion of his story. Why, he had already himself told me that it was almost finished. No, it could not be that; but supposing it were, why had he wished me to come at midnight and remain till morning? Was not the early portion of the night more suitable? And then why pass over the three intervening evenings? No, this plainly could not be his intention. What it was I did not know, but at all events it certainly was not this. Perhaps he was going to try some dangerous experiment. He had himself called it a crisis. A crisis; ah, now I remembered it all: how he had spoken to me long ago of a great plan which he said was the one remaining purpose of his life. I remembered how earnestly he had expressed his belief in its success, and quoted so many names of men unknown to me as his authority for it. Yes, perhaps this was indeed the reason for his strange request. Perchance to-night would see the success or failure of his great scheme, whatever it might be. Here, again, arose the question, "What could it be?" I remembered well encountering it before, and at that time arriving at a somewhat vague conclusion that perhaps the old man was partially insane. Had I still reason to believe that this was so? Yes, I believed I had. His actions had certainly at times been unexplainable on any other grounds; and then had he not himself admitted that at one time he had been altogether out of his mind?

By this time I had arrived at my destination, and was standing with my hand upon the knob of Professor Paul's door. I did not turn it, however, but remained in a state of indecision. If my conclusions were correct, and Professor Paul was really a lunatic, was it wise for me to enter? Ought I to trust myself alone with him at midnight in this lonely place? Perhaps to-night he would ask me to accompany him upon one of those mysterious visits upstairs. If he should ask me I could hardly refuse to go, for had I not consented to come that I might assist him in some unknown operation? What, then, if I should before morning find myself alone with him in the third story of this old building, and something should happen? Who would hear my cry for help? Would any one hear it?

It may have been that the night was cold, but as this thought passed through my brain a little shiver ran quickly over me. It roused me in an instant. Bah! I was becoming a coward. Had I not already promised Professor Paul that I would come and help him in what manner I could? Was he not a poor old man almost broken down by the weight of his misfortunes, and at the same time was he not a brother artist to whom I had pledged my word? Go in? of course I would go in, and without hesitating longer I turned the knob and entered.

I passed at once through the shop into the little back room expecting to find Professor Paul already there, but was disappointed as the room was empty. I knew, however, that he had already been there at some previous time during the evening, for the large arm chair, which he always occupied was drawn up to its accustomed place before the fire. Seeing this, I went over to the end of the room and, bringing my own chair also up to the fire, sat down to await his return.

I had not been seated many minutes when the little clock in the outside shop began to strike twelve, and as the last stroke died away there was a slight noise at the hall door, and Professor Paul entered.

He was apparently much excited. His fingers were twitching nervously, and his face was very white. Upon entering he had not in any way showed that he noticed my presence, but walking rapidly to his chair had seated himself, and ever since remained in silence. He now arose suddenly and began to pace up and down the room, but after continuing to do so for some moments he appeared to gradually become calmer, and resumed his seat. Shortly afterwards he turned towards me, and without any preliminary remarks began at once by saying:

"My friend, the man who studies well the history of the race, cannot fail to be profoundly impressed with the fact that at ever recurring periods in the course of its existence God has breathed into this world great souls. The periods of which I speak have at times lengthened into centuries, but there has never been a time when a new and great thought was essential to the wellbeing of the race, and God has refused to create a soul capable of containing it.

"Men of this nature walk through the world with their heads enveloped in the clouds. They gaze out into a night the density of which would appal the weaker sight of their fellow mortals, and yet they are enabled by the lightnings of their own genius to illuminate this obscurity, and in it to see and grasp secrets of the universe which would otherwise remain for ever hidden from men. Such a man was Krasés the Arabian.

"It had been given to the great alchemist Geber to discover the Infernal Stone and the parallelism between metals and planets; to Calid, the Cabalist, to discover the influence of the stars upon operations of alchemy, and to Paracelsus, Artephius, Avicenna, Kellir, and many others, to uncover the secrets of nature before the eyes of men; but it remained to Krasés alone to discover the greatest of all secrets—the secret of life itself. At his command the most occult and untried forces of the universe became luminous, and unveiled their mysteries to meet his glance. His was a nature that did not fear to scale the dim heights of the vast unseen, and when all other mortals fell back abashed before the unlit portal, he alone passed through. Long before his time, Heraclitus, of Ephesus, surnamed The Obscure, had maintained that fire was the principle of all things, and it had been written in the Zohar, the sacred book of the Cabala, 'The sun is the source of life.' In an earlier time the aged Sestros, while endeavouring in vain to discover the process of creating potable gold, had extracted from the recesses of his alembic the long sought Elixir Vitæ, and died with the great secret still locked within his soul, slain by the Gods, as men said, for his presumption.

"These and many others were indeed great discoveries, my friend, but a secret more subtle and elusive than all still remained beyond the grasp of man. The Elixir of Sestros would indeed prolong the human life for many centuries, but it still remained for some great soul to torture nature, and from her agony extort the elixir, in the pure light of whose flame the inanimate should awake into being. This man was Krasés the Arabian.

"Of his discovery he writes that the knowledge of it weighed so heavily upon his mind, that he would willingly have yielded it back again to the Gods, but was not able.

"It was commonly reported that the great alchemist had made a writing of his discovery, and after his death diligent search was made for this manuscript. It was not found, however, and as there had been a stranger from the kingdom of Persia staying at the house of Krasés shortly before his death, the disappearance of the manuscript was always laid to his charge. Whether this is the true ex-

planation or not I have never been able to discover, but it is certain that it was not again seen for over a century.

"Of all those good men who devoted their lives to the recovery of lost manuscripts, Poggio, the Florentine, is perhaps, as you are aware, my friend, the most distinguished. His energy and zeal were unflagging, and though we often hear him complain that his efforts were unassisted by the great, yet we never find him ceasing to continue his great researches. He it was who was destined to bring this manuscript again to light.

"You will remember, my friend, that history records how Poggio found the work of Quintilian under a heap of rubbish in a decayed coffer in a tower belonging to the Monastery of St. Gallo, and it is indeed true, but there was another discovery made at the same time which has always remained unchronicled. During the search which was the occasion of his finding the work of Quintilian he also discovered a further manuscript hidden away in another part of the same tower, which, although unknown to him, was the great writing of Krasés, the Arabian. How it came to be there I have never been able to learn.

"Poggio, being unacquainted with the Sanskrit in which it was written, employed the services of a learned Jew in its translation, and afterwards being absorbed in the joy which his great discovery of Quintilian brought with it, he neglected to reclaim the work which would have added so greatly to his fame. It had remained for generations in the family of the Jew, until it had at length descended to Berseus, to whom the good Suger was apprenticed when in Paris.

(To be concluded.)

A BRITISH HERO.

THE following tribute to a brave Englishman, by Mr. J. Herbert Mason, appears in the columns of a city contemporary:

Few occurrences in recent years have awakened more anxious interest throughout the civilized world than the uncertainty as to the fate of the seven hundred and twenty odd human beings who were on board the steamer *Danmark* when she became disabled in mid-ocean early in last month, and, full of noble deeds as are the annals of British seamanship, few of them are more worthy of commemoration than the action of the kind-hearted captain and crew of the steamer *Missouri*, to whose skill and bravery these hundreds of men, women, and children owe their lives.

Having been in Philadelphia when the *Missouri* arrived, and witnessing the enthusiasm which prevailed there, I have been somewhat surprised to see so little notice taken of the occurrence by the Canadian press. Though not an eye-witness, I know that thousands of people lined the docks and wharves to see the steamer arrive; and as the noble ship approached the pier, her decks crowded with the rescued passengers of the *Danmark*, the loud and prolonged cheers, the sonorous sounds from scores of steam whistles, and the waving of handkerchiefs and hats, produced a scene of joyous excitement seldom equalled.

Honours of all descriptions were poured upon brave Captain Hamilton Murrell, who is described as a tall, broad-shouldered, rosy-faced Englishman about 29 years of age, and who bore his honours with a simple, unassuming modesty which enhances if possible the merit of his disinterested actions. Overwhelmed with congratulations he exclaimed, "I do not know why I have been thus treated. I have merely done my duty; I only did what any other Englishman would have done."

"April 5th, 1.20 p.m., lat. 46, 10 N., long. 38, 36 W., observed Danish steamer *Danmark* flying distress signals, bore down to her and found she had broken her tail end shaft and wished to be towed to port; and that she had 665 passengers on board from Copenhagen. At 3.20 p.m., although blowing hard from W.S.W., got a tow rope on board and proceeded ahead slow to turn her head to sea 4.30 p.m., half speed; towed her all night heading to N.W., in direction of St. John's, Newfoundland. . . . carried away our wire bridle and bent windlass end and started forward bits.

"April 6th, 5.30 p.m., seeing ice to windward and every appearance of bad weather, decided to go to St. Michael's, Azores. Hoisted signals to that effect, to which *Danmark* agreed. At 7.20 they hoisted up 'Leaking considerably, three feet water in after hold.' I asked what they wished me to do? and they replied: 'Keep on towing.' At 9.20 a.m. they hoisted 'Must abandon ship, will send a boat.' I cut the tow rope and backed down, when the chief officer came on board and said it was impossible to keep water out, and the weather being finer they had decided to abandon her if I would take them. I assented and lowered my lifeboat, and with their boat the work of transporting commenced, women and children first, men afterwards and the crew, but I would take no baggage; the heavy swell making the work of great difficulty, but by 4.30 p.m. the last boat had come, and the weather coming on thick and bad we had to hurry up and leave her, so the captain came too. We had on board 665 passengers and 69 crew, making 735 people and not a single accident.

"Some further details state that as they had only three days' food, they decided to go to St. Michael's, 750 miles distant. They used sails and awnings and everything they could 'to make the poor people comfortable.' As it was beginning to 'blow hard' they decided, in the crowded

state of the ship, to throw some of the cargo overboard. Fine weather from Sunday, 7th, till they landed."

(Signed) H. MURRELL, Master,
THOS. F. GATES, Mate.

In the above few simple statements taken from the official log of the *Missouri* is contained a narrative that will be treasured by posterity. It is the record of the actions of a hero and his crew; it records the rescue of over seven hundred lives from a watery grave by means of good judgment, prompt action, and a noble sense of duty towards man.

At a banquet given on the 23rd April in celebration of St. George's day, at which Captain Murrell was an honoured guest, he was most enthusiastically received, the whole assembly jumping to their feet and cheering vociferously. The following poem was recited by its author, Mr. Henry H. Hay, of Girard College:—

"Nothing unusual," Murrell said,
For a modest man is he;
"We found the *Danmark* broken down,
Tossed in the trough of the sea.
She couldn't float, so we took her folk,
Women and children, and crew;
There isn't a skipper," stout Murrell said,
"Who wouldn't have done it too."

"Something heroic," the women said,
Snatched from the shattered wreck,
Tenderly raised from the tossing boats
To the gallant *Missouri's* deck.
"Something heroic," thunder two worlds—
Manly, heroic and true;
True red as the dyes of Britannia's flag
Is the blood of the captain and crew.
Be silent, ye scoffers, who say that proud flag
Is only an emblem of trade,
For here is a captain who sacrificed bales
To shelter man, woman and maid.

The stars of Columbia, the cross of St. George
This day in his honour are awayed;
While England's red ensign commandeth the sea
May Murrells be found 'neath its shade.
May mercy be ever the star of the sea,
May triumphs of pity ne'er cease;
Inscribe on the ensign, "The swiftest in war,
The foremost in mercy and peace."

In replying to the eulogies pronounced upon him, the captain in the course of his remarks said:

"Sailors are not accustomed to speech-making, but I desire to express to you my most heart-felt thanks for the courtesies which I have received at your hands. I do not know why all this should be. It is true the ship was sinking, and we had to jettison our cargo in order to take the passengers on, but any other English sea-captain would have done the same. My officers and crew are deserving of equal praise. The credit is due probably most of all to the maritime school, which trains its men to properly perform their duty."

All honour to Captain Hamilton Murrell and his gallant crew. Such an occurrence, and the consummate seamanship displayed amid that terrific storm in the harbour of Apia by the captain and crew of H.M.S. *Calliope*, are evidence that the spirit which animated British sailors in bygone days still exists, and is ready to manifest itself whenever the occasion calls for it.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE

THE CANADIAN PARLIAMENTARY COMPANION. 1889. By J. A. Gemmill. Ottawa: J. Durie and Son.

In discharging the duties of the position of a representative of the people it must often be necessary to turn to some source of information bearing upon the technical terms of Parliament, the respective branches of Government, the names, lives, and addresses of individuals, whether Ministers, Senators, Commoners, or Provincial Representatives, and to have some knowledge of such matters as precedence, title, etc., in a compact and accessible form. All that we have alluded to and much more material of a practical and helpful character on kindred topics may be found in the excellent manual compiled by J. A. Gemmill, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, and published by Messrs. J. Durie and Son, of Ottawa. Apart from its technical value, the biographical sketches of our public men are well worthy of perusal by all who would learn more of the history of their country from the lives of those of our nation builders who still animate the scene.

THE STATESMAN'S YEAR BOOK. Statistical and Historical Annual of the States of the Civilized World for the year 1889. Edited by J. Scott Keltie, Librarian to the Royal Geographical Society. London and New York: Macmillan and Company.

The twenty-sixth annual publication of this valuable work establishes, beyond question, its right to the title which it bears, and within its one thousand and four pages is stored a vast amount of clear, condensed, and exact information which cannot fail to interest and instruct the reader, be he statesman, or even school-boy. It is an admirable illustration of the advancement and intelligence of our age that for a moderate price any citizen can now obtain such a vast and varied amount of general information respecting the government, religion, finance, arms, population, trade, possessions, etc., of every nation of the civilized world, information that would have been invaluable to statesmen of former days, but for which their time was not ripe. Well may a Canadian look with pardonable pride through the one hundred and sixty or more pages that demonstrate the greatness and glory of the world-girdling empire of which he is a citizen. It is a significant omen of the trend of events that Nos. 2 to 9 of the

succinct and helpful comparative tables are the work of the Imperial Federation League which is slowly, it may be, but surely becoming a prominent factor in the affairs of our empire. The division into two parts—1st. The States of Europe. 2nd. The principal States of America, Africa, Asia, Australasia, and Oceania—is a sensible one. Reference is made easy by a table of contents and an index. The editor, Mr. J. Scott Keltie, Librarian of the Royal Geographical Society, and the publishers, Messrs. Macmillan and Company, have every reason to be gratified with the character and appearance of their work.

THE PRETTY SISTER OF JOSÉ. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; Toronto: Williamson and Company.

It would be difficult to conceive of any work coming from the pen of the author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's" and "Little Lord Fauntleroy" that would fail to bear the distinctive marks of her genius. "The Pretty Sister of José," though a study in quite a different field from that in which Mrs. Burnett has hitherto worked, has all the characteristics which we are accustomed to look for in this author. It is pre-eminently human, and in the author's hands the human element is always sure of tender and sympathetic treatment. Its literary qualities are those which appertain to a sensitive and cultivated nature. It attracts both by its quiet grace and by its vivid picturesqueness. The scene of the new story is Madrid, and its characters are drawn from peasant life, attracted to the capital by its gay allurements and the field it affords for Spanish love of excitement. "The Pretty Sister of José" is an imperious little maiden, so conscious of her beauty as to affect indifference to her lovers and wilfully to set them at defiance. She seems but a vain and heartless coquette, giving her glances to no man, that she might the better bring all her admirers to her feet. Among the latter is Sebastiano, the popular idol of the Spanish bull ring. To Pepita's beauty Sebastiano falls a victim; but the famous matador fares no better than do other lovers of the pretty sister of José. He in turn is spurned, and he takes himself off in despair. Love, nevertheless, has sped a shaft from the matador's quiver, and in Sebastiano's absence Pepita finds that her heart has received a wound. Time passes, and the maiden hears, with a jealous pride, that her rejected suitor is the hero of a hundred bull-fights and the object of the nation's idolatry. Pepita now longs for Sebastiano's return, and for the place in his heart which she had previously refused to accept. Madrid once more welcomes the great matador, and in the bull-ring the now love-subdued maiden adds to the chorus of acclaim. How this is expressed, and what fate befalls the two lovers, we must leave the reader himself to discover. The closing portion of the story is very tenderly told, and the whole sketch is one to linger in the memory. Mr. C. S. Reinhart's dainty illustrations add much to the romantic qualities of the book.

THE June number of Frank Leslie's *Sunday Magazine* is full of good things. Among the leading articles we may mention "The Roman Catacombs," "Christian Work Among the Esquimaux," "The Reason for Non-Church Going," "Quinine and its Romance," "Samoa and the Troubles There," "A Mountain Vineyard in California," "Some Curiosities of English Dictionaries," "The Jewish Sabbath in England," "Bullcaps" and "Miss Maxwell" are two short stories, both completed in this number. Many of the articles are illustrated. The July issue will commence the twenty-fifth volume of this popular periodical.

"CHOICE SACRED SOLOS" is the title of a superb new book of carefully selected and publicly tested songs of a sacred or devotional character. Some of the best modern composers of this class of songs are represented in the book, among whom are Barri, Tosti, Gounod, Costa, Tours, Handel, Abt, Haydn, Blumenthal, Lassen, Helmund, Faure, Parker, St. Saens, Raff, and others. Every solo has accompaniment for the piano or organ. Nothing of a trivial or undignified nature has been admitted into the collection. The book is large, sheet-music size; the music printed with large, clear type; and the general make-up and tone of the book indicates at once its unexceptional character. Just published by Oliver Ditson Company, Boston.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

MARK TWAIN is said to be busy on a new book, to be entitled "A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur."

MESSRS. BLACK AND SONS, Edinburgh, have in preparation a new and cheaper edition of the works of De Quincey.

HARPER & BROTHERS publish in May the second volume of Justin McCarthy's "History of the Four Georges."

THE title of Marshall P. Wilder's forthcoming book, to be published by Cassell & Co., is to be "People I've Smiled With."

GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS will publish shortly a new book by Amelia B. Edwards, entitled "Untrodden Peaks and Unfrequented Valleys."

The American Workman, a new journal issued by Cassell & Co., has been well received. The first edition of 75,000 copies was quickly exhausted.

THE papers of the late Lord Russell have been placed by Lady Russell in the hands of Mr. Spencer Walpole, whose biography of the statesman is already well under way.

AN illustrated account of existing buildings which have been the homes of celebrated persons is in the press in London. It will have the title, "Memorable London Houses."

AN authorized translation of "Garibaldi's Autobiography," as recently published in its final form, will be issued in London this month with fac-similes of some of the General's letters.

It is curious to note the rôle which European statesmen now play as promoters of the fortunes of books, Mr. Gladstone in particular, and Bismarck also, as in the case of the "Buchholz Family."

MACMILLAN & Co. have recently issued the second series of papers by Sir John Lubbock, entitled "Pleasures of Life," and a volume of Mr. Henry James' shorter stories under the title of "London Life, and Other Stories."

DAVID NUTT, London, has published an edition of the "Mort D'Arthur," which is an exact reproduction of the copy in Lord Spencer's library in everything except the Roman letter, which is substituted for black letter type.

MESSRS. GINN & Co. have in preparation for their "Classics for Children," "Heroic Ballads and Poems," and "The Two Great Retreats of History." The "Great Retreats" are Xenophon's, and Napoleon's from Moscow.

THE death is announced of Miss Mary Whately, daughter of the late Archbishop of Dublin. She was the author of "Ragged Life in Egypt" and other works. Miss Whately died in Egypt in the sixty-fifth year of her age.

GEBBIE & Co., Philadelphia, have made arrangements with Chatto & Windus, of London, to control the fine library edition of Taine's "English Literature," four volumes, octavo, which can be had from them in cloth and fine bindings.

"W. G. WARD AND THE OXFORD MOVEMENT," by Wilfred Ward, to be published shortly by Macmillan & Co., will contain reminiscences of the movement by Pro. Jowett, Lord Selborne, and Dean Church, and memorial stanzas by Lord Tennyson.

MESSRS. SAMPSON LOW & Co. will bring out the English edition of the authorized biography of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. The interesting statement is made that the work will contain a paper by Mrs. Stowe written when she was a child of twelve years of age.

THE world-renowned Leipzig firm of booksellers, K. F. Koehler, celebrated the centennial anniversary of its formation, April 6. The founder of the firm, Carl Franz Gottfried Koehler, born 1764, was the grandfather of the present proprietor. His family had been well known and honoured tradesmen of Leipzig since 1668.

W. A. LINN, of the New York *Evening Post*, has written for the June *Scribner* a complete popular account of the origin, growth, and present management of that form of co-operation known as "Building and Loan Associations." The author is president of a prosperous Association and thoroughly familiar with the details of management.

THE English Society of Authors has issued the following advice to literary aspirants: "Never, when a manuscript has been refused by the well-known houses, pay small houses for the production of the work. Never enter into any correspondence with publishers who are not recommended by experienced friends or by this society."

A. F. JACASSY, an artist well known in the studios of Paris and New York, has written for the June *Scribner* a picturesque article, describing the little-known Sicilian town of Castrogiovanni, which preserves many memorials of a very ancient history. He has fully illustrated it with some of the most beautiful pen-and-ink sketches which have lately been published.

MESSRS. T. Y. CROWELL & Co. are to publish "A Popular History of the French Revolution," by Mrs. Lydia Hoyt Farmer. It is based on the histories of Michelet and Carlyle. The same firm also announce George Brandes' "Impressions of Russia," in which are included chapters on Russian literature, which has been translated by Samuel C. Eastman, of Concord, N. H., who spent the past summer in Denmark and worked under Brandes' supervision.

MESSRS. HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY have just begun a series of books designed especially for boys and girls who are laying the foundation of private libraries. The books included in it are not ephemeral publications; both the authors and the subjects promise that they will be books to last. History, Biography, Mechanics, Travel, Natural History, and Adventure will form the principal portion of the library, but occasionally a story of special excellence will be added.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE CHARITY CONCERT

IN aid of the Hospital for sick children was well attended on Thursday last. The programme was provided mainly by Heintzman's Band, with the assistance of Mrs. Caldwell, Mr. Warrington and Mr. Dent. The programme was a very good one, but the proceedings dragged very much, making a long evening. Mrs. Caldwell sang the Carnival of Venice with all her usual brilliancy of execution, and the songs of the two gentlemen were well received. The band is a really excellent one, and must have

surprised its hearers. Mr. Baugh has had it in hand only a short time, but has already impressed it with his energy and dash. It has a good tone, is fairly balanced, but above all, its excellence lies in the brightness and precision of its style. It will be found an excellent concert band, and a powerful rival to its older brethren. Its playing of the "Stabat Mater" overture was excellent though the work was difficult, and in the "Faust" selection its playing was more than excellent. Twilight pieces, "A Hunting Scene," and "A Comical Contest" furnished both amusement and pleasure to the audience. A chorus which did not sing as well as it looked assisted in the Anvil Chorus.

ITALIAN SOCIETY'S CONCERT.

THE Canadian Italian Society—"Cristoforo Colombo"—gave a very good concert on Monday evening, the principal feature of which was the playing of the Conservatory String Quartette Club, which rendered two movements, the *Allegro Moderato* and *Finale Vivace* from the second quartette from Hayden's Opus 64; Kowalski's "Il etait une fois;" Moszkowski's "Serenade;" "Pessard's Minuet," and Dunkler's "Au Bord de la Mer." This was a selection both good and pleasing, and the club is already giving evidence of increased excellence, and of the greater certainty which results from continued ensemble playing. Songs were sung by Mrs. Clara E. Shilton, Miss Evelyn Severs, Miss H. A. Mills and Mr. E. W. Schuch, who were all well received, encores being demanded in all cases. A strong attraction on the programme was Mr. Grant Stewart, who gave his thought-reading seance, and a comical Musical Sketch. Solos were played with great taste by Mons. Boucher and Mr. Dinelli.

MOUNT OF OLIVES.

THE Philharmonic Society turned out in full force on Monday evening with a fine chorus on the occasion of its last concert for this season. The subject of the evening's work was Beethoven's "Mount of Olives," a work whose closing "Hallelujah" chorus was already well known here. The great composer has treated the subject of the Redeemer's agony in the garden reverently, and with power, though not at great length. The male choruses and the opening full chorus, "O, Triumph," is a marvel of simplicity and grandeur. The orchestration is full and rich as might be expected. The chorus sang extremely well, though the part of the "Disciples," allotted to the tenors, was weakly done. Great strength was added to the programme by the Musin Concert Company, of whom Mme. Annie Louise Tanner and Mr. Whitney contributed solos in the oratorio, being assisted by Mr. E. W. Schuch. Mme. Tanner's voice is light, yet rich in volume, and she uses it with rare skill, thus presenting a most satisfactory rendition of the "Seraph's" part. The part of "Jesus" was sung most tenderly by Mr. Mockridge, for whose voice it is well adapted. Mr. Schuch had a small part, and further rendered good assistance in the trio. Mme. Tanner's rendering of Bishop's "Lo! Here the Gentle Lark" was a splendid success, assisted, as she was, by Mr. Arlidge, and Mr. Mockridge's "O, Vision Entrancing" was one of the best performances of the many good ones he has given in Toronto. Mons. Musin's part in the programme was all too little, for he only played one solo and its encore piece. These were "Variations on Gavotte" by Corelli-Tartini, and a *berceuse* by himself. Mons. Musin has a wonderfully sweet tone and thoroughly finished style, to which must be added a genial and musicianly feeling. Mr. Torrington, of course, conducted, with his usual capacity, and with the "Festmarsch," from Tannhäuser, he concluded one of the best concerts the Philharmonic Society has ever given.

MONDAY evening brings the Conservatory String Quartette Club with its second and closing concert. It will play Schubert's Quartette, op. 125, No. 1 in E flat; Haydn's op. 76, No. 3; and the Andante from Tchaikowsky's quartette, op. 11. The vocalists who assist are Miss Evelyn Severs, Mrs. Dorsett-Birchall, and Miss Francis H. Doane.

THE Gilmore programmes are out and comprise a most varied selection. Besides the efforts of the soloists, the band will play the "Leonora," "Tanuhausser," "Freischütz," and "Robespierre" overtures; two movements from the Scotch Symphony; and band arrangements of the following piano pieces: Liszt's 2nd and 12th Rhapsodies, Rubinstein's Valse Caprice, Weber's Concertstück, Gottschalk's "Last Hope," Mendelssohn's "Rondo Capriccioso," Beethoven's "Sonata Pathétique," besides many of the characteristic pieces that made his band so popular last year.

XAVIER SCHARWENKA, the well known pianist and composer, will visit America next year and give concerts. Efforts were made to bring out Herr Joachim but they failed.

THREE lady composers are disputing the palm of superiority in France to-day; they are Mme. de Granval, Mme. Holmes and Mlle. Charminade. We have, on several occasions, referred to their successes in the field of art. An orchestral "Divertissement Hongrois" by Mme. de Granval, who, by the way, is a favourite pupil of Saint-Saëns, is attracting considerable attention at present, and figures on the programmes of many high-class concerts.

THE pianist, Arthur Friedheim, who will probably visit America next year, is concertizing in Russia. He

played recently at a concert in St. Petersburg, under Rubenstein's direction, with great success.

THE Duchess of Cambridge left Tosti, the composer, an annuity of £300 for life.

IN the opera programme for the Covent Garden season Bellini is left out altogether, and Donizetti is represented only by "Lucia." Out of twenty-two operas only seven are Italian, and out of forty singers only twelve are Italian. The season will open with "Faust" in French, and "Die Meistersinger" will be the chief undertaking.

"FADDIMIR," a new comic opera, failed at the London Vaudeville Theatre on Monday.

SULLIVAN'S "Pirates of Penzance," adapted to the German taste, was brought out at the Vienna Ander-Wein Theatre last month, and was received with favour, though it was found to be lacking in humour.

B NATURAL.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

CURE OF INEBRIATES.

FROM the *Quarterly Journal of Inebriety*, published at Hartford, Conn., under the auspices of the American Association for the Study and Cure of Inebriates, we make the following extracts from a recent lecture by Dr. Elliott, at Toronto: Four conditions must be observed. The first condition of cure and reformation is abstinence. The patient is being poisoned, and the poisoning must be stopped. Were it an arsenic instead of an alcohol, no one would dispute this. So long as the drinking of intoxicants is indulged in, so long will the bodily, mental, and moral mischief be intensified and made permanent. Abstinence must be absolute, and on no plea of fashion, of physic, or of religion ought the smallest quantity of an intoxicant be put to the lips of the alcoholic slave. Alcohol is a material chemical narcotic poison, and a mere sip has, even in the most solemn circumstances, been known to relight in the fiercest intensity the drink crave which for a long period of years had been dormant and unfelt. The second condition of cure is to ascertain the predisposing and exciting causes of inebriety, and to endeavour to remove these causes, which may lie in some remote or deep-seated physical ailment. The third condition of cure is to restore the physical and mental tone. This can be done by appropriate medical treatment, by fresh air and exercise, by nourishing and digestible food given to reconstruct healthy bodily tissue and brain cell, aided by intellectual, educational, and religious influences. Nowhere can these conditions of cure be so effectually carried out as in an asylum where the unfortunate victim of drink is placed in quarantine, treated with suitable remedies until the alcohol is removed from his system, then surrounded by Christian and elevating influences, fed with a nourishing and suitable diet, and supplied with skilful medical treatment. His brain and nervous system will then be gradually restored to its normal condition, and after a period of from six to twelve months in most cases, he will be so far recovered as to be able to return to his usual avocation and successfully resist his craving for drink. The fourth condition of cure is employment. Idleness is the foster mother of drunkenness, industry the bulwark of temperance. Let the mind of the penitent inebriate be kept occupied by attention to regular work, and the task of reformation will be shorn of half its difficulty.

THE SVARTISEN GLACIER.

AS we advanced amid this magnificent scenery we proceeded up a narrow fjord, where the glorious sight of the Svartisen glacier burst upon our view. The Svartisen is the second largest glacier in Norway, an enormous mantle of snow and ice forty-four miles long and covering a space of sixty-two square miles, spread out up on a plateau thousands of feet high, from which protrude snowy peaks. From this plateau descend several glaciers between the mountains, and we now viewed the one which descends the nearest to the sea. The bright afternoon sun shone upon this grand glacier, which for ages has been moving slowly downward, until its glittering mass of snow and ice extends almost to the blue water. Nothing could be more beautiful than this pure-white congealed stream, as we view its course, flowing from the great ice-fields above, amid its dark framing of barren rock, down to the green slopes at the base of the mountains. We landed in small boats upon the rocky shore and started to walk to the glacier, but the distance, which from the steamer seemed but a few rods, lengthened into over a mile. After two days of confinement upon the steamer it was a great pleasure to walk along the rocky shore, gathering shells, sea-moss, and new and strange flowers blooming upon grassy slopes just beyond the rocks. At last we stood at the base of the glacier, which towered above us more than thirty feet; great pieces of ice had been broken off and stood detached in pools of water, or were piled against each other; as far we could see, the surface of the glacier was of pure white, in great contrast with the Swiss glaciers, so soiled and dirty from piles of stones and great moraines. As we looked down the deep crevasses penetrating into the recesses of the glacier, we found that the ice was a beautiful dark blue, rivalling in tint the bluest of skies. We climbed up the glacier a short distance, but found it too difficult and dangerous an undertaking, and were content to walk along its margin, lost in wonder before this great crystal storehouse. In beauty and grandeur the Svartisen glacier far exceeds anything we had seen in Switzerland; even the fine glaciers about Pontresina, Zer-

matt, Chamounix, Grindelwald, and those that sweep around the base of the Eggishorn, are surpassed by this pure-white glacier in the far North. We were rowed back to the steamer after two hours upon land, and as we sailed away we watched, until the last moment the wonderful Svartisen, which was one of the most beautiful sights of the whole trip.—From *Midnight Sunbeams* by Edwin Coolidge Kemball.

ROYAL TRAINS.

"THE Queen's Train," it may be remarked, is a misnomer, to start with. There is no such train. Two saloons there are, close-coupled and connected by a gangway, that are reserved for Her Majesty's exclusive and personal use, which never leave Wolverton except to carry her to or from Balmoral; but that is all. The rest of the Royal train is made up with such saloons or other vehicles of the company's ordinary rolling stock as may on any particular occasion be required. Nor are the Royal saloons themselves in any way very remarkable. One thing to be noticed is that they are entered by a folding carriage-step—a survival, doubtless, from the days when platforms were not yet of a uniform and sufficient height. The floors are deeply carpeted, and the sides and roof thickly padded with quilted silk, to deaden the noise and vibration of the train, from which, as is well known, Her Majesty suffers. To reduce this to a minimum, she, by her own desire, travels to and from Scotland at a speed markedly below that which the meanest of her subjects can command any evening in the week for the modest payment of a good deal less than one penny per mile. One of the saloons is fitted as a bedroom, and between the two is a lavatory, whose basins and fittings in metal, chased and gilt, deserve to be mentioned as a real work of art. These saloons are, it should be added, now more than twenty years old. Since they were built the art of railway carriage construction has advanced with rapid strides, and the North-Western authorities would willingly, if permitted, replace them with new ones.—*The Railways of England*, by W. M. Acworth.

A YOUNG AMAZON.

ON January 1, 1854, he was still on the river, but getting beyond Sekeletu's territory and allies to a region of dense forest, in the open glades of which dwelt the Balonda, a powerful tribe, whose relations with the Makololo were precarious. Each was inclined to raid on the other since the Mambari and Portuguese half-casts had appeared with Manchester goods. These excited the intense wonder and cupidity of both nations. They listened to the story of cotton-mills as fairy dreams, exclaiming, "How can iron spin, weave, and print? Truly ye are gods!" and were already inclined to steal their neighbour's children—those of their own tribe they never sold at this time—to obtain these wonders out of the sea. Happily, Livingstone had brought back with him several Balonda children who had been carried off by the Makololo. This, and his speeches to Manenko, the chieftainess of the district, and niece of Shinte, the head chief of the Balonda, gained them a welcome. This Amazon was a strapping young woman of twenty, who led their party through the forest at a pace which tried the best walkers. She seems to have been the only native whose will ever prevailed against Livingstone's. He intended to proceed up to her uncle Shinte's town in canoes; she insisted that they should march by land, and ordered her people to shoulder his baggage in spite of him. "My men succumbed, and left me powerless. I was moving off in high dudgeon to the canoes, when she kindly placed her hand on my shoulder, and, with a motherly look, said, "Now, my little man, just do as the rest have done." My feeling of annoyance, of course, vanished, and I went out to try for some meat. My men, in admiration of her pedestrian powers, kept remarking, "Manenko is a soldier," and we were all glad when she proposed a halt for the night.—*From Life of David Livingstone*, by Thomas Hughes.

AN important question upon which Stanley's journey, according to his recent letter, may throw light, is the doubtful connection of the Mootan Nziye with the Aruvimi or with the Albert Nyanza. From a passing mention of this question in the letter, it would appear that Stanley inclines to the opinion that the lake belongs to the Kongo system. He states that it is far smaller than the Albert Nyanza, and this statement necessitates an important change in the maps of Central Africa. Mr. Wauters, of Brussels, whose opinions regarding the hydrography of the Kongo Basin deserve special consideration, has long maintained that the lake must belong to the Aruvimi system, as it would be impossible to account for the enormous amount of water carried by that river if it had its source west of the lake. Other geographers, among them A. Kirchhoff, have maintained the existence of a connection between the southern lake and the Albert Nyanza. In this case the lake would belong to the Nile system. Undoubtedly Stanley's explorations will materially add to the solution of this interesting problem. His whole route led to entirely unknown territory, and will disclose another section of the western slope of the great East African highlands. Among the ethnographical notes contained in his letter, the discovery of a new tribe of dwarfs, called Wambutti, is noteworthy, as they add one more to the great number of these widely scattered dwarfish people which have become known recently.

The Wambutti occupy an intermediate location between the Akka of the Welle, and Batwa of the southern Kongo affluents. The natives, among whom these dwarfs live, are described as "strong, brown-bodied, with terribly sharp spears,"—a description which shows that they belong to a group of the peoples inhabiting the watershed between the Welle and Nile, and not to the Bantu.

VERY CANDID TESTIMONY.

(From the Toronto Mail).

To the Editor of The Mail: As a constant reader of your paper I will thank you to insert the following: Having read so many valuable testimonials as to the value of Warner's Safe Cure, I think it my duty to contribute one, and I speak from actual knowledge.

In 1883 my wife took pains across the kidneys, and from there to her shoulders and to the pit of the stomach. The skin came off her finger ends and also off her lips, and turned purple red. She was under a doctor's care for about three years, and took different medicines, but no relief came. I got disheartened, and said one day, "Will we try some patent medicine?" She said: "Jack, let me die; I have taken medicine enough." I went down to W. Clark's drug store and procured two bottles of Safe Cure, and one of pills. I continued on until she had taken eleven bottles, when she said: "I need no more; I have no pain anywhere, and I feel quite myself again." My wife has never since suffered from the dreadful pains which she had before taking Warner's Safe Cure. I am sorry that in justice to the purveyors of that invaluable medicine I have not reported on it before, but nevertheless I recommend it to every human being suffering with the same affliction.

Yours, etc., J. COOPER,

April 22. Lightkeeper, Port Arthur.

[The foregoing letter comes to us direct from Mr. Cooper, without the knowledge of the purveyors of the medicine, unsolicited, and may therefore be considered as conscientious testimony. We publish it at the request of the writer, and it is not an advertisement.—ED. THE MAIL.]

AN English correspondent of the *American Field* writes that a new gunpowder, the invention of Mr. Hengst, has recently been tested at the Royal Gunpowder Factory, Waltham Abbey, England, and the results point to it as a promising substitute for black powder for military and sporting purposes. The new powder is prepared from straw, which is pulverized, chemically treated, and finished in granular form for use. It is claimed for this powder that it is smokeless, flameless, practically non-fouling and non-heating, and that both the recoil and the report are less than those of black powder, with superior penetrative power. From the powerful character of this explosive, which, weight for weight, is 150 per cent. stronger than gunpowder, and is not explodable by concussion, it is probable that in a compressed form it will be found to be applicable to blasting-purposes.

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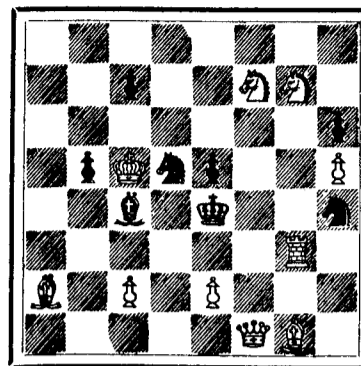
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CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 357.

By C. L. DESANGES.

BLACK.



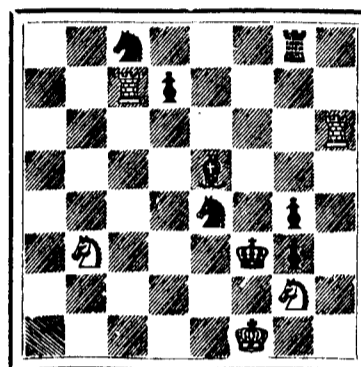
WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

PROBLEM No. 358.

By DR. S. GOLD.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

Table with 4 columns: No. 351, White, Black, No. 352, White, Black. It lists chess moves and solutions for problems 351 and 352.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. E. L., Hamilton.—Thanks for game which we give to-day. Glad to hear from you again, either with games or problems.

TOURNAMENT GAME PLAYED AT THE HAMILTON CHESS CLUB, APRIL 25TH, 1889.

Between MR. H. E. LESTER AND MR. ———.

RUZ LOPEZ.

Table showing the chess game between Mr. Lester and Mr. Ruz Lopez, with columns for White and Black moves.

NOTES.

- (a) Good; threatens to play 20. Kt x R P.
(b) Bad; P-B 3 followed by Q-B 2 appears to be his best move

THE U. S. CHESS CONGRESS.

NEW YORK, May 13th.—At the chess tournament to-day Gunsberg won from MacLeod, Tschigorin from Bird, Blackburne from J. W. Baird, Lipschutz from Delwar, D. G. Baird from Burn, Hanham from Showalter, Gossip from Pollock. The games between Martinez and Weiss, and Taubenhau and Mason were draws.

RECORD TO DATE.

Table with 4 columns: Players, Won, Lost, Players, Won, Lost. It lists the performance of various players in the chess congress.

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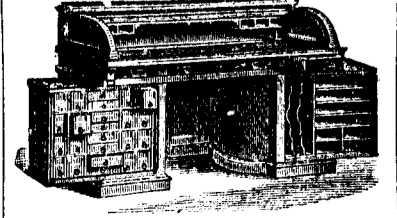
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