

THE WEEK:

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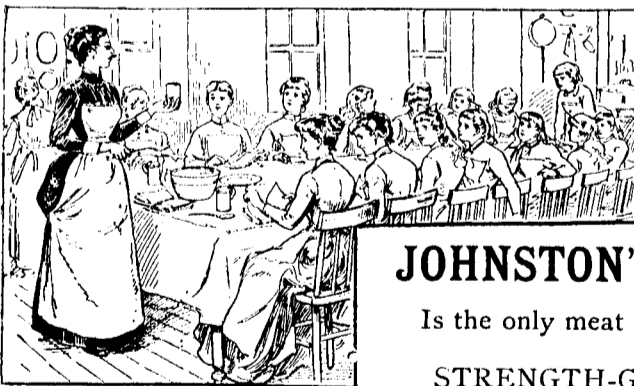
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NOT exactly the unexpected, but that which seemed the less rather than the more probable, has happened. The Hon. J. J. C. Abbott has been entrusted by His Excellency the Governor-General with the task of forming a Cabinet. If, as is generally believed, this has been done at the instance of Sir John Thompson, the fact will but add to the already high reputation of the latter for self-restraint and sound judgment. It is, no doubt, an evidence of his desire to avoid, at a critical moment, the risk of stirring up either sectional or religious jealousies, however unreasonable and unworthy he may deem such jealousies. The first question that presents itself is that of the degree in which the new Premier combines in himself the qualities essential to success in the arduous work of leading the Government as the successor of Sir John Macdonald. That Mr. Abbott combines intellectual abilities of a high order, with the qualities scarcely less essential in the head of the Government, of good judgment and fine tact, is generally admitted. He has, moreover, the advantage of being able to enter upon his high office free from violent animosities either personal or political, so that there seems no reason to fear that he will be met with the determined and bitter hostility which the succession of Sir Charles Tupper, for instance, would have invoked. So far as we are aware, his reputation, both public and private, is stainless, with one unfortunate exception—that of his connection with the Pacific Railway Scandal. But as the Canadian people, or a large majority of them, have long since condoned that offence in the case of the principals in the affair, it is unlikely that they will care to remember it against one whose part in it was but subordinate, and to some extent, perhaps, professional. In brief, then, it may be said that positively Hon. Mr. Abbott possesses many of the qualifications which Canadians have a right to expect in the Premier of the Dominion—superior ability, experience in public and semi-public life, personal dignity, combined with a pleasing urbanity, social influence, sound discretion. That he has also great popularity in his own city and among the people who know him best was abundantly shown a few years since in the events con-

nected with his choice for two consecutive years as Mayor of Montreal. Indeed there seems good reason to hope that with Mr. Abbott as Premier and Leader of the Senate, and Sir John Thompson as virtual, if not nominal, Leader in the Commons, the affairs of Parliament will be carried on with a dignity befitting the Legislative Halls of any nation.

THERE is, however, another side to the story. That the new Premier is deficient in many respects in which the Leader of the Government ought to abound, is but too obvious. First and perhaps chief among his weak points will be the fact that he is comparatively unknown. It is something novel, not to say ominous, for the people of Canada to be obliged to ask: Who is this gentleman who has been raised to the position of the first of Canadians, and what is his record? Though Mr. Abbott was for ten years a member of the old Canadian Assembly, and has been at intervals for about as many more a member of the Dominion Parliament, he has made for himself no record as Parliamentarian or Statesman. The comparatively few acts of legislation with which his name has been associated as promoter have been almost exclusively connected with railway matters or questions of commercial law. This fact seems to show a lack of interest on the larger questions of politics, which argues a pre-occupation of mind or a lack of enthusiasm, either of which is fatal to broad statesmanship. Those who have been closely observant of Parliamentary affairs know that for the last three or four years Mr. Abbott has been Government Leader in the Senate, and that he has shown ability and skill, so far as occasion offered, in that position. But, unfortunately or otherwise, the Senate subtends but a very small section of the angle of vision of the average Canadian, even when his eyes are turned towards Ottawa, and any reputation achieved in the Senate Chamber is worthless for popular effect or purposes of political advancement. His special interest in railway matters suggests another serious objection—the fact of his intimate relations with the Canadian Pacific Railway. There can be no doubt that many thoughtful people are becoming somewhat alarmed at the tremendous influence this great corporation is acquiring in public affairs, and will view with apprehension the elevation to the Premiership of one who has been so closely identified with its interests from the first that he may almost be regarded as its representative. Mr. Abbott has, we believe, shown a proper appreciation of this fact by promptly resigning his position on the directorate of the road, and cabling to his agent in England to dispose of his stock. This is all that it is in his power to do under the circumstances. Whether this will suffice to relieve him wholly of the suspicion of being prejudiced in the interests of that road remains to be seen. Mr. Abbott will undoubtedly be placed at a serious disadvantage by the fact that his seat is in the Upper House, and not in the representative body. It is true that this is in accordance with British precedent, though it has never before occurred in Canada, and that Lord Salisbury is even now, as he has been for years past, ruling the British Parliament and nation with success from his place in the House of Lords. But it must be confessed that the Senate at Ottawa has thus far but dimly adumbrated its British prototype. It is doubtful if even the presence of the Premier will avail to greatly increase either the energy or the prestige of the assembly of elderly and for the most part wealthy gentlemen, few of whom can make any pretensions to statesmanship, who dwell in that lofty and serene atmosphere. If the new Premier means to be Head of the Government and the nation in reality, as well as in name, he will no doubt soon find it necessary to descend into the arena in which the real conflict is carried on. But that he can no doubt do at any time without much difficulty.

THE latest advices from Ottawa upon which we can comment before going to press are to the effect that after some days of anxiety and worry the one serious obstacle which has obstructed Hon. Mr. Abbott's efforts to form a Cabinet has been at last overcome and the Secretary of State induced to cease the obstinate struggle for his "right." Perhaps "overcome" is hardly the word. Certainly if it be true, as alleged in the telegram

which brings our latest information, that Mr. Chapleau has carried his point so far as to have received the promise of the portfolio held by the late Premier as the price of his conciliation, "yielded to" would better describe the process. It is always necessary to accept with a good deal of reservation the details furnished by the newspaper reports in regard to such matters, for they are necessarily based largely upon conjecture. We suppose, however, that this much may be accepted as certain: that the Hon. Mr. Chapleau has been engaged in a struggle for what he has designated his "right," viz.: the position of Minister of Railways and Canals—a position which he claims was promised him by the late Premier—in the new Administration. To what a low ebb must Canadian politics have fallen when one of the most important and responsible positions in the Government is claimed by a member of the Government as a personal "right." If any of us have been old-fashioned enough to suppose that a position in the Government is a position of trust to be bestowed by the responsible Head of the Government upon the man best fitted to serve the interests of the whole people in the discharge of its duties, we may as well banish the delusion. Such an idea is evidently behind the times. The question is no longer one of the best interests of the people, but of the reward of political services, of the gratification of personal ambition and, above all, of securing for the leader of a section the influence which is the outcome of patronage, that is of the subtle power of bribery in the form of appointments to lucrative offices in the public service! This struggle ought surely to serve as an impressive object-lesson for the people of Canada. Will they take the trouble to think about it and take in its full meaning? Hon. Mr. Chapleau is not without ability and is richly endowed with the gift of eloquence which nature has so freely bestowed upon many of his compatriots in the French Province. So far as we are aware, his record has not been stained by acts of corruption. But if he enters upon the office of Minister of Railways and Canals, it will be evident to all that his will be a case in which the office has not sought the man, but the man the office. This is in itself a damaging fact, and it becomes still more damaging, if it be true, as it seems almost impossible to doubt, that the irresistible argument which finally turned the scale in his favour was the conviction, which he certainly took no pains to remove, that the refusal to come to his terms might lead to his going over to the camp of the Opposition with his personal followers. Mr. Chapleau had certainly a right to decline the position of Secretary of State in the new Administration. Like any other honest man, he had the right to change sides in politics as the result of conscientious conviction. But the man who could be capable, or be believed capable, of changing sides from no higher motive than personal pique or disappointed ambition, can hardly be the man worthy of the highest trust. It is doubtful whether his crossing the floor under such circumstances would not in the end have been more injurious to the Opposition than to the Government.

IF it be true that Mr. Chapleau has been prevailed on to enter the Government on condition of receiving the portfolio of his choice, after the close of the session, it is clear that the withdrawal of Sir Hector Langevin is involved. His prospective withdrawal will greatly simplify the problem for the Government leaders. Sir John Macdonald's original plan of choosing ministers with particular reference to localities, so as to preserve a kind of balance of Provincial power in the Cabinet, has long since been lost sight of, or found impracticable, to a large extent. Yet it is obvious that beyond certain limits, local considerations cannot be safely disregarded. Everyone sees that it would never do to have both the great spending Departments of the Administration in the hands of representatives of Quebec. This consideration no doubt explains why Mr. Chapleau's ambition cannot be gratified at once. The rumour that Sir Hector will, at the close of the session, retire to a position of dignified rest as Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec has so much verisimilitude that we may pretty safely assume its correctness. This is, of

course, on the assumption that the investigation now going on in the Committee on Privileges and Elections leaves him with unsullied reputation. His retirement will make room for an Ontario representative in the important Department of Public Works. In the meantime the Government will incur the reproach of being very partial in its distribution of offices, seeing that Ontario, the most populous and by far the richest and potentially most influential member of the Confederation, is but feebly represented in the Cabinet as now constituted. If it be true that it has been decided that Sir John Thompson shall be the nominal as well as virtual leader of the Government in the Commons, it is likely that the best arrangement possible under the circumstances has been made. Of course the test of time alone can determine the prowess of the new Administration. It is not easy to see, however, why it should not succeed in guiding the work of the session to a satisfactory ending. The severest trial of its strength will come during the recess, when its stability will be affected mainly by the results of the bye-elections, and the success or failure of the Washington conference.

THE dignity of the mover and seconder of the resolution proposed in the Anglican Synod in favour of the denominational school system, and the seriousness of the debate and division which followed, forbid, we suppose, the supposition that the motion was ironical, or that it was intended simply as a *reductio ad absurdum* of the present Separate School system. While we do not for a moment suppose that a system of denominational schools supported by public taxes, and, as a logical consequence, under the supervision and control of the Government, can ever obtain in Ontario, we are free to admit the full force of the objections urged against the present system. Apart from the grave constitutional question involved in the Roman Catholic Separate Schools, we have no doubt that the dissatisfaction of the more thoughtful and serious with the present public schools will grow rather than diminish as the years go on. The discussion in the Synod very naturally turned almost entirely upon the question of moral and religious training. Whatever may be said to the contrary by interested upholders of the present system it is, we believe, a demonstrable fact that it neither does nor can secure any adequate provision for genuine, effective moral training, to say nothing of religious instruction. While it is, to say the least, a matter of serious doubt whether the public school is, under any circumstances, the proper place for imparting distinctively religious instruction, we cannot see how any thoughtful person can deny that the training and development of the moral nature should be made not only a part, but the fundamental part of every system of national instruction. The sense of duty, the obligation of the *right* is fundamental in national as in individual character, if, indeed, it be possible to distinguish between the two. This is coming, we think, to be more and more deeply felt. The time was when it was held that ignorance alone was the parent of vice and crime, and that with universal intelligence there would be ushered in the universal reign of truth and virtue. The day of universal intelligence has not yet come, but sufficient progress in that direction has been made to prove that while the education of the intellect undoubtedly does much to diminish the propensity to certain forms of immorality, it is by no means a guarantee of honesty or purity. But how many of the public school teachers of Ontario enter the school-room day by day with the conviction that their first and highest obligation has to do with the formation of character, and that the training of intellect is but a subordinate, though a most important and indispensable, part of the duties of their high office? How large a percentage of these teachers—more than half of whom are probably under twenty-one years of age—are, in any proper sense of the word, qualified to undertake this moral training, even were they conscious of their obligation in regard to it? It is worse than useless to exaggerate the evil. Let us not be unjust to the individuals or to the system. We gladly concede the fact that there are in the ranks of the teaching profession all over Canada many teachers of a high order of character and ability, who fully recognize their primary obligations as character-builders, and are doing their whole duty day by day as ably and efficiently as any teachers could do it under the circumstances. But it is impossible to believe or hope that such are not in the minority, or that the great majority are actuated by any higher conception of duty than that they must earn their money by teaching the

boys and girls to read, write and cipher, to con by rote geographical names and historical dates, perchance to parse.

THE defect is patent to all who seriously study the subject. How to find and apply the remedy is the perplexing question. We are far from being presumptuous enough to attempt to answer it off-hand. The most we can hope to do is to emphasize it, with the hope of turning more thought and study into this channel of enquiry. The objections to the mode of solution proposed by Dr. Langtry and Professor Clark are, in our opinion, insurmountable and fatal. They have often been stated, and we need do no more than hint at one or two of the more obvious. First of all there is the political objection, which may be regarded also as a moral one, to compelling many unwilling citizens to pay for the teaching of a religious system in which they do not believe. Second, there is the politico-religious objection against the Government on the one hand appropriating public funds without directing and controlling their use, or on the other undertaking to provide and supervise religious instruction which most Christian parents regard as something utterly beyond and above its sphere. In the third place there is the great danger that the moral and religious instruction would soon degenerate into mere dead formalism—a thing utterly destitute of spiritual life or power, and so worse than no attempt at such instruction for nothing is so bad as hypocrisy. Then there is the difficulty—possibly but we fear not easily surmountable—arising from the clashing of creeds, or the multiplication of schools, either of which would be an evil of the first magnitude. By way, no doubt, of revulsion from the inefficiency of the public school there is, as the Commissioner of Education at Washington pointed out in a recent Report, a marked tendency in that country to an increase in the number of private schools. We have no doubt that, in the nature of the case, this tendency will grow both in the States and in Canada, until large numbers of children are educated in private schools. Parents who can afford it can hardly be blamed for thus attempting to promote the best interests of their own children. But this method can at best produce but partial and unsatisfactory results, and must utterly fail to meet the national want. The most feasible and hopeful plan, though it is necessarily slow in its operation, is, it seems to us, suggested by the fact above referred to, that we have already, under the present system, a considerable percentage of teachers who are doing their whole duty with ability and success. This reminds us that the difficulty resolves itself mainly into a question of teachers; that under our system the local patrons of the schools have through their trustees the selection of teachers in their own hands, and that the capable and truly religious teacher has large if not ample opportunities for bringing the great truths and principles of religion, in their practical applications, home to the hearts and consciences and lives of his pupils. Hence it follows that if the people of each section would but choose the right men as trustees, and if people and trustees were resolved to have none but teachers of the best stamp, and were willing to pay such teachers, and enough of them, with sufficient liberality to retain their services, the problem would at once be solved. Is there not a great work for clergymen and Christian laymen to do in educating their people up to the point at which they will be willing to make the necessary sacrifice to secure the grand results so much desired?

IN his brief speech on the occasion of his being presented with the freedom of the city of Glasgow, a few weeks since, Lord Salisbury pointed out in a very clear and striking manner the chief flaw in the Parliamentary system of government. Occasion was given for this remark by the assurance of the Lord Provost of the city, on presenting the Prime Minister with the certificate of his burgess-ship, that the act was by no means a party one, but a recognition of the fact that Lord Salisbury's foreign policy had promoted the interests of peace and international good fellowship. At the luncheon which followed Lord Salisbury took occasion to remark on the difficulty, if not impossibility, under the Parliamentary system, of preventing the mixing-up of party considerations with matters entirely independent of party principles. All oppositions alike, he said, find it almost too much for their virtue to pass important measures which redound to the credit of the Government, even though they involve no party principle, when it is clear to them that by finding innumerable faults, and by delaying to the last moment

all effectual legislation, they can throw discredit on a Government, or prevent its earning the respect and gratitude of a country. He referred, by way of illustration, to the alleged fact that Mr. Sexton had made three hundred speeches on the Irish Land Bill, and pointed out that if it were true that Mr. Sexton had risen so often it could only be because he felt the necessity of making the weight of his influence felt against a Government which resists Irish Home Rule, and not because he regarded his three hundred speeches as likely to improve very much the character of the Bill itself. The only remedy Lord Salisbury was able to suggest for this very serious evil was to remit, as far as possible, measures that do not involve party questions or principles, to municipal bodies which would be under no temptation to complicate their construction by tacit reference to the indirect effects of such legislation on party warfare. Thus far the Prime Minister declared himself a Home-Ruler. There can be no doubt whatever, we suppose, that the policy of extending the operations and enlarging the powers of municipal bodies is now in favour with both parties as the only available means of reducing the legislative congestion from which both Parliament and the patient people have been so long suffering. But who shall draw the line and where between the subjects of legislation which do and those which do not involve questions of political principle or national policy, in other words, party questions? Mr. Gladstone has declared that such a task transcends the "wit of man." The *Spectator* sets this difficulty in a strong light. "How would it be possible, for instance," it asks, "to determine the railway policy of the country, or the lighthouse policy of the country, without any relation to the official needs of the Government in time of war?" Many similar questions at once suggest themselves to show the impracticability of removing the difficulty, save to a very limited extent, by the local Government method, however desirable that method may be for other reasons. And even were it possible to do so, would it really be desirable to reduce the area of Parliamentary work and debate to the limit of strictly party questions? Who could conceive, without a shudder, of a Parliament or Legislature thus converted into an arena in which the din of party conflict would never cease?

EVEN were it possible to remove or materially lessen the evil by the means Lord Salisbury suggests, the remedy would be a most humiliating one. It would be tantamount to an admission that the normal condition of Parliament is that of a battle-field in which the people's representatives are to be drawn up in opposing ranks and engaged in perpetual conflicts, and that the only hope of bringing about a better state of things lies in reducing the subjects of dispute to the smallest possible number, thus clearing the field as it were, and limiting the duration of the periodical contests by increasing their intensity. A flattering conception, truly, for a people accustomed to boast of their capacity for self-rule. The *Spectator's* method is one more flattering to national self-esteem, whether less practicable or not. "The true remedy," it contends, "is not to exclude artificially as many home questions as possible from the purview of Parliamentary debate, but to raise Parliamentary debate to a level at which either party would be ashamed to find excuses for poisoning neutral questions with the virus of party feeling." "A party," it adds, "that cannot co-operate cordially with its opponents on all really neutral ground is a party that has lost all virtue, dignity, and right to national respect." Here we at once feel that we are on loftier ground. That the ideal thus set up is not wholly unattainable is, happily, sometimes seen in the conduct even of existing parties. For instance, Lord Salisbury, on the occasion referred to, frankly acknowledged, and the *Spectator* speaking for the Unionists confirms the acknowledgment, that Mr. Gladstone has refrained sedulously from making party questions of international disputes which would be seriously prejudiced by any partisan treatment. As a matter of fact most Opposition leaders have sufficient patriotism to observe the same rule so far as international questions are concerned. But when the *Spectator* urges that the same principle should be applied in all neutral questions, it loses sight, we venture to think, of certain conditions or considerations which are sure to carry great weight with all Opposition leaders. It often, perhaps we might say usually, happens that there is one main question of policy which, in the eyes of both parties, transcends all others, involving, as both aver, the well-being, if not the very existence, of the State. In such

a case the overthrow of the Government becomes, from the point of view of the Opposition, the only hope of saving the country, and so a party end to be promoted by all honourable means. Hence it follows that to aid the Government to perfect and pass other really good measures is but to increase its popularity, fix it more firmly in its seat, and so postpone or defeat the great change upon which the salvation of the nation depends. For illustration, suppose that a new election has been held and a Gladstonian majority returned, pledged to give Home Rule to Ireland. Tories and Unionists honestly believe that this means nothing less than disruption of the Empire. By aiding the Government in all good measures they will be actually hastening the approach of the evil day; by obstructing all legislation they can postpone and may eventually defeat the measure so greatly dreaded, and become the saviours of their country. It is easy to see how by such reasoning they may persuade themselves that the most persistent obstruction is a patriotic obligation. We do not say that the reasoning is sound, but would the *Spectator* in Opposition hold to its dictum above quoted without misgiving? These questions are of great interest at all times to countries where responsible government prevails. They promise to be of living interest in Canada for some time to come. When the great statesmen and journalists of England are agreed that there is no possibility of improving the party system, it would seem presumptuous in a colonial journal to dissent. And yet we cannot dismiss the hope that the future will solve the problem of government of the people, by the people and for the people, in some better fashion. It would seem as if the simple device of holding the Government responsible individually instead of as a body would go far to correct the difficulty, though the advocates of the present system might argue that it would engender others still more serious.

THE predicted storm of public censure is falling fast and furious upon the self-devoted head of the Prince of Wales. Making due allowance for the exaggerations of the newspapers and the cable despatches, it still cannot be doubted that the revelations of the Chief Justice's Court have given to the moral sentiment of the people of England a shock from which it will not soon recover. This is especially true of the now mighty middle classes, who have hitherto been disposed to be rather lenient to the faults of royalty. Later despatches have thrown light upon the obscure utterances of the Solicitor-General as cabled. It now appears that his declaration that the name of his client could not be removed from the army list, and that of the Prince of Wales permitted to remain, was based upon the army regulation, or practice, which makes the one who is cognizant of unprofessional or criminal conduct on the part of an army officer, and fails to report it, an accomplice in the guilt and a sharer in the punishment. Sir William Gordon Cumming's name has, however, been stricken from the army list, while that of the Prince of Wales remains, and will, no doubt, remain untouched. Even British law is not quite the same for princes as for lords or common people. But at a time when the gambling propensities of the people are deplored by many as the great national vice, and strenuous efforts are being made to circumscribe and curtail that destructive vice, it is easy to understand the feelings of earnest reformers in the presence of such a revelation. Indignation rises almost to exasperation, and it is evident that not many repetitions of such conduct would be needed to turn aside the succession, if not to abolish the monarchy itself. It is devoutly to be hoped that the rumours that revelations of still more disgraceful conduct are imminent, may prove baseless. In the present mood of the nation, proof of actual debauchery on the part of the heir to the throne would seriously threaten the stability of the throne itself.

WRETCHED Chili! What a spectacle this unhappy country, which but a twelve month ago might have been thought on the highway to prosperity, now presents to the world. Is there really nothing for the nations to do in such a case but to look helplessly on while the contending factions are ruthlessly destroying each other and bringing ruin upon their country? In view of the utter unreliability of the news reaching the outside world from either party, it seems almost impossible to form any definite opinion on the merits of the quarrel, or to determine which party is most deserving of sympathy or censure. By some correspondents Balmaceda is painted as a truly regal figure, and his *regime* as that of a liberal,

conscientious and liberty-loving ruler, in every way deserving of confidence; popular, moreover, in the capital and in the army, and consequently sure of ultimate victory. By others the Parliamentarians are represented as patriots in revolt against misrule and attempted despotism, and having the heart of the whole country with them, that of the rank and file of the army included. Whatever the facts in this respect, the spectacle presented to the world is a pitiful and demoralizing one, and it is not easy to see why a kind of international police should not be organized to put a stop to such internecine struggles. It is not unlikely that the absurd Munroe doctrine may stand in the way, seeing that the United States would be necessarily prominent in any scheme of intervention. If such be the fact, the case is one which should suffice to show the statesmen of the Great Republic the folly, if not the absurdity, of attempting to hold themselves aloof, and keep their national action and influence apart from that of European nations. There seems little reason to hope as yet that either party would accept mediation, but it is not unlikely that the moral sentiment of the world would approve if the three Republics, America, France and Mexico, as has been suggested by an influential English journal, should undertake a "dictatorial intervention on the basis of a general amnesty, followed by a really free election." We can see no good reason, however, why such intervention should be confined to the Republics. The larger the number of nations uniting in it, the more readily would it be accepted, while from both the humanitarian and the political or commercial point of view, Great Britain's right and obligation to take a part in it would certainly seem not less than that of any other nation, certainly not less than that of any European nation.

HONOUR THE KING.

WHEN S. John the Baptist, standing before Herod Antipas, who had carried off his brother's wife, declared: "It is not lawful for thee to have her," he knew not only the meaning of the words which he uttered, but the consequences which they might entail. He was obeying his conscience and not his interests. He showed that he feared God and not man; and he paid the price of his boldness. His testimony cost him his head. When S. Ambrose repulsed the Emperor Theodosius from the altar at Milan because he had on his hands the blood of his innocent subjects, he was fully conscious that he was trying conclusions with the Master of the World; and, although his loyalty to God ultimately cost him nothing, he knew perfectly well that it might have cost him a great deal. The merit of his action was the same as if he had suffered for it.

We confess that the recent clerical protests against the card playing of the Prince of Wales do not excite quite the same emotions in our minds. No doubt the Prince of Wales has acted very foolishly in encouraging the playing of Baccarat, and this would have been true, even if no scandal had come of it. But his sufferings have been fully commensurate with his offence; and, although it is quite proper that the papers and the clergy should deliver their testimony, it is a pity that some of them should get into such a state of excitement over it. The Prince of Wales has rather a hard time of it. He has a great deal of work, an enormous amount of expense to incur in doing his work, and a very insufficient income. He can take no pleasures as other men can take them. Although he does not yet actually live in "the fierce light which beats against a throne," he gets the reflection of it. And generous editors and preachers should remember these things.

It is quite true that the encouragement of Baccarat playing was an imprudent thing on the part of His Royal Highness; but it is surely not strictly correct to say that it was an illegal thing. The game is illegal at clubs, and to a quite prudent person this might be, and we think is, a good reason for not playing it anywhere, even in the family circle and without stakes, but this does not prove that it is illegal in a private house. It is illegal to pay for and drink a glass of beer in a Scott Act county, if any such blissful district can still be found, but it is not, therefore, illegal to send a jug to the public house round the corner and there purchase a pint of ale, nor even to go to that "house of call" and drink it there. If we are going to be very rhadamanthine over these matters, let us be quite sure of the truth of the indictment.

We have no wish to minimize the nature of the offence; but it is certainly wrong, ungenerous, and most mean to exaggerate it. A brave man does not strike a woman or

a priest. The weakness of the woman protects her; and he would be a coward who would strike a man whose office would be a protection to the striker. And the Prince of Wales is in a somewhat similar position. Some allowance may be made for Sir Edward Clarke, although most people think he went too far. He certainly went absurdly too far when he said that the striking off of the name of Sir William Gordon Cumming from the army list involved the removal of the names of the Prince and General Williams. Sir William was proved, to the satisfaction of the jury, to have cheated at cards; and few people out of the unthinking and impulsive mob have thought of questioning the justice of the verdict. No such imputation was even suggested as lying against the Prince of Wales. We suppose that things of this kind may be defended or excused in a barrister who is bound to make the best case possible for his client; and the Solicitor-General could plead that he was only following his instructions. We doubt very much whether his doing so really benefited his client; but at any rate no such plea can be urged by the irresponsible writers and speakers, who are guilty of the audacity and the falsehood of saying that the Prince and General Williams are in the same category with Sir William Gordon Cumming.

Everyone must lament the fall of Sir William. That a brave gentleman and gallant officer should incur such disgrace is a calamity which reaches far beyond himself. Everyone will hope that he may live to retrieve his error; and we must all wish that he may so live that the memory of it shall be forgotten; but this can be no reason for blackening the heir to the throne. There was a time when it was thought that the fact of a man's occupying an exalted post was a reason for handling him tenderly; and we believe that the sentiment proceeded not from mere toadyism, but from a spirit of generosity and even of justice. It seems now that the higher the object the more unsparingly must it be bespattered with mud. We believe that this is absolutely and infinitely wrong and mischievous. It is bad not merely for the Sovereign or heir to the throne. It is bad for ourselves, and it is bad for the people. The Prince of Wales occupies a very difficult position; and he has occupied it with great ability and kindness. He has been one of the most popular men in the Empire, and he has deserved his popularity. He has been a good son, husband and father; and in society his deportment is at once manly, amiable and dignified. We believe that he has had his lesson and will profit by it. We have no doubt that his many admirable qualities will soon efface the remembrance of his recent indiscretion; and it is the duty of all generous, just and patriotic men to help forward this result. L.L.D.

OTTAWA LETTER.

THERE was thunder in the air on the memorable morning of the 10th, and the sultry stillness of the air was scarcely broken until the bell from the City Hall, quickly echoed by those of the churches, announced the start of that procession of thousands which made up the funeral cortege of the late Premier. Every rank and position in life was represented, and as mourners had hurried from all parts of the Dominion to pay the last tribute of respect to their departed friend and Chief, there were meetings between those who had not met for years; meetings that might have been joyous, but which on this occasion could only call forth regret and sad reminiscences of the "good times" that had been. The whole city was out of doors, and the crowds were swelled by hundreds of country-folk dressed in their best, who had brought their children, and held them up to see the last honours rendered to one whose memory they will be taught to revere. And still the sun's rays beat down with scorching intensity till all had passed into the church; but during the progress of the service the heavy clouds rolled up, the wind rose, and scarcely had the procession formed for its progress to the station than the rain began to fall in torrents. "Blessed are the dead that the rain rains on"; and we must take it as a good omen for the country that this rain, so long expected, so eagerly desired, should have fallen, whilst he who ever kept the interests of his country prominently before him was being borne to his rest.

And now, another page has been turned in the modern history of Canada, a page blank as yet, but which the events of every succeeding day will now help to fill. There has been a necessary pause of inaction and of reaction after the tension and excitement of the past fortnight. But inaction in this case has not meant inactivity, any more than reaction is a synonym for revolt. The sentiments of the Conservative party, as expressed in the Ottawa Government organ, are exactly what should animate them at this juncture. They have lost their head, the moving spirit of their policy, but if those that remain resolve to "quit themselves like men," which simply is to merge their own interests in those of the country, there

is no reason why this crisis should not have the happiest results. The great difficulty on occasions like the present is naturally that of selecting the best man, not only on his own merits, but as against the storm of party feeling and partisanship, which is perhaps carried to its utmost limits in this country. The public press has very faithfully represented the feeling of the Dominion respecting each possible candidate for the Premiership, but those living in the Capital realized, more than others could possibly do, the strength of individual opinion and the animus displayed as one or other of the Ministers seemed to be "the favourite." From the very first, the chance that Sir Hector Langevin would be asked to construct a Cabinet seemed so remote as not to be worth discussing. The Minister of Public Works has lived under the shadow and support of the late Premier, and no one can refuse him a measure of sympathy under the doubly unhappy circumstances of his present position. And, although many an eloquent tribute was paid in some of the leading journals, and by men of undoubted wisdom, to Sir Charles Tupper's fitness for the post, yet public opinion in Ottawa seemed to be tolerably evenly divided between Sir John Thompson and the Hon. Mr. Abbott. It was positively amusing to note the eager glances that followed either of them if they ventured out to take the air, especially if their route lay in the direction of the Government buildings.

Probably the most satisfactory, or rather the least unsatisfactory, solution of the difficulty has been given by His Excellency in sending first for Sir John Thompson and then, on his advice, for Mr. Abbott, who has found no difficulty in forming an Administration. This, it can scarcely be doubted, is only a provisional arrangement, necessary at a time when it is best to avoid exciting personal feeling or sectional prejudice. In more than one quarter there was undoubtedly a strong desire for an immediate reconstruction of the Cabinet, regardless of the possible consequences of "swapping horses when crossing a stream"; but the divergency of opinions and strong personal interests, which Sir John Macdonald balanced so dexterously, became immediately so apparent as to enforce the more prudent counsels of older members of the party, and to show the necessity of taking time for that thorough and compact organization which only can hope to face successfully the *sturm und drang* period that must come sooner or later, and for which the Opposition is steadily gathering its forces. Mr. Abbott, an old experienced politician, the trusted adviser of his late chief in all delicate and difficult matters, the man who has been described as "the brains of the early stages of the Canadian Pacific Railway," with his cool judgment, shrewd insight into men and things, tactfulness and resource, his quiet conciliatory manner, free from obtrusive personality, but strength of will when occasion demands, has, from his own choice, been less prominent to the eye of the public than was due to his importance as a factor in the counsels of his party, but from the beginning of this crisis it was quite evident to anyone knowing and studying the undercurrents that he would be "the man of the occasion." Personally he is a man of the simplest tastes, refined, scholarly and the pleasantest of companions to both young and old. At his age, the proverbial three score and ten, after a life of incessant professional and public activity, though in spite of one of those illnesses that come to brain-workers as a warning to do less, he is vigorous and hale, he might very reasonably have expected a period of rest and quiet. It is quite well known that such would have been his own wish, that the *nolo episcopari* in this instance was genuine. That he has consented to undertake the great labour and responsibility of the Premiership is an act of real devotion, rendered as quietly and unostentatiously as the rest of the long list of his public services. He has gone to work very expeditiously, and with the exception of Mr. Chapleau, who according to some of the interviewers seized the opportunity to advance his claims to the portfolio of Railways and Canals, had all his former colleagues enrolled under him by Saturday night.

The announcement made in the House of Commons this (Tuesday) afternoon was characteristic of Mr. Abbott's quiet, complete and succinct method. It gives Sir John Thompson the credit that is justly due him of having been the first called to His Excellency's advice, emphasizes the unity existing as to the course pursued and minimizes Mr. Abbott's own share. That Sir Hector Langevin made the announcement is taken to indicate his continuance in the leadership in the Lower House. The Railways and Canals Department is to be administered temporarily by one of the Cabinet not named as yet. Mr. Abbott takes the Presidency of the Privy Council, and in accordance with several British precedents, in fact as in the present case of Lord Salisbury, remains in the Upper Chamber. The whole thing was a matter of a few minutes. There was not a word from the Opposition leaders, and the crowd in the galleries had very little to compensate them for the pushing and struggling they underwent on this intensely hot day, for the attendance of Mr. Michael Connolly at the bar of the House, to answer a charge of contumacy in refusing to submit his account-books to examination by the Tarte-McGreevy Committee, was equally brief. Mr. Connolly did not seem dismayed at the awful prospect of committal to the custody of the Sergeant-at-Arms. After respectful protest, his counsel, Mr. Ferguson, announced in effect that if the books had to be given up they would be given up, since Parliament can theoretically order anything it likes to be done, and it was too hot to argue about it. And so Mr. Connolly departed to his hotel, instead of

to some unknown mysterious dungeon conveniently near the Restaurant, where, tradition has it, the Sergeant-at-Arms is bound to entertain his prisoners on green turtle and champagne until they purge themselves of their contempt for the dignity of the House. But nobody ever verifies this tradition. Under all the circumstances Mr. Connolly seems to have behaved exceedingly well in not going to the seaside and staying there till the hot weather and the session both ended.

The prevalent idea is that the session will now be hurried through, all but the estimates and the absolutely necessary legislation being dropped. The enquiry into the McGreevy-Langevin charges would be the only obstacle to a speedy close; the Opposition insist upon this being thorough and complete. Indeed there is much strong expression of opinion to the same effect on the Conservative side. It will necessarily take a good while no matter how much it may be expedited by absence of factious action on either part. And at any moment there may be a political storm, so that any forecast of the session is mere guess work. It is quite understood, however, that the Conservative programme is to close the session as quickly and quietly as possible and then reconstruct the Cabinet entirely.

Under any other circumstances than those of last week the concert of the Lotos Glee Club would have been a great musical event for Ottawa, but, coming on the evening of the day of Sir John's funeral, it had not the audience such music deserves. The Theodore Thomas concert was more fortunate and proved an unqualified success. We rarely get a chance here to listen to such works, still more rarely to such perfect orchestration. The exquisite rendering of "Chopin's Funeral March" was made doubly effective by the rising to their feet of the immense audience, who remained spell bound by its sweet and solemn strains and resumed their seats amid that silence which is the best of all applause and which, in this case, was a tribute alike to the music and to the memory it evoked. X.

ON THE DEATH OF SIR JOHN MACDONALD.

MOURN, Canada, thy greatest son,
Hush all thy cruel party strife,
Let no dissensions break upon
The last sad scenes of mortal life.

What boots it that in years gone by
All have not deemed him in the right?
Who is there, when he came to die,
But wished him victor in the fight?

A truce to strife of long ago,
All homage to the dead must pay;
For warmest friend and fiercest foe
Alike must grieve this sad, sad day.

His life was thine, and thine was his,
For he presided at thy birth;
Thy right and duty then it is,
O Canada, to own his worth.

Mistakes he made, but who can doubt
He meant and laboured for the best?
But all is ended—life gone out—
The weary worker now has rest.

His task is done, his life-work o'er,
A nation mourns her trusted chief,
And all the land from shore to shore
Is wrapt in universal grief.

And mother England too has wept
To learn that he has passed away,
Who safe the trust of Empire kept
And ever helped her hands to stay.

Nor can mistakes or actions done
From party zeal amid the strife
Forbid the honours justly won
By his long, useful public life.

Grieve, Britain, for thy loss is great,
And mourn, O Canada, for he
Was the firm bulwark of thy state
And laboured first and last for thee.

He needs no marble for his fame,
Seven states in one Dominion blent
Shall still add lustre to his name,
And be his lasting monument.

Pause, critics, pause, the years to come
May yield a brighter, clearer light;
Cease ye a while, till o'er his tomb
History her final verdict write.

A. F. CHAMBERLAIN.

Worcester, Mass., June 8, 1891.

A TELEGRAM just to hand from Simla states the returns of the census just completed show the population of the Indian Empire to be 285,000,000—being an increase of fully 30,000,000 since the last census, taken ten years ago. The manner in which Mr. Bainis, the census officer, accomplished his work is generally commended.

PARTY GOVERNMENT.

ACCORDING to the *Manitoba Free Press* there is a strong desire that the government of the Province shall cease to be government by party. There are signs that a similar feeling obtains in the older provinces, and its influence extends, though very slightly, to the general politics of the whole Dominion. It is the same all over the world. France can hardly be said to be under party government, so many are the cliques into which its political world is divided, but among even such an effervescent people as the French there is a demand for a "Cabinet of Capables" rather than of nominees. The strong militarism of Germany, too, cannot keep concealed the demand for less interference by political wire-pullers, while in England, where place pensions and peerages are still the rewards for party allegiance and not for public performances, there is a courageous little band working to hasten the time of which it shall be said

Then none was for the party,
Then all were for the State.

It is in the United States that so wholesome an influence is not yet felt. There, party practices have degenerated politics to its lowest degradation; and this, notwithstanding the appeal of Channing, the nation's most profound divine, and the bequest of Washington, its greatest statesman. In his farewell address to the people of the United States George Washington wrote: "I have already intimated to you the danger of parties in the State. . . . Let me now take a more comprehensive view, and warn you, in the most solemn manner, against the baneful effects of the spirit of party generally." It is strange that a nation that never wearies in its worship of the "name" of one of the most brilliant figures the world has ever seen, should show its lack of appreciation of his policy by so utterly disregarding his last wish, and so entirely neglecting his solemn advice, that they wallow and even revel in the very filth his prescience saw was likely to besmear them.

The change that is coming over politicians almost everywhere, as above indicated, is a hopeful sign. One of the strangest of phenomena of the nineteenth century is the submission of nations to government by party; that is by a body of men whose principal idea is fidelity not to the State, but to a leader of a section. The members of a party follow its leader wherever he goes, and however he goes, even through dishonour to perdition. They pledge themselves to support whatever he proposes. Indeed they surrender all their political independence to his guidance; they do as they are told and speak as they are told, a very good thing for little boys, a very bad thing for grown-up men. Men who scorn the doctrine of "Our country right or wrong," enslave themselves under the dictum "Our leader right or wrong." For this reason it is that men of high principle fight shy of entering Parliament. Its atmosphere is repulsive to them; and the political world becomes the hunting ground for mediocrities of plastic principles and convenient consciences. Parties so formed are very hospitable and entertain conflicting sentiments and contradictory opinions with amazing impartiality—when it suits them to do so.

It is not surprising that the adherents to such a system are ashamed of their position at the same time that they imagine they are proud of it. This may seem paradoxical, but it is true nevertheless. A man will boast of the glorious principles of his party, and with his very next breath will lavish unbounded praise upon a great politician because he is "above party." The excesses of weaker men are excused on the ground of "over-zeal for party." Statesmen, we are told, ought to be "superior to the Shibboleths of party." "There are obligations higher than those of party" is an assurance often put forth. Palmerston and Gladstone, we are reminded, though strong party men, never allowed their party sympathies to blind them to the discharge of their duties to the interests of their country. What can this mean, if it do not mean that the interests of party are not the interests of the nation; that a man's duty to the State is incompatible with his duty to his party; that the party and the people are antagonistic terms. So, too, when politicians (Chamberlain, e.g.) have felt themselves obliged to leave a party, they have immediately congratulated themselves upon being "free," "untrammelled," "unfettered," able to do their duty; the logical conclusion from which is that when they were members of a party they were not free to do their duty, but were trammelled and fettered. We often hear of a man's being "blinded by party," but who ever heard of a man being blinded by conscientious convictions; from which it follows again that party practices have nothing to do with political principles.

The conduct of politicians towards the great questions that agitate a nation, too, emphasize the fallacy and the folly of government by party. In the face of a great crisis party government not only breaks down, but it is expected to break down. "In a crisis like this," says the Opposition, "we must sink party differences and support the Government." This means that one of the great parties in the State must send all its principles to the winds—principles on which they have declared the safety of the country depends—simply because the unexpected has happened. "In the face of common danger," it is said, "we must rise above party, we must unite and act as one nation." That is to say: "the Government we oppose having got the country into a muddle, as we said it would, we must discard all our principles, break all the promises that bamboozled our friends to vote for us, and

go into the muddle with them." In England at several stages of the Irish question leading politicians have called aloud that "party differences should be set aside," because "the common welfare should be above the interests of any political party," which can have no other meaning than that the interests of a political party are antagonistic to the common welfare of the people.

This extraordinary phenomenon can be understood only when the origin and object of party government are borne in mind. Parties have always existed, but government by party is of comparatively recent date. It was not until the reign of William III. that Cabinets were constituted on party lines. Up to that time the king selected his Ministers from those he considered the most capable, and, as a rule, the selection was justified by the results. A Cabinet so constituted was in *rerum natura* independent of the influence of even the predominant party. It was due to the Earl of Sunderland, "a man whose political character was of the lowest type" (Green), that this state of things was altered. For a corrupt purpose he secretly visited William III. and persuaded the king to choose his Ministers, not as heretofore from the most capable men, but exclusively from the members of that party which happened to be strongest in the House of Commons. This was the thin edge of the wedge, the beginning of party government. Conceived in sin and born in iniquity, the serpent crawled forth, wrapped its coils round officialdom, and left its slimy trail to indicate a path for all succeeding politicians.

It is easy to see now that what followed must inevitably have followed. Ministers had patronage. The patronage hitherto distributed amongst all parties became concentrated on one party. It was but one step further to exact party allegiance as the price for ministerial favours. This was naturally succeeded by the extension of patronage. The more pressing the exigencies of party grew, the greater became the necessity of "boodle." Very soon, as Walpole said, "every man had his price," and so openly was the principle avowed, and so universal was its application, that a sessional douceur of five hundred guineas to those who voted when they were told and how they were told, became the minimum bribe. Up to the time of "young Disraeli," the first question asked a newly-elected M.P. was: "What office would you like?" and the system of "twelve hundred pounders" sprang into existence. In the struggle between political tradition and political probity some of the worst features of this corruption have passed away, but even yet in England the threat to dissolve Parliament is a threat to force M.P.'s into huge private expenditure, and it is almost impossible to secure the second reading of any great measure without the creation of a batch of peers and baronets, the appointment to sinecures and the granting of pensions. So far is this carried that even the Bishops are party adherents, while as to the other church plums, "no talent, no learning, no piety can advance the fortunes of a clergyman whose political opinions are adverse to those of the government powers" (Earl Russell). To a lower depth still does this sort of thing extend. Even the honorary distinctions bestowed by the Universities are political rewards. As the recipient of one of them said: "There is no demmed merit about us, you know." Thus in England. Is it not much the same in Canada? There are rewards, sinecures, pensions, contractors' jobberies, and the thousand and one different forms of "boodling" that disfigure our political system.

All this is very demoralizing: demoralizing to Parliament, demoralizing to the people. When politicians throw morality and probity overboard, the people whom they influence will soon follow their example. Of course a great deal is heard from party politicians about morality and probity, and so forth. Indeed a political party is not always immoral. When it seems to a party that morality and the particular doctrine then being taught run together, then morality is held up as the one grand test of all political action. But let morality interfere, or let it be thought that it will interfere with the cry of the party, and we hear that no prudent statesman can allow mere morality to determine his action in an imperfect world like this. Lord Hartington objects to the opium traffic on moral grounds, but he does not think the responsible rulers of India would be justified in depriving India of the six millions of revenue she derives from its growth. That is to say, morally he is opposed to the cause of misery, wretchedness, squalour and vice; but it pays well, and therefore he supports it. Indeed it is astonishing what sophistry is conjured into being under the pernicious system of politics here denounced. Even such men as Bright and Cobden spoke against their party and voted with them, giving the most outrageous quibbles as a defence. Gladstone has gone even further in this direction than did Bright and Cobden. He has boldly declared that he will not be bound in office by what he said in order to get there, and as for the fear of public censure or surprise, why, says he: "No memory is so short as fulness needs not trouble itself on repentance or conversion." By the side of these things Madame De Staël's *Le parti est saint-like morality*: "La règle de conduite dont il ne faut jamais s'écarter en politique: c'est de se rallier toujours au parti le moins mauvais parmi ses adversaires, lors même que ce parti est encore loin de votre propre manière de voir."

As the rulers so the people! What is indeed surprising is the way the people consent to be ruled by hocus-

pocus. The duty of selecting members of Parliament is laid upon the people by the Legislature. It is one of the most solemn of all the functions of citizenship, and yet men allow automatic conventions to fritter down the representative system to nothing, and permit caucuses to whittle away all Parliamentary protection. They know that the party press is a corrupt press, and yet they are led by it, and they show in every possible way that they prefer to be hoodwinked by party tactics than legislated for on political principles. Is there any wonder then that so little useful legislation is accomplished? Under this pernicious and nefarious system changes of the right kind at the right time cannot be; beneficial legislation is harassed, retarded, disfigured, and the scramble for "boodle" is all that is thought of. What is the remedy for this state of things? The remedy, I believe, lies in confining party practices within the narrowest limits. This could be done by separating the administrative functions from the governing functions, and by the election, not the appointment, of those who govern us. This may seem startling at first sight, but that is merely on account of its novelty. Use is second nature, however, and when the novelty was worn off the plan would appear natural enough. If a man be a good Postmaster-General, why should he be turned adrift simply because his political principles are not the same as those who govern us? If a Minister be specially fitted for the Indian Department, why should he be set aside because he is not at one with the policy of the Government? Let the State have the best administrators it can get for its money, irrespective of their party creed or political belief. At present the best men are not selected. Square pegs are forced into round holes, and the inexperienced entrusted with the most important duties. Men are selected, not for their fitness and the work to be done, but merely to satisfy party requirements.

The Cabinet, on the other hand, ought not to be selected by one man. It ought to be elected, perhaps by the House of Commons would be the most convenient way. Appointment by the Sovereign was bad enough, but at any rate it was appointment by the Head of the nation. Appointment by the Premier, however, is worse, because it is not appointment by the chief of the people, but only by the chief of a party. In no other public institution is the Executive appointed by one man. The President of a Railway Company does not appoint his Directors; the Chairman of a Corporation does not select his colleagues. Even the Committee of a Young Man's Debating Society is elected by the members. And so on all through. The persons interested are the persons to elect their Executive. It is so in every institution from the highest to the lowest, wherever there are interests at stake. It remains for the Executive of the greatest interests of all, the management of the nation itself, to be wholly appointed by one man. No body of shareholders would stand such a method for one moment. The system is anti-democratic; it is bureaucracy in *excelsis*, tyranny *de profundis*. It is against the instincts of a free people, antagonistic to the genius of a great nation. Let it perish. If this were done boodling would be banished to limbo, corruption would cease to exist, and patronage would be fairly distributed. We should have a set of M.P.'s of higher tone. Legislation would progress, political principles would be respected, and dignity would be given to our representative system. The House of Commons would be what it professes to be, what its title declares it to be, and would falsify the grammarian's illustration of apposite phrases: "House of Commons—Den of Thieves."

WILLIAM TRANT.

PATRIOTISM IN ITS RIGHT MIND.

LET the intelligent foreigner be placed facing the British Imperial Federationist, and let me sign for him, or rather for them, since I become here the incarnation of more than one outside nation, and can confess my lofty responsibility, thanks to THE WEEK's good custom of fair tolerance in publishing differing opinions and the signatures of those expressing them.

There appeared in THE WEEK of April 24 the concluding chapter of Mr. O. Howland's "The New Empire." The author desires peace, as we all do; let us recall for a moment the existence of other nations, and ask whether action inspired by his tone is likely to produce the peace we all desire. "Discussions are mostly useless, because men do not agree about the premises," Dr. Newman justly said; and the assumption that British Federation is a bit more likely to bring peace founded on continual unselfish upholding of righteous dealing is simply one which, rightly or wrongly, no nation would admit. No nation, one may say, because England herself as a whole would have good sense or humour enough not to admit it. The notion of England as a sort of police force directed by the Almighty to keep general peace on earth, so an Imperial Federationist speaker expressed it, seems to many Englishmen, and to all other men, merely mock heroic unreality or else bare-faced hypocrisy. At least, the thing to be noted is (and it cannot be noted too often in our efforts to keep the world's peace, to be successful we must first see things as they are) that other nations regard this talk about England exactly as those using it regard the same talk in the mouth of the German Emperor or of the Czar; it is often quite sincere, very well-meaning, and generally turns to something else if the speaking nation's interests are not allowed

the upper hand; to modify Dr. Johnson, "Every nation is peaceful when temptation is away." Frankly now, even for one willingly looking to Federation of what is best in "Britishism," has one a right to say to oneself, judging by the past or by the present, that a very powerful British Federation would say "there must not be war," and yet would never try to gain one single unjust advantage from the situation? What! not eat one of the chestnuts some one else has taken the trouble of drawing out of the fire? Have foreign nations no reasons whatever for representing England always in that attitude, as they are pleased to do? They exaggerate, no doubt, but are we then to exaggerate, and to declare that British policy would be most certainly all unselfish? However, (to repeat again) put England in a position to say, now we shall have peace, now we shall have war, and your act would be an appeal to arms in every other civilized nation. Why does an Imperial Federationist of this sort think it unreasonable of other nations to recollect the war against the American colonies, or the Chinese War, or as Mr. Bright would have added, the Crimean War itself? They are past; but so is the German War for France, and the Mexican War, and the German War against Denmark. Must we impeach the patriotism of even Conservative journals in London who have said England broke faith in still occupying Egypt? At least, are there not two sides to the question? Once again, England may be good, may be better than others; but other nations say, would she not have to be perfect before we agree quietly to her having absolute power? And many patriotic Englishmen echo the same words; perhaps those are the truest patriots. There is something horrible in the false position of trying to make your country out immaculate; you might as well be told to try to think your parents had no faults, before you had the right to love them.

May an instance be taken from the book alluded to above, a book inspired evidently by such generous sentiments, and when we see generosity imputing perfection or perfectibility to imperfection we cannot but have sympathy and cannot but admire: is not loyalty in its purity most admirable, be it to king or to parliament, in London, in New York, or in Paris? I once heard a young Canadian give reasons for the fact that members of Parliament in England were all so great and so virtuous. *O jeunesse si candide, si aimable!* Would not the poetry of it draw tears from the dullest of cynics? But this book says: "Europe may witness the revival of the spirit of Elizabethan England, that has not been dead but sleeping." Now if we were talking of the 16th and 17th centuries, when in Southey's words, "all nations" (that was, then, all religions) "were united in one Catholic doctrine, not to tolerate anyone that did not agree with you," it would be all very well; we could set Elizabeth's poisoning of her Irish enemy against Borgia's poisoning of an enemy of his, Knox's recommendation to exterminate Catholics against Philip the Second's attempt against Protestants, disembowelling against burning, and so on, and so on; if we were fair-minded Protestants we should quote Hallam's, "the deadly original sin of the reformed churches, and that which takes from every fair-minded man's sympathy for them, according as his reading increases, is their instinct for religious persecution"; and if we were fair-minded Catholics we should not quote approvingly the statement that "religious persecution, after being acute in King Edward's day, died down in the reign of Queen Mary, to burst forth with redoubled fury in the days of Elizabeth." We would say that last was a half truth, indeed; but maybe the poet laureate is right in saying that it is therefore the worst of lies.

What we are asked to admire, however, is the revival of the spirit of Elizabethan England, not in literature, not even in luxurious architecture, much less in artistic sense, but in things social, political, religious. May the Lord preserve us from it, and preserve especially those not of our faith or of our land, and those weaker than us! The spirit that gave England the chief part in the slave trade, the monopoly in the traffic indeed, the spirit that made heroes of pirates—well enough for the time, perhaps, but that is not the question—men whom no international law would protect, who thought as much of the life of any foreigner as a New Orleans citizen of the life of a Mafia-ite; a peaceful sea-police truly! What church shall be made the dominant one under the revival of this spirit? and then that establishment can put in force the laws still, I believe, on the English statute book—or there until lately—by which some ministers of other not dominant religions were hung till half dead, taken down and disembowelled, and their entrails thrown into the fire, while the men of Elizabethan spirit stood by and listened unmoved to the martyrs' prayers for their sturdy, godly executioners; by the same spirit what hunting down there would be of our Presbyterian moderators, Wesleyan superintendents, what banishing and finings, what petty tyranny, what degradation of free men! And if Anglicanism was not established, then bishops would be the victims; something to persecute we must have. Like with the "ascendancy" Protestants in Ireland; was it Macaulay said of their true Elizabethan spirit that they were grieved when a Catholic became a convert to them, as it was one victim the less? The anti-Elizabethan spirit, the modern spirit, spoke in Burke's, "I would not give them so much as a kitten to torment." In the name of common sense, in the name of self-interest, if of nothing higher, what would be the effect on the world at large of the revival of this spirit in any one powerful nation? The Elizabethan spirit!

For it your cosmopolitan hankerings, your peace societies, your solidarity, your humanitarianism are all but so much idle sentimentalism; your individual self-respect, your equality before the law are the subversion of order based on force, your religious toleration forgets that religion must be a department of state; as to your decency of speech, the less said about the name of Elizabeth in that connection the better.

These reproaches, as I said, might well be idle if they were only answers to praise of the Elizabethan time in its own age; very legitimate that praise surely might be. But they are not answers to anything so historically just or so unimpassioned; and though the peaceful author of this book may shrink from his conclusions, yet words have been heard from platforms supporting the cause he has at heart which have certainly turned against that cause those who have any sense that the world does not consist of the British Empire alone, and who, the more they find that Empire admirable, the less do they find it and it alone admirable, and the more they start in horror at the half lit cave in which Chauvinists of this sort glorify themselves in blind satisfaction.

The wrong it does a man's justice of mind is seen in this book itself, in the perpetual weary unprogressive state of mind which is always poking at the beam in the other man's eye, and never at the mote in one's own—to change the gospel so as to give oneself for the moment all the benefit of the doubt. This talk about "dishonest states and half-civilized republics" Mr. Goldwin Smith has lately called vulgar snobbishness; at any rate, as Mr. Arnold would have said, it is not just, it is not healing. One may add, as a reminder to the strongest Imperialist, that it certainly does not serve his cause in England. And then, as to France,—now really, are we fifty years behind the age, or back further, in the days of caricatures of Bony? It is too ridiculous; the colours are so very bold, or the shades are so very black. Somehow one thought that historical philosophy was telling us that peoples cannot exist inclined only to evil, that *a priori* a judgment of a literature recognized as great is incomplete if it dismisses it as merely the product of what is bad. May I illustrate this incident? During May, a German paper said France was pagan. So half truth decides. The other half truth is that no country in the world gives as many foreign missionaries, and that France gives more money to foreign missions than all other Catholic countries put together.

So this following statement is made: "The present state of France is a constant danger to the world." The other day when the Empress Frederick was in Paris, the *Cologne Gazette*—one does not perhaps wonder—said the lady had been insulted, to the astonishment of natives and foreigners in peaceful Paris, and to the expressed astonishment of the lady herself. It does not matter, we wish to say ugly things, so we will say them, then we know ugly things will be said in return. There was not a little of that sort of justice before 1870, and not all to the west of the Rhine. "It is not he who declares war that is to be blamed, but he who makes war necessary."

And this statement: "The provinces torn from Germany by fortunes of war, now by fortunes of war restored to her." To whom? To Germany? What Germany? Where was the modern Prussian dominion when Louis XIV. took Strasbourg? What had Prussia had to do with Alsace-Lorraine? If they belonged to "Germany," why does not Austria belong to "Germany" also? Surely that suggests another half truth besides the one suggested above. Or is that one above only a confusion of words? "America" in 1691 and in 1891, does it mean the same thing; can the one always renew the claims exactly of the other? And another consideration, in answer to the statement: "To Germany by race, language and religion they belong." Whom does Belgium belong to "by race, language and religion?" Whom does, or did, Ireland not so belong to? Whom does Wales not so belong to at the present moment? Not to England by any of these three marks. And shall we utter the words: Whom then does Canada belong to? That is a half unfair instance, perhaps. But when you take the instance of Gibraltar? of Malta? These be wild statements to go flinging about. Prescriptive rights to Gibraltar? Perhaps the history books tell which occurred first, the taking of Strasbourg or the Treaty of Utrecht. And how unreasonable it is of little Italian boys' history books to write as they do about annexed Malta.

But far beyond these discussions, what should appeal to every citizen of the new world, in the natural fairness of humanity, is this: that the flesh and blood of his fellow-men, the inhabitants of these provinces rebelled by love, by piety, by longing of heart against the annexation of Alsace and Lorraine. That is the only real question for us: that it is which makes this twenty-year-old question the threatener of the world's peace. A war occurs with us, Ontario is annexed, and to-morrow our brothers and sons fight against us, we ourselves fighting against our dead comrades, against our Mother Country, unless we choose exile. Never mind questions of whom the country did or did not belong to once: it is your generosity, your pity, your honour, your whole heart which is appealed to. You would despise yourself if you did not feel as every Frenchman now feels. And if the wish of peoples has nothing to do with modern settlements of maps, wherein are we more civilized as to these things than in the days of the wars of cruellest tyranny? But it has. In what

else depends the safety of the Belgium already spoken of, or the safety of Switzerland, or perhaps that of Canada herself?

W. F. STOCKLEY.

THE SUN BRIDE.

Lo! she comes with foot-fall faint in the lush grasses,
Up the flower-strewn aisle,
Soft scent making all the way sweet where she passes,
Rose-light mile on mile—

Seeking over lowlands wild, the red sun meets her
In the purple clover,
Flashing gold-light in her blue eyes as he greets her,
In fair fields a rover—

Where the lark builds, and the scarlet poppy-flower
And white daisies grow;
Snowy petals drifting in a silver shower
Where the blue-bells blow—

Crowning her with jewelled flowers his young bride,
Roses dripping dew
By the hedges where in pale, thin shadows hide
Buds and blossoms blue—

Straying over uplands unto golden heights,
Fountains, and white streams—

Twilight trembling, lavender, and grey, dull lights—
Soft imaginings
The sweet starlight brings,
Visions and dim dreams.

Picton, June, 1891.

HELEN M. MERRILL.

PARIS LETTER.

THE Melinite scandal exploded sooner than what was expected, yet when coolly examined, it partakes largely of the mare's nest. Such big words as high treason, selling the country, etc., impart a kind of sensation, but do not replace proofs. The popular belief in France was—and is—that her army possessed a secret explosive, with shells and guns to match, that no other war department had. For military chemists and projectile manufacturers there are no secrets connected with either new explosives or new weapons. What is new is not always excellent; and what is true partakes of the old almanac. Like authors, every government's representatives endeavour by hook or by crook to come at the secret of any discovery or invention for the destruction of armies, fortresses and fleets, for all is fair in undeclared war. But like the Spartans, the crime only lies in being detected.

A splendid proof of Anglo-Saxon pluck and endurance has been illustrated in the International Bicycle Contest from Bordeaux to Paris, a distance of 360 miles; that distance the champion, Mr. G. P. Mills, wheeled in 26½ hours—about half of that time is required to traverse the same distance by the mail train. Mills was followed 1¼ hour later by another Englishman, and after a lapse of 3½ hours more two others of his countrymen arrived—a tie. The first distinguished foreigner was 6 hours behind the winner of the prize. Mills arrived well travel stained, and not a little "raw"; he reached the winning post, at 7.30 a.m. on Sunday morning, having experienced storm and rain during the last eleven hours. Nearly after starting, he fell and injured his hands and knee—hence, more glory. He changed wheels seven times *en route*, and was supplied *ad libitum* with good soup and the best cobwebbed claret. At each of the towns he passed through, an inspector on the way-bill certified to the sportsman's presence. The worst part of the road was in the hilly neighbourhood of Angoulême. The French velocipedists gave the "blue-ribbonist" a gallant and warm welcome.

It is for the French to wipe out this Waterloo at the race for the Grand Prix on the 7th June, when the winner of the Epsom Derby can try legs and lungs against "Ermak" the winner of the Chantilly Derby on Sunday last. Ermak was not the favourite, but in the *cantier d'honneur* his strides and splendid form soon satisfied his backers. He won the 75,000 frs. prize by a clear length and fair riding. The day was abominably wet; hence the 10,000 persons less than on similar gala occasions. The gate money amounted to only 73,000 frs., when ordinarily it is double that sum. As for toilettes, no lady seemed to appear in any wardrobe glory. A waterproof, the first robe at hand, and an old bonnet were the costume of the day. The only person who indulged in smiling was the lord of the manor, the Duc d'Aumale; gossip said, he was in ecstasies because he had received that morning a dozen of invaluable ancient books from his London collector.

The discussion on the revision of the tariff commences to be lively. It was a protectionist deputy, M. Viger, who carried the reduction in the corn due from 50 frs. to 30 per ton, from August next till June, 1892. This is considered to be a breach in the fortress of the ultra-protectionists. Under free trade, the duty was 6 frs. the ton, and the price of wheat was even then higher than it is at present, when the tax is 44 frs. per ton higher. M. Viger made the double-edged sword avowal that, if the reduction was not effected, the consumers would raise a crop that

would abolish all the duty. When the price of bread augments, owing to normal conditions, the consumer accepts the misfortune in silence; not so when the Government taxes his loaf. The war estimates have been increased by 5,000,000 frs. alone this year for bread-stuffs for the army, as the consequence of the new entry taxes on cereals. That augmented charge must be met by the tax-payer, who will have also to defray his personal quota of the artificial rise in the cost of his crust. The proposed tariff is a mess and muddle, which the Minister of Commerce declares saddles all imports into France 93 to 160 per cent. above existing rates. It is out-MacKinleying, MacKinley. Where is the country that will knit trade with France with such attractive handicapping?

Mdlle. Auclert, the standing counsel for woman's rights, complains that the wife is a slave, a Helot, to her domestic duties. She demands that the wife, when a bread-winner, ought to be assisted in the execution of her household duties by the husband. After the latter's daily factory or shop duties are over, instead of passing his evenings in the pub., he ought to help tidying up the house, in cooking, and—in nursing. With these attractions and the Clitheroe-Jackson right of a spouse to quit her husband when it pleases her, marriage is brought dangerously near to the failure point.

The encyclical of Léon XIII. on the social movement is well relished by the labour classes. He is on their side, though not accepting all their solutions. His Holiness admits that something must be done to ameliorate the condition of the working masses. The matter can neither be postponed nor shelved. Labour is determined to have its voice listened to. Thiers observed: "It is necessary to take everything seriously, but nothing tragically." The grand army of workers are not revolutionists. They want to ameliorate their condition—which is not a crime, and is at all events human. Nor must society conclude that every workman who demands eight hours a day carries half-a-pound of dynamite in his pocket. Neither academies, nor publications, nor speechifying command the ear of the working classes. The latter can only—in France, at least—be reached through parliamentary debates, where capitalists and employers will be confronted by the facts and figures of the Social movement, and where the merits of Free Association *versus* State Socialism can be threshed out, and Utopias and fads winnowed away. It is for the medicamen of the Labour movements in Parliaments to embody their thought-out remedies in Bills, and have these fully discussed. Then will be known what's what and who's who.

The pending strike of the Paris omnibus employés is full of teachings for employers. The Omnibus Co's directors, with a Louis XIV. hauteur, and a board-room snobism, turn the adder's ear to a model body of servants, 7,000 strong, worked 16 hours a day, miserably paid, and kept in a slow, tantalizing fever from petty injustices and inspectorial persecutions. Like the worm, the men have at last turned, and the press, the public, and the municipality wish them good luck.

The King of Portugal is only in his twenty-eighth year and weighs 18 stone. It is rumoured that he intends visiting Paris to consult surgeons Péan and Labbé, whose specialty is to *dégraissier* fat boys. General Saussier, the military commander of Paris, from being a David Lambert is now relatively as slim as a whipping post, due to a surgical operation. Dom Carlos has no end of anxieties, and *Figaro* says: "Misery makes a man *gros* and *gras*," while Falstaff asserts: "Sighing and grief blow a man up like a bladder." If his Majesty comes to Paris he will "come to stay," like his astronomer cousin, Dom Pedro. Z.

THE French Government has decided to cultivate the *isonnadra gutta*, or guttapercha tree, in Algeria. This is an example which it would be well to follow in some of our own possessions, for example Burmah. The tree has been all but exterminated in Singapore, and, unless a good substitute is found, our supply of guttapercha for telegraphic and other electrical purposes will soon come to an end. Karite, the gum of the butter tree of Senegal and the Niger, is believed by M. Heckel to be a substitute.

If ever there was a lovable time in the history of English literature, it seems to have been the time of Charles Lamb and his friends; yet no doubt the time had its hatefulness, and it is only a small literary group that one's heart may really warm to. Perhaps it is only Lamb himself: it will not do to enquire too curiously about anything. But Lamb one may always make sure of loving; not for his weaknesses and errors, which were small parts of him, but for his good sense and kindness, which make him seem rather the best and wisest, as well as the delightfulest, of his contemporaries. The fact that he has been unsparingly sentimentalized, not only for his tragic experiences, his sacrifices and his sorrows, but for what his poor mad sister called his smokiness and drinkiness, without being rendered loathsome, is proof that he was too largely sound and sage to be made the prey of his weak-minded worshippers. He had a robust, inward strength, like Keats, which has defended him from the worst endeavours of literary mawkishness, while his fortunes and his circumstances have moved the tenderness of all comers but Carlyle, who no doubt caught one aspect of him truly enough.—From the Editor's Study, in *Harper's Magazine*.

PARTED WAYS.

I.

"I AM afraid it has all been a mistake, Harold," she said, slowly and sadly, without turning to look at him, gazing straight before her at the glowing October landscape that lay spread around them.

"What a mistake!" he exclaimed in a startled tone, turning to look at the speaker's half-averted face, paler than its wont; at the delicate profile, with the broad brow arched with soft dark-brown hair, that stood out relieved against a back-ground of iron-grey rock. But the large, soft, thoughtful eyes did not meet the keen dark ones that looked into them. They were seemingly absorbed in contemplation of the dreamy radiance of the lovely Indian summer day, that flooded with its mellow light the glancing gold and crimson of the palm-like sumachs about them, the sparkling tide of the river that wound at their feet, the rich mosaic of autumn foliage on the opposite shore, even the grey-green lichens that crusted the granite rock on which they sat, and the brown pine needles that filled in all its crevices, seeming like a soft mantle thrown over the tiny ferns and delicate vegetation that nestled so confidently therein.

She kept silence for a few moments, as if gathering her strength, while he repeated his question with a mingling of tenderness and impatience in his tone, and on the dark eager intellectual countenance in which a close observer might have traced a good deal of latent ambition, blended with a strong suggestion of suppressed passion and of a self-will that tended to obstinacy. "What is a mistake? Helen darling?" he repeated.

"Our engagement, dear," she said, at last, very gently, yet as if the words had been forced out, almost against her will.

"Helen, are you dreaming? What nonsense is this! It isn't like you to say such unkind things! What if we do see some things differently? Don't we know and love each other, and isn't that enough? Haven't we a thousand thoughts and feelings in common? What are a few points of difference in comparison with a love like ours—like mine, at least," he added, a little reproachfully, "and what I supposed yours to be!"

"Ah, Harold, don't doubt my love," she exclaimed. "It is its very strength that makes me feel as I do! What are a few thoughts and feelings in common, if there is hopeless separation at the very core of it all; of all that makes the real beauty and meaning of life? It is like the 'little rift within the lute!' Look at that tiny seam in this great rock. Don't you know how it will widen and widen, winter after winter, till at last the whole mass drops apart forever!"

"Mere poetical fancies, Helen! You are trifling with yourself and me! It isn't a question of lutes and rocks, but of hearts that love and will love on, I hope—"

"Forever?" she asked, for the first time turning and looking full in his face.

"What have we to do with 'forever' just now, Helen? Now is enough for me! Life is so sweet and beautiful, and we love each other! Isn't that enough? It is in the present we have to live, not in the future. And where there is love, it can stand a great deal of difference of opinion."

"A great deal—yes! But not that which goes to the very heart and root of things—that on which the very essence of life and love seem to me to depend."

"All sentiment, my dear children! Can't you let me dream alone, and be your own sensible self? What can we really know about the future, or what you call the 'spiritual world?' No! I don't want to distress you. Keep your dreams and fancies about them if they amuse you." He had almost said, "if they amuse you." "But this unknown quantity need never come between us two. We have enough to fill our united life with, in what we do know! I can quote poetry, too, and from an unexceptionable source:—

Trust no future, how'er pleasant,
Let the dead past bury its dead,
Act, act in the living present!"

He stopped, and she finished the stanza:—

Heart within and God o'erhead.

His face hardened perceptibly. "Keep the last, if you think you need it, the first is enough for me!"

"But, dear, you don't understand, you can't understand the constant torture of living the best half of my life totally apart from you, utterly out of sympathy with you! It is the constant impulse to share with you what I love and value so dearly, the constant sense of the blank wall of separation between us, that makes this pain greater than I can bear! It seems like a nightmare, as if I were always struggling to get to you, across it, and were always thrown back again, do what I would."

"Then why not be philosophical, and school yourself to the inevitable? What is the use of crying for the moon, when you might be happy without it? Of course it would be delightful, if we could see all things just alike—'like two eyes on one face,' though even they don't see just alike; but mightn't it be a little dull? And what does it all matter, in the end? Surely you agree with me that the main thing is to be true to oneself, and that 'conduct is three-fourths of life.' He can't be wrong whose life is in the right!"

"Ah, Harold dear, but that is what troubles me most! It seems so clear to me that life can't be right apart from

its true foundation! And I do feel that your ideals and aims are changing, with your views of life! You haven't any longer the old aspirations, the old enthusiasms."

"Boyish fancies!" he exclaimed contemptuously. "A man soon finds his level as he grows older. If one does his own little bit of work fairly well, that is his contribution to the general result, without taking the universe on one's back! What are we all but just bits of machinery in the great mill?"

Helen sighed with a sense of the hopelessness of argument. But she braced herself anew for what she had to say.

"But you can never do the good you might, with such a narrow ideal as that, dear! You could be so much more than a mere bit of machinery; you were meant to be!"

"Meant!" he echoed, with a bitter smile.

"Yes, I know," she said, wearily; "I forgot that word had no meaning for you!" But there, you see, we always come back to the blank wall! The things dearest to me are nothing to you! Indeed, you often seem to hate them! I can't love you as I do, and think of this life, beautiful as it is, being all there is; of love itself as at the mercy of the beating of these hearts of ours, which at any moment might be stopped by some sudden accident and all be ended forever! To me, the very sacredness of love lies in its immortality; while you—you—"

She could not go on. Her face quivered, and she turned away to hide the tears she could no longer keep back.

Harold caught her at once in his strong encircling arms, and pressed her closely to his heart, trying to kiss away the fast-flowing tears. This strange mood would soon be over now, he thought.

But she struggled hard for composure, and presently freed herself from his embrace, while he exclaimed tenderly: "My darling, don't torture yourself and me any more!—You've been brooding over things till you have unnerved yourself."

"If I have," she replied,—"it is because the thought will not let me rest, it haunts me so,—the consciousness of that horrible idea of yours, that there is nothing in the universe but blind force, and our frail human love. It is the very strength of my love for you that troubles me. I want so much to be at one with you—that we should see things with the same eyes, that I often feel as if I were losing hold of the only thing that is fixed and stable—as if a black chasm of nothingness were opening at my feet. Ah, you don't know how many wakeful nights, and how many bitter tears it has cost me! Your death, dear, I could bear, with the 'sore and certain hope' of reunion, but the blackness of desolation, the death in life that seems to loom up before me when my faith seems drifting from my hold, is more than I could bear! Don't you see, I am afraid—afraid lest, under the constant influence of your questioning, incredulous spirit, I might lose the light altogether, and, for me, that would be the most terrible loss of all!"

There could be no question of the intensity of her feeling. It impressed Harold in spite of himself, and indeed it touched some chords in his own breast which still vibrated painfully. Presently he said, gloomily: "I suppose Harvey has been meddling! Do you think I can't see through that? And I suppose, if he manages to separate us, he will hope to console you himself, by and by!—Fanatical bigots, all of them!" he muttered.

"Harold, dearest," she said, with a look of unutterable pain, "Do you think I should allow him or any one to talk to me on such a subject? or that anyone else could influence me, when you cannot? This is solely and entirely my own deliberate judgment."

"Yet I thought you believed in the sacredness of love and betrothal!"

"But what if you do not? And, with your philosophy, how can anything be 'sacred?' Love is simply 'a product,' you say. Why should it be more sacred than any other product? I did believe that love's claims were supreme, that where two people loved each other, nothing, not even this, should come between them. And if I were stronger, myself, I might decide differently; I might feel able to go on, unchanged myself, always hoping, what you have told me I need not hope for! But as it is—oh Harold, darling—I feel I dare not!"

"And do you really mean that for this shadowy reason, we must part, after all our close intimacy, our dear friendship, our dear love, our plighted troth?"

"Harold," she replied, "I am not thinking of myself alone. I shall never cease to love you—never forget you! But I honestly believe it is best for you, too. Don't you think I have seen how your present distasteful work and narrow sphere fret and gall you? Can I help knowing that but for me and our engagement, you would not think of staying here—that you would gladly avail yourself of the opening your uncle has offered you, to enter the profession that has always been your own choice? And if I let you make the sacrifice, for I know it is one, how will it be by and by? Might you not come to feel you had made a mistake? No, dear, I have not come to this conclusion hastily. It has been a long, hard struggle, but I do see it now."

"Well, Helen," he rejoined, in a colder tone, "I should, of course, never hold you to an engagement you wish to break. If this is really your decision, the sooner we part, the better! I had another letter from my uncle last evening, again urging me to come to him, and begging for an immediate reply. I did not tell you of it, as I knew it would give you pain. But if you are serious in this madness, as I regard it, I had better reply that I will

avail myself of his offer as soon as I can get a substitute for my work here, which I know I can do at once." His voice sounded hard and metallic. His face had quite lost the tender pleading look it had worn. Helen knew that he was very angry, and felt keenly wounded by his tone. She made no reply, and as he unconsciously rose, she rose, too, and he instinctively offered his hand to help her down the path that led to the shore, where their boat lay waiting. As they descended, she looked up, and their eyes met. The wistful pleading look in her sad eyes was too much for him. Instantly his mood changed. Once more he clasped her in his arms, strained her passionately to his breast, and held her as if he could not let her go. Her beauty and her love were so sweet to him, the old habit of loving was so strong. "My darling! my darling! I cannot give you up!" he murmured, as he kissed again and again the soft cheek, wet with tears. But she did not answer, and silently took her seat in the stern of the skiff. There was no sign of yielding in the pale thoughtful face, or in the curves of the slightly compressed lips. Nor did Harold—the burst of passionate emotion over—care to renew the contest. The homeward row was very silent. Now and then a lovely bit of colour, glowing out in the sunset light, called forth a few admiring comments, but, for the most part, the hearts of both were too heavy for the effort of conversation, while Helen was often fain to turn away her head to hide the tears that would rise to her eyes under the foreboding feeling that this was, in all probability, their last row. As Harold helped her to land at the foot of her father's grounds, he held her tightly for a moment, with a few earnest words:—

"I am not going to take what you have said for final, Helen, darling! I can't think it could really be your deliberate decision. I should never hold you or any woman to an irksome pledge; but I know you love me, and I know how good and true you are! and I think, if you send me away, it will be as hard for you as for me. For both our sakes, reconsider it, dear. I will come in to-morrow evening, and I hope you will tell me that it has all been a bad dream. Good bye, my own darling!"

He let her go, sprang into the boat, and with a few rapid strokes had disappeared round a bend of the stream. Helen stood still till he was out of sight, then, sinking down on the grass, she buried her face in her hands and gave way to the burst of weeping she had with such difficulty restrained. "Oh, if things could only be different!" she murmured. "If I only could keep him and my faith, too! But, as things are, how could we ever be happy together? Better the pain of parting now, than to be tortured by the perpetual sense of separation of soul!"

While Harold's thoughts, as he rowed on with gloomy brow and set lips, ran thus: "What a hold these illusions must have, after all, on a soul like hers! I believe she loves me intensely—perhaps more intensely than I love her—and yet she can give me up sooner than these shadows! Poor girl! I don't want to rob her of them if they give her any satisfaction! But why can't she be reasonable, and not insist on tearing our hearts asunder? It seems as if women never can be reasonable!"

Then for a moment the thought occurred to him how it would be if he should profess for the time being to be at least partially convinced of what she clung to so tenaciously. But it was only for a moment. Honour and manliness rose to repel any such subterfuge. Harold Vaughan was too much a man to attempt to deceive the true woman he so truly loved.

II.

Life is so complex that we never find it stand still to serve as a background for our own griefs, however absorbing they may be to ourselves. When Helen—her overburdened heart somewhat relieved by the burst of tears—had regained her usual composure and returned to the house, she found the little household in commotion. Dr. Musgrave's well-worn "buggy" was standing at the gate, while the brown spaniel Rover was leaping up on the patient horse, eager for the start. The doctor himself—his overcoat and gloves on—was standing by the table, swallowing a cup of tea which the thoughtful old servant had hastily prepared for her master.

"Glad you've come in, my dear," he said. "I am just off to the Sinclairs'. They have had a bad accident there with the threshing-machine. Poor Jem! I am afraid it's all over with him."

"Oh, father, how dreadful!" she exclaimed, the slight flush on her cheek disappearing and leaving it paler than before. Presently she continued, eagerly: "Oh, father dear, let me go too. Jem's wife, you know, poor Maggie! Perhaps I could do something for her, at least. Do let me go at all events."

"Indeed, my dear child, I'll be only too glad if you will. Only you must eat something, or at least take some tea. You'll need all your strength."

Helen forced herself to drink a cup of tea, and in a few minutes they were driving rapidly out of the little town and along the quiet country road that led to the Sinclair homestead—a place associated in Helen's memory with many pleasant visits. The rich rose and purple tones of the afterglow were rapidly fading into the more sombre ones of moonlight with its clear cold lights and intense shadows. As they approached their destination, it seemed to Helen—whose own personal pain seemed for the time numbed by her intense sympathy with this crushing sorrow—as if the calm beauty and repose of the scene, the

fair sloping fields, the dark line of forest behind, the little group of farm buildings standing out in the whiteness of moonlight, made too painful a contrast to the suffering and suspense within. "Jem" Sinclair had been only a few months married, and his young wife had been one of Helen's special favourites. She still had vividly in her mind the pretty picture they made coming into church together, on the first Sunday after their marriage.

It was even as Dr. Musgrave had said. It was "all over" with the poor fellow, whose injuries were too severe to admit of any treatment save the administering of stimulants to keep up his sinking strength. Mr. Harvey was also there, ministering such consolation as the dying man was able to take in, while the poor young wife seemed utterly stunned by the sudden blow. Before dawn, poor "Jem" had quietly breathed his last, with a faint smile of hope and of loving farewell to his stricken wife, and the murmured words on his lips: "Don't fret, Maggie—please God, we'll meet again!"

"He was always such a good boy!" said Helen to Mr. Harvey, when all was over, and she could command her voice to speak.

"Yes, he was one of my steadiest and most hopeful young men," said the clergyman, who was himself deeply moved. "Thank God for lives and deaths like his! They make one take heart and hope for the rest."

The words seemed to go to Helen's heart, and woke again the pain that had seemed partially asleep. She could not let herself think yet, however. She had to care for poor Maggie, now utterly prostrated by her grief, and with her she spent the greater part of the day, walking home alone in the late afternoon, after she had seen the poor little widow, at last, sink into an exhausted slumber. It was a grey day, very different from the glowing one that had preceded it. The rich tones of the woodland appeared already dulled and sobered, and there was a suggestion of winter in the penetrating chill of the air, while its strange stillness seemed like nature holding her breath in anticipation of the storms to come. Helen was glad that it was so, for she felt she could hardly have borne a repetition of the exquisite, dreamy beauty of the day before. It seemed as if nature had no right to be bright and beautiful, as if in mockery of human pain. Her mind was busy with the coming interview with Harold. The scenes she had been passing through had tended to strengthen her previous resolve. She knew instinctively that, in her lover, she could look for no sympathy with the feelings called forth by the experience of the past twenty-four hours—feelings penetrating to the very roots of her being. He would not even comprehend them. She knew she should not even be able to speak of them to him with whom she would fain have shared her whole life. How could she bear a seeming union in which she should have to live a life apart as regarded the deeper half of her being, her inmost, truest life, unshared—nay, she knew well—antagonized by the whole force of her lover's mind? How could she bear to feel that what was to her but a symbol of the inner undying union of heart and soul, was to him a thing of a few years or months or days, as the "chances and changes of this mortal life" might determine? Would it not seem like a dark shadow, ever deepening around her, till perhaps it had blotted out the very light of life and left her in darkness? No! whatever weakness of possible yielding there might have been before, she felt there could be none now. After coming thus face to face with the slight tenure of "this mortal coil," to her, under the influence of that sorrowful night, had come the subtle and mysterious call, stronger than all others, which, when it is once heard, natures finely touched like hers cannot choose but obey.

Harold could read her face well enough to know that further pleading would be of little avail. He was shocked at her pale and worn look, but somewhat reassured when she briefly explained the cause. He had heard of the accident, but in his own preoccupation had thought little about it.

"It is not good for you, dear, to go into such scenes; they take too deep a hold on you and make you morbid," he said, tenderly.

"I could not have stayed away; I was needed there," she said simply.

"Well, try not to think of it any more. I need you now, Helen. I can't give you up. It's no use to think of it."

"I don't give you up, Harold. I shall always love you and hope for you! But to live a divided life—apart from you in all I care for most—I cannot, Harold, I dare not! I should be miserable myself; and being so, I could not make you happy."

"We could agree to differ!" he replied.

"Ah, Harold, we cannot? Whatever happens—wherever we begin—we find ourselves always tending to the one issue—it is so interwoven with all our life. And even if we never approached it in speech, do you think I should not always feel your pronounced, even bitter, antagonism of feeling?"

"But if you are sure you are right, and believe that everything will come out all right, after all, why should you distress yourself! You don't think that I am going to suffer eternally, because I can't see as you do?"

"Ah, Harold, dear, I am not strong enough, and my love for you is too strong. If my faith were only stronger, I might; as it is, I could not bear it."

"Helen," he exclaimed, "do be worthy of yourself! You are an intellectual woman, nobly gifted. How can you be so fettered by an effete superstition?"

The last word called up all her resolution. "You see, dear," she said, sadly, "you cannot help speaking from your point of view. Our positions are so hopelessly at issue! And yours would tell on me in time, more than mine would on you. For it isn't with such things as with mere intellectual conclusions. To realize my faith, I have to live it out, not argue it out. Believe me, dear, it is best for us both to part now. Perhaps a better time may come. I shall hope so, oh, how dearly! You are, and always will be, my one love. But now, as things are, it is best to part."

"Well, if that is really your deliberate opinion, I suppose it is best so," he said gloomily. "But I never expected it of you, Helen."

It was a sad relief to Helen when that interview was over, and Harold left her to write that decisive letter. His post in the Ashurst High School, which he had retained only because it gave him an earlier prospect of marriage, for Helen would not hear of leaving her father alone, could, he said, be supplied at a few days' notice by a college friend of his, who was anxiously looking out for such an appointment, so that there was no need for delay, of which Harold was always impatient.

When Helen briefly told her father of her decision, Dr. Musgrave looked at her with his keen professional glance, then drew her to him and kissed her affectionally.

"My child," he said, "I am glad you have decided so! Harold Vaughan is a nice fellow, in many ways, but you and he were not made for each other! And I'm glad you've found it out in time, for you wouldn't have believed me if I had told you so. He is one of the people who must be left to fight it out with life and his own soul. God grant you a better mate, my daughter!"

"I don't want one, father, dear! I am never going to leave you!"

"But I shall have to leave you some day, my child; however, let the morrow take care of itself!" And after that the wise old doctor never again alluded to Harold Vaughan.

No one but Helen herself ever knew how hard were the weeks and months that followed the painful, passionate farewell, when Harold, giving way to all the tenderness of his nature, held her in a long embrace, and at last tore himself away with the promise that, at least, she should hear from him often: "I can't let you go out of my life, my darling! and I believe you will be mine yet."

Helen could only murmur a broken "God bless you, my darling," but the memory of that parting embrace haunted her through many lonely days that followed. They were not dreary ones, for she had plenty of occupation, indoors and out; her housekeeping, her ready help to her father in many ways, her visits to his poor patients, her correspondence with scattered brothers and sisters, and visits from nephews and nieces, devoted to "Aunt Helen." Her welcome presence brought many a ray of sunshine into dark and sorrowful lives. And she found so much to do in relieving hardships and enlightening sorrows heavier than her own, that it would have been impossible for her to have grown absorbed in that. But there were many times, unknown to any save herself, when some chance word, a line of poetry, a book opened at a particular page, would start again in all its intensity that aching pain which poor Heine's epithet of "toothache in the heart" so well expresses. Yet, withal, she was not without her compensations. Removed from the disturbing, paralyzing influence of Harold's perpetually questioning, analyzing spirit, she was conscious of relief from long tension and struggle, of a peaceful calm, in contrast to the feverish conflict of the past months, which made her feel more sure of the wisdom of her decision. She felt the too-heavy burden lifted off her mind, satisfied now to "labour and to wait." And indeed the few who had known or suspected the little romance thought that Miss Musgrave was "getting over it" very well, and even began to construct a new engagement with Mr. Harvey, who, indeed, would have been only too glad if the report had been true.

But Harold's letters were the one special pleasure of her life. How dearly she prized them she would have told to no one. Yet she thought she could soon see, with a natural pang, that ambition was getting the better of love, that, with a congenial career and a wider sphere opening before him, he was already happier than he had been in the contracted life of Ashurst. He was working very hard, but that he keenly enjoyed. He was evidently impressing others with his powers and capabilities. Politics, which had always interested him, were attracting him more and more, for he was an enthusiastic Canadian, and the stimulating atmosphere of the city stirred all his pulses and quickened his intellectual life. He soon gained the reputation of being a good and ready speaker, who could do good service in a political campaign. Sometimes he would say in his letters: "I feel you were right, dear Helen, in sending me here. In two or three years now I shall have my profession—and then!" But Helen resolutely put future possibilities out of her mind. She had always felt that his love for her was very different from hers for him, and she would not let herself trust it too much. She was glad that they could, at least, be friends, friends always—she said to herself, and never allowed herself to write a word warmer than friendship. Nor, after the first six months, did Harold himself.

III.

Five years later Helen stood again on the old familiar granite rock, on a fair October day, much like the one she

still so vividly remembered. Things round her seemed exactly the same. The orange and crimson flames of the sumachs, the rich maroon and purple of the oak, the gleaming gold of birch and maple, even the green glossy wintergreen leaves at her feet seemed just as they had done then; but other things were changed indeed! Helen's black dress told of recent bereavement; the good old doctor had gone to his rest, and Helen's work in Ashurst was done. She was too young and vigorous not to need some definite occupation, though brothers and sisters had urged her to make her home with them; but she felt that her past life and experience had peculiarly fitted her for the profession of a nurse, to which also her inherited impulses strongly attracted her. She had decided, therefore, to go to a New York "Woman's Hospital" for a few years' training—partly on account of the wider experience she would thereby gain—partly because the city in which her sister resided, and to which she might otherwise have gone, was Harold's home as well, and as he had recently married, she felt it best to avoid the chance of a painful meeting. It was quite natural, she felt, that it should have ended so; Harold's letters had grown gradually fewer, shorter, and more apologetic, and, during the year preceding her father's death, had finally ceased altogether. Helen's heart foreboded too surely the real cause; she was not surprised when her sister wrote to tell her of his approaching marriage to a young and very pretty girl, a belle, and something of an heiress. "It is thought a very good match for him," she wrote, "as it will help him on in his political career. She is very sweet and fascinating, though rather a flirt, and devoted to society, but they seem very much in love; and as her idea of religion seems to consist in belonging to the right church, and going through certain observances decorously, his very pronounced scepticism will not trouble her much. Perhaps it is just as well?"

Helen felt almost, if not quite, as much pained by the allusion to his "pronounced scepticism," as by the news of his engagement, though in that she felt a certain natural shock. But the thorough unselfishness of her love came to her relief; surely it must be good for him at least to have the sweet softening influences of home life. She had been afraid that he was growing hard and self-absorbed. Now he would have that which would draw him out of himself, deepen his sense of responsibility, and touch new chords in his being—and then it settled the future for her. And certainly, she felt, was better than even a mingling of suspense. As for Harold, he was greatly surprised when he found himself again in love, the result of a summer holiday, and thought somewhat remorsefully of Helen. But, if she had chosen to reject him for a fantastic scruple, he could not be expected to devote his life to the memory of a dream! Then it was very pleasant to feel himself the object of an almost adoring devotion, and if he sometimes could not help feeling the shallowness of his fiancée's mind and character, and comparing them with Helen's rare qualities, the charm of her presence soon drove away the momentary disquiet, and he gave himself up to all the sweetness of his new passion. To her cross-questioning, however, he confessed his previous engagement and the cause of its termination.

"And she really gave you up for that!" she exclaimed. "Oh, Harold, she couldn't have loved you as I do! And I don't really believe you are such a pagan! You'll go to church sometimes with me, like a dear?"

"Oh, yes, if you want me to," he said, indifferently, and was duly rewarded. But even at that moment there rose the vision of Helen, with the look of unutterable love he had seen in her eyes when they parted; and with it the old familiar lines they had both loved:—

I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honour more!

But it was only for a moment. The present was too engrossing for such memories; and, for a time, it was satisfaction enough for him. After the "fashionable wedding," duly chronicled in all its details, came the pleasant holiday travel of the honey-moon, and the pleasure of seeing his little wife admired wherever they went, with all the proud sense of proprietorship. For a time he broke away from his habits of absorption in his work, and went into society to please her and himself. But after a time the inanity of the "society" life wearied him, and it was a relief to avail himself of the good excuse furnished by his growing engagements, and to bury himself in his office-work and his politics, while his wife, passionately fond of gaiety, gradually acquiesced in going out alone, especially as lonely days and evenings were not at all to her taste. After a time came a new interest, in the birth of a little daughter, a source of inexpressible delight to Harold who learned to look forward to her baby smiles and caresses, as the sweet recreation of his busy life; but just as she had reached her third year and had entwined herself into every fibre of her father's heart, a cold, brought on through the carelessness of her nurse, suddenly took a serious turn. As it happened, her mother was out that evening, and Harold came home from his office to find the child in a most critical condition; he rushed off for the doctor, sending a cab for his wife, but, by the time she returned, the little one was past help. Harold's grief was terrible; he had no comfort for himself—none for his wife. Indeed in his heart he blamed her, who had been really a fond mother, for her absence at a crisis when timely care might have saved the child. He brooded over this till his manner to her became cold and moody, though of the sorrow itself he never spoke. From that time he was a saddened

man, though he threw himself more than ever into professional and public life, to soothe the pain he could not cure. He was soon marked out as a candidate for Parliament, and at the next election, after an energetic canvass, was duly returned. He was even regarded as a future Cabinet Minister when his party, then in Opposition, should come into power. His highest ambition seemed likely to be fully gratified, but this could not still the heartlongings so deeply stirred, or cure the gnawing "tooth-ache in the heart." Between his wife and himself the chilling process had gone on; he was no longer in love, and so could see too clearly her limitations. She had gone back to society for solace, after the conventional period of mourning was over, and by and by people began to talk of Mrs. Vaughan's flirtations, in particular of one which had become rather pronounced, with a young Englishman, who had become an open worshipper at her shrine. At last the gossip reached even Harold's ears; he spoke of it to his wife with stern indignation, hardening every line of his now sombre face. She met him with counter complaints—of his moodiness—his almost constant absence—his neglect. It was a new sensation to feel himself accused, he who had stood so high in his own estimation.

"I thought you liked your own way best," he said. "And you have had it without restraint. But if our ways do run separate that is no excuse for making yourself a subject for remark—remark that desecrates the sacredness of married life."

She laughed satirically. "I thought you didn't believe anything sacred," she said, "and I've got to feel so too." Like an electric flash, memory brought back the memory of the time when Helen had made a somewhat similar reply. But he would not condescend to argue, only parried his wife's remark with a few words of stern warning, which made the tender flatteries of her new admirer by contrast seem all the sweeter and more beguiling.

Helen Musgrave had had a very busy winter. An unusual press of anxious work had absorbed all her time and energies, though Harold Vaughan and his desolated life—of which she had heard with deep sorrow and sympathy—were often in her thoughts. One of the invalids who claimed a share of her attention was a young and lovely woman, who attracted her the more for bearing the name of Vaughan. She was evidently a stranger, and Helen, seeing her evident loneliness and great depression of spirits, decided that she must be a stranded governess, and pitied her accordingly. She was in a rapid decline, and one day the attending physician told Helen that if the patient had any relatives she wished to see they should be summoned at once. Helen cautiously approached the subject, but the invalid shook her head, saying there was no one she desired to summon.

"But perhaps there might be some who would be sorry if you did not let them know," persisted the nurse.

"No! No!" she said sadly. "No one who would care to see me now."

"Then your husband is dead, I suppose?" she half asked.

"Dead to me, at any rate. But you can send a notice of my death to this address"—and she pencilled a few words on a card.

"Harold Vaughan!" exclaimed Helen as she read it. Then the truth flashed on her mind, and she wondered it had never occurred to her before.

"You know him?" the invalid exclaimed. "And you are a Canadian, too. Ah! I know you are the good." Helen he once told me about. I know it, you are so good." And as Helen's honest eyes did not contradict her, she added: "Ah! why did you not marry him? You were far fitter for him than I!"

Helen gently drew from the poor girl the story of a brief madness, followed by sure retribution; how the unscrupulous young man who had decoyed her from her home—an adventurer and a gambler—had finally tired of her, and had gladly taken advantage of her illness to send her to the hospital and then desert her. Without asking her permission, Helen wrote briefly to Harold, urging him to come without delay. But his absence from home, just then, caused so much loss of time in receiving the letter, that before his arrival the invalid had passed beyond the reach of human forgiveness; not, however, before Helen had helped her to seek that other which is never asked in vain.

"Ask him to forgive me," she said to Helen. "Not for God's sake—he doesn't believe in God, you see—but for the sake of our dead baby!"

When Harold arrived, a prematurely worn-looking man, whose dark hair had become nearly grey during the past year, Helen was so filled with tender pity for the lover of her youth, that she forgot herself altogether as she stood with him by the cold, dead form, and gave him that dying message. And then she turned away, with eyes filled with tears and an unspoken prayer in her heart, as this man—so successful outwardly, so desolate inwardly—overcome by the crushing sense of the tragedy of life, sank on his knees beside the still white face, and wept bitterly.

It was a Christmas morning in the Hospital, and the sweetest of all sacred bells were carrying their message of good cheer even thither. The nurses had given all their spare time to prepare some decorations which might make the Christmas day a little brighter, even in the hospital wards. Helen, tired with this work, added to her night duty, was preparing to seek a little rest, when a

letter was brought to her—a letter in a once familiar handwriting, yet strangely weak and altered in its character. She opened it hurriedly. As her experienced eye foreboded, Harold Vaughan was very ill. His malady was a serious one, brought on by over-work and nervous prostration. "The doctors do not give me much hope of recovery," he wrote, "though they say it is not impossible with perfect rest of mind and heart. But how to secure that? Otherwise it may be a matter of years or months, or even only weeks. Helen, will you come and nurse me as my wife? It is my only hope. If I did not feel that you loved me still, I could not ask it. Helen, I am no longer the self-sufficient man I was. How indeed could I be? And I have seen God in your eyes, my Helen, and in your enduring, unselfish, forgiving love; and I want you to help me to find Him, for I need Him now! Do not refuse me, but come and be with me till the end, which, who knows, may after all be but a better beginning! I have in my room a little picture of Dante's Beatrice, which has often reminded me of you. Come then and be my guide to that Paradise of peace which I know abides in your heart, for I have seen it in your eyes and on your brow. Come then, dear Helen, and come soon."

Helen's answer was—herself. And so the long parted ways met at last.

FIDELIS.

THE RAMBLER.

DID the illness, death and removal of Sir John A. Macdonald call forth any message of interest, of condolence from the Government of the United States? I saw nothing of the kind, either from the President or any other high functionary. But it is always possible to be mistaken. Surely there was some telegram, or note, or hasty line, which the enterprising reporter failed to give the public. The prestige associated with the Premier's name has long ago penetrated to Washington. The White House has heard of Rideau Hall and Earncliffe. Some notice, at least, should have appeared. The Canadian people, or the representatives of the Canadian people, would not, I am assured, let a similar occasion pass in the Republic without recognizing it officially. Such a recognition commits no one, and is simply a question of convention or etiquette.

The *Mail* very pertinently remarks that among the "Lives" of the deceased statesman we hope to welcome one which shall embody the great departed as he was, particularly in a social and personal sense. A mere hastily compiled review of matters political from '78 to '90, embellished with a lithograph and "written up" by the laborious *littérateur* may suffice to keep a memory green in country valleys and out-of-the-way flag stations, but the nation's want is larger. It demands such a biography as only an intimate friend or secretary can give us. All things point to this important work being undertaken by either one of Sir John's late secretaries, and assisted, if possible, by Lady Macdonald. Indeed, if time and strength allowed, Lady Macdonald, by reason of her literary gifts, her intellectual power, and her long association with the Premier, would be the most popular compiler of such a volume. It is not intrusive nor presumptuous to entertain this hope. I have seen Lady Macdonald at ten o'clock in the morning busy in her private room over letters and documents and despatches, and I know that she is a woman of phenomenal strength of character, tact, energy and intellect. In event of any lengthened imbroglia at Ottawa, I do not see why Lady Macdonald should not act, temporarily, as Premier.

But here comes the news of Mr. Abbott's promotion. I have pleasant recollections of Mr. Abbott's delightful home on Sherbrooke Street, where decorations—I think—after William Morris, of poetic and other fame, testify to money and good taste combined. The family are highly cultivated, especially in the direction of music. The house is exceedingly aesthetic but also the incarnation of luxurious comfort, with peacock-blue plushes and enchanting peeps at conservatories, and a hospitality as gracious as it is refined. It is hardly likely that Mr. Abbott will forsake this charming home for one less ornate in Ottawa. He is not a young man and the associations of a long life are with Montreal—the most beautiful and interesting of Canadian cities.

Events move rapidly. The Baccarat Scandal develops a little every day, to such an extent indeed that Dr. Wild is going to preach a sermon upon the disagreeable lessons it has taught us next Sunday evening "as ever is." Will he "settle" the unfortunate Prince, or will he patriotically whitewash him? What strikes one in the matter is chiefly this, that with all the world to choose from it is a pity that the heir-apparent should prefer to choose his friends from *nouveaux riches*, doubtful foreigners and place-hunting Americans, rather than from the ranks of the pleasant and orderly English country gentry and nobility. This fact will survive all the scurrilous paragraphing so eagerly read, also the prayer-meetings certain people are good enough to hold in his behalf. He has no business to make friends, intimate companions, of men and women of doubtful character, although he is perfectly right to be as pleasant with them as circumstances demand. He might fairly be all things to all men without losing self-respect and dignity in the special circles he

is unfortunately rather prone to affect. "The Prince," says an old writer, "is the soul of the common-wealth and ought to cherish it as his own body." He should "break no decrees or dissolve no orders, to slacken the strength of laws."

It was a pretty difficult thing to awake much emotion about Ridgeway, wasn't it? The tradesmen growled, and the *hoi polloi* could not "place" Ridgeway, and altogether it was not the enthusiastic success Decoration Day is in the States. Such a commercial city, this Toronto! Competition is fast resulting in an altogether overcrowded market, and the shopkeepers are as greedy after money as if a famine reigned in the land.

Mr. Oliver Howland has a timely, though I suppose unconscious, tribute to Sir John on page 460 of his new book. "The position," says our distinguished Canadian writer, "which has been won for all the great colonies in the Empire of to-day, in regard to their external relations, will be found connected with the name and career of a Canadian Minister, who has been one of the most remarkably successful Parliamentarians in modern English history. Rare and happy are public men, who, being like Sir John Macdonald, endowed by nature with abilities to ensure Parliamentary success, have been crowned by their good fortune with a lengthened career in a critical and formative period of their nation's history."

CORRESPONDENCE.

A PROTEST.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—There are obligations to historical truth and to moral rectitude which an independent paper of the standing of THE WEEK cannot afford to neglect, even in the hour of the nation's grief. I think many of your readers as well as the present writer must have read with surprise and regret one paragraph in your editorial in last number on Sir John Macdonald. I refer to the paragraph on the last column of page 441, commencing: "The real question in this connection," etc. My reason for this opinion is twofold.

First.—Though the writer says: "No one will think of defending bribery in any form," the whole paragraph can be regarded as nothing else than an apology for, or at least a palliation of, bribery as assumed, quite unnecessarily, to have existed in the case referred to. In some of the strong party journals such a paragraph would scarcely have been thought worthy of notice. In an independent journal of the high moral tone usually taken by THE WEEK, it is sadly disappointing. Even were we to grant, which few I think will do, the insinuations that the English clubs referred to use their money for purposes of bribery, and that there are no pure politicians in Canada, the merest tyro in ethics would tell us that those facts do not lessen in the slightest the wrongfulness of the practice which THE WEEK has hitherto been foremost in condemning. Nor does the fact, if fact it be, that intimidation is worse than bribery and is practised at every election, make bribery itself one whit the less a crime against public and private morality.

Second.—The readers of THE WEEK have a right to expect that it will not distort, even by implication, the facts of history. Surely the writer of THE WEEK editorial must know that the "one great accusation" to which he refers was not an accusation of bribery at all, but of charter-selling, a very different thing. The charge was that the Government of the day, or rather its leader, stipulated for and received large sums of money for use in the elections and with promise of recoupment, from those with whom it was at that time negotiating with a view to the giving of a charter or contract for the construction of a great railway. I regret exceedingly the necessity for calling attention to these facts at this time, but the interests of truth and morality seem to me to demand it. J. E. WELLS.

Toronto, June 13, 1891.

[We very much regret that our attempt to pay a generous tribute to the memory of Sir John Macdonald has proved so unsatisfactory to our esteemed correspondent. Without the slightest desire to distort facts we only sought to reflect the spirit of the chivalrous motto: *De mortuis nil nisi bonum.*—Ed.]

CHARACTERISTIC OF THE CHIEFTAIN.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—Lying awake in our hotel at Sherbrooke one night a few years ago, the following conversation floated in through my open fanlight. The speakers were two old Scotch grits, sipping their "het toddy" by the stove outside my door:—

"They seem very loyal to the old chieftain here."

"Oh, aye, it's a regular nest."

"Aye, but we haven't a man we swear by like yon."

Now, there's Mr.——. I once lived in the same house with him, and I wrote his letters and did other things for him, and after that I rode wi' him a' the way from Windsor to London. He never so much as once asked me:

'How does things go wi' ye?' Who would do anything for a man like you?"

I told Sir John of this, his enemy's testimony, the next time I saw him. He laughed and said: "Yes, it's a great pity. It's all ——'s shyness. People think it's *hauteur*, but it's nothing but shyness."

Ottawa, June 15, 1891.

THOMAS CROSS.

ART NOTES.

HON. STEPHEN COLERIDGE, son of the English Chief Justice, is an artist of no mean ability, and has a collection of paintings of the lake country on exhibition just now.

It is said that Harold B. Harte, of New York, has executed an excellent original autographed etching on copper of Sir John Macdonald. It is reported to be an excellent likeness of Sir John as he looked last winter before his illness, and the delicate shading and expression which is reproduced in a copper medium, and is entirely lost in photography, makes this portrait of Canada's greatest personality very much more valuable than an ordinary photograph.

EVERYWHERE were signs of tumult and bloodshed and destruction of houses and lands. But Cuij's pictures bear not the slightest trace of either religious discussion or civil strife, and in looking at his works one would imagine that he passed his whole life in Arcadia, untroubled by any more anxious thought than whether the sun would give the effect which he required for his paintings, or the cows would stay long enough for him to depict them in their natural attitudes. He found on the borders of his favourite Maas—or Merwede as the Maas is called after it joins the Waal and until it approaches Rotterdam—many a scene for his pencil; and painted, untroubled by the internal and external storm with which his country was convulsed, scenes that breathe of peace and rest.—From *Cundall's Landscape and Pastoral Painters of Holland*.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

MARY ANDERSON NAVARRO says: "I have not the slightest intention of ever acting again. I have retired forever."

THE eccentric composer, Saint-Saens, is again on his journeys. Early this month he was in Naples preparing for a trip to Africa.

FELIX WEINGARTNER, for years the director of the Mannheim Opera, has been promoted to the direction of the Royal Opera at Berlin.

AGNES HUNTINGTON expects to open her new London theatre in a few months. In the meantime she plays an early summer engagement in this country.

ELLEN TERRY, describing stage fright, says: "You feel as if a centipede, all of whose feet had been carefully iced, had begun to run about in the roots of your hair."

EDWIN BOOTH is at Stockbridge, Mass. After a visit there he will go to Boston, and then to Newport, where he will spend the most of the summer. His daughter accompanies him. Mr. Booth is said to be in better health than he has been for a long time.

A MUSICAL dramatic idyll has been produced at Altona, the words by Arigo Boito, the music by Gaetano Coronato, with great success. The overture depicts a thunderstorm. The Angelus bell, with the voices of a church choir, forms another picturesque feature. The piece is of the pastoral type.

THE appearance of Sara Bernhardt at Melbourne in "La Dame aux Camellias" was a great success. There was an enormous house and great enthusiasm. All the seats for the performance had been sold at auction, and after the third act the entire audience sang the "Marseillaise."

A NEW cantata on the subject of "The Light of Asia" is to be produced as an opera in London next July, in the Italian language, with Miss Eames and M. Maurel in the cast. The composer of the music is Isadore de Lara. The Princess of Wales has interested herself in the production.

RICHARD MANSFIELD contemplates an early publication of his romantic drama, "Don Juan." The reading public can then form an independent estimate of its literary value. Several magazines have asked for the right of publication, and it is probable that in one of these the play will be printed.

THE Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace will include one item of remarkable interest, a Gloria Patri for double orchestra and double choir composed by Handel when, as a young man, he resided in Rome. The work has never been performed, and exists only in manuscript in the library of Mr. W. H. Cummings.

THE afternoon concert given by the Toronto Conservatory of Music at the Association Hall, on Saturday afternoon last, was both creditable and enjoyable. The pupils who rendered the various numbers on the organ, piano, or vocally, acquitted themselves admirably. Such concerts demonstrate the musical talent which many of our young people possess, and the thoroughness and excellence of the culture which they enjoy at the experienced hands of the Conservatory staff.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

CABIN AND PLANTATION SONGS. As sung by the Hampton Students. London and New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Lovers of this kind of music will welcome this addition to their repertoire. The words and music are written in the true plantation style, and "to those who like that kind of music, 'tis just the kind of music they would like." Thanks are due to Messrs. Frederic G. Rathbun and Thomas P. Fenner for collecting and arranging such an excellent series. It is needless to say the banjo is the most fitting instrument to accompany these songs.

THERE AND BACK. By George Macdonald. Boston: D. Lothrop Company.

Although Mr. George Macdonald will not be, by many, considered strictly orthodox in his religious views, yet his books are always interesting, and in style unique. He has been compared with the poet Wordsworth in his intense love of nature, and gift of seeing "God in everything." His writings frequently remind us of Keble's beautiful words:—

There is a book, who runs may read,
Which heavenly truth imparts,
And all the love its scholars need,
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.
The works of God above, below,
Within us and around,
Are pages in that book to show
How God Himself is found.

Though he takes us through a good deal of unattractive evil before bringing us to the good, yet his aim is always high and pure. The hero of "There and Back" is the son of an English baronet by his first wife, the daughter of a blacksmith (himself a fine character); she dies when the baby is born. The baronet is emphatically a wicked man; he takes a strong dislike to the child who is web-footed and web-fingered (whereby hangs part of the tale), and shows it so plainly that his nurse, who is also his aunt, runs away with him to London, and brings him up as her own child. The boy in growing up is troubled with the painful doubts on the subject of Christianity, so common in the present day, and his perplexities and their final clearing away may prove helpful to many who suffer under similar trials of faith. Altogether this book can be strongly recommended.

A WINDOW IN THRUMS. By J. M. Barrie. New York: The Cassell Publishing Company; Toronto: Hart and Company.

Those who have not read this story have yet a treat in store. In it Mr. Barrie has proved to the discerning part of the literary world that he has the touch of a master of fiction. The simple, homely narrative of the old school-master of Thrums reminds us of the exquisite art of the author of "The Vicar of Wakefield." In such "short and simple annals of the poor" we trace the winding waters of the stream of life to their fountain head. Here we find life in its first fresh impulse, freed from the distortions of fashion and the wretched defacements of ill-gotten and ill-used gain. The fortunes of the simple Hendry, the motherly Leebie, the affectionate Jess and the ill-starred Jamie; and of all the other actors on the scene, as they come and go, in the quiet round of life in the humble Scotch village of Thrums when once they have been followed, will remain indelibly imprinted on the memory. The grotesque wit of Tammas Haggart, the complacent philosophy of T'nowhead, the overmastering pathos with which the author ushers out the mortal life of Jess and Leebie and Hendry, and paints the horror of the prodigal Jamie on his, all too late, return to the sad scene of his early innocence and love, is simply indescribable. Mr. Barrie need have only written "A Window in Thrums" to have made a name for himself in the realm of modern fiction.

IN all its departments *Book Chat* for June is as bright, fresh and helpful as ever.

"THE EDUCATION OF CHILDREN" is a useful paper on Froebel's Kindergarten System, re-published by Selby and Company, Toronto.

Knowledge for June continues to provide its store of useful information on a great variety of subjects. We find a sketch of "Grant Allen;" a list of "Members of Congress," showing States represented and their representatives; a description of "The Indian Ghost Dance," and a variety of other timely matter.

Romance for June ranks with the preceding numbers in the varied interest and clearness of its supply of seventeen short stories from "The Mystic Crewe," by Maurice Thompson, with its dash and mystery of Creole life to the "electrical" story of "A Strange Confessor," by Edward S. Van Zile, which concludes the number.

Temple Bar for June is strong in biography. There are bright and very interesting sketches of "Walter Savage Landor," by Mrs. Andrew Crosse; of that delightful sketcher of nature "Richard Jeffries," by H. S. Salt; and of "Monckton Milnes," by G. B., not to mention the well-sustained serials, capital short stories and pleasing poems which sustain the reader's interest.

"SUMMER TOURS BY THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY" is now in its fifth edition, and it would be hard to find a more compact, serviceable and attractive guide book. In maps, time tables, illustrations, tours in all directions to points of general or special interest, general and detailed descriptions of scenes of historic interest, or the haunts of the hunter or angler, it is all that could be desired, and it is in every sense a credit to that great Canadian enterprise, the C.P.R.

THE *Quiver* for July begins with an account of "A Mission Tour Under Difficulties," by a missionary's wife, which is illustrated with pen-and-ink sketches. This is followed by the capital serial, "On Stronger Wings." "A Living Dog is Better than a Dead Lion" is a paper by Rev. David Burns; then comes "How We Formed Our Band of Hope." "Crickety's Child" is a short story. The serial, "For Erica's Sake," is continued, and there is a poem by Frederick E. Weatherly called "The Sailor's Star."

CRICKETERS will relish Mr. Frederick Gale's "Recollections of Cricket" during the last half century, which opens the June number of the *English Illustrated Magazine*, and many a leal Canadian cricketer will heartily agree with Mr. Gale's remark "Well, cricket after all is only a game, but the noblest game in the world." Anything from the graphic pen of Archibald Forbes is welcome reading. "The Fate of Nana Sahib's Englishman" is indeed thrilling; "Life in an Australian Bush Town" is an antipodean sketch by Charles Dumaresq. This is a capital number.

"CHRISTIANITY, A RELIGION OF HOPE," is the title of the glowing opening article, by Dr. P. S. Moxom, in the *Andover Review* for June. Mr. H. W. Mabie's contribution, "The Significance of Modern Criticism," is easy, graceful and scholarly. "The Present Religious Crisis in Japan" gives Mr. Nobuta Kishimoto an opportunity of presenting an eastern view through the medium of western culture. The Rev. F. H. Johnson continues his philosophic enquiries in "What is Reality?" Part XI. "The Philosophy of the Unconscious," and other editorial and review articles complete this interesting number.

DR. SIGMUND MUNZ opens the June number of *Blackwood's Magazine* with a graceful and appreciative article on "The Pope and his writings;" Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bart., M. P., follows with a reflective present day paper on "Contrast;" Major-General F. C. French, C. M. G., discusses "The Growing Unpopularity of Military Service;" "A Night in a Haystack; or a Trial for the Derby" and "Squire Doot of Doot Hall, Doot Hill, Ireland" are two readable old time sketches; Wameford Moffatt not unwisely warns the United States of the disastrous reaction that may result from their national selfishness in "A Trouble before America."

SIR ALFRED LYALL, K. C. B., leads in the June number of *Macmillan's Magazine* in the reprint of his excellent lecture delivered at Oxford on "The Rise of British Dominion in the East," in which he says "whatever may be the destiny of our Indian Empire, we shall have conferred upon the Indians great and permanent benefits, and shall have left a good name for ourselves in history." Mr. H. L. Howell has a scholarly article on Pericles in "A Prince of Democracy;" "My Lady's Song" is a sweet rhythmic poem by Joseph Truman. "The Woman in the Morgue" and "Sylvia" supply short stories of interest and some unpublished letters of Charlotte Brontë are presented by Mrs. E. Baumer Williams.

Political and Science Quarterly for June opens with Professor H. L. Osgood's second paper on the "Political Ideas of the Puritans," in which he says that "the Puritans' conception of democracy was far different from that held by many of its later defenders. . . . The thought of duty was more often in their minds than that of right. They did not claim for all an equal share of political power. They knew the value of character and intelligence and were resolved that nothing should rob these of their just influence in a well-ordered commonwealth." Mr. E. I. Renick writes fully on "The Control of National Expenditures" from the United States standpoint, and states in detail five principles which he thinks should govern them. Mr. Frank M. Drew writes that "the various farmers' unions, which the past year has brought prominently into view, are not all of recent formation" in the article, "The Present Farmers' Movement," of which he gives an historic sketch. "Bimetallism in France" is an able financial contribution by Horace White. Professor John W. Burgess, in a short but able paper on "Federal Government and International Responsibility," remarks that "It is clear that all of the difficulties that have arisen in the United States proceed from the fact that Congress has not perfected the machinery of the general Government for dealing with international questions." Would it not be seemly for Congress to take steps to establish and conserve an honourable and dignified mode of dealing with other nations, in preference to the ostrich plan of hiding its head in a "State" refuge when challenged by another nation? We might deferentially suggest "a limited monarchy" as a possible solution of the difficulty.

THE portrait of the Hon. Alex. Mackenzie, which appears upon another page, is copied from a photograph taken while he was Premier of the Dominion and has been pronounced one of the best ever taken of him.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL GOSSIP.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, it is said, takes but two books with him on his expedition to South Africa—Shakespeare and Molière.

EDNA LYALL, the novelist, has been obliged to give up all literary labour on account of poor health, and is spending the summer in the lake districts of Italy.

No doubt encouraged by her great literary success, the authoress of the now famous "Mademoiselle Ixe" is engaged in writing a volume of short stories, which are to be published by Mr. Fisher Unwin.

MR. BENJ. R. TUCKER, of Boston, will publish very shortly Grant Allen's latest novel, "What's Bred in the Bone," which took the \$5,000 prize awarded by London *Tu-Bits* for the best work of fiction.

THE July number of *The Annals* of the American Academy of Political and Social Science will contain a translation into English of the Constitution of Mexico, by Professor Bernard Moses of the University of California.

W. W. STORY has finished the monument and medalion which are to be placed on Theodore Parker's grave at Florence. The ceremony will take place August 24. F. B. Sanborn of Concord and Moncure D. Conway promise to contribute to the literary ceremonial.

THE interest in Canadian romance is practically shown by the success of such writers as Mrs. Catherwood, Miss McLeod and Miss Machar, who make Canadian romance both motive and theme. A new edition of Miss Machar's "Stories of New France" has just been issued by D. Lothrop Company.

"BROWNING as a Philosophical and Religious Teacher," by Prof. Jones, of the University College, which Messrs. Macmillan and Company are going to publish, deals with Browning not simply as a poet, but as the exponent of a system of ideas on moral and religious subjects, which may fairly be called a philosophy.

LADY DUFFUS HARDY, one of the multitude of English women who write novels, has just died. She was the wife of the late Sir Thomas Duffus Hardy, keeper of the records, and was well known in some circles of society in New York and Boston. Her daughter, Iza Duffus Hardy, is much better known as a novelist than her mother ever was.

THE hold that George MacDonald has on the popular heart and the popular taste is shown in the immediate success of his new romance "There and Back," which D. Lothrop Company have just issued. Its sale has already run well up into the thousands, and six editions have already been necessary to supply the steady demand.

THE REV. PROFESSOR CLARK, M.A., of Trinity College, Toronto, was, on motion of Principal Grant, seconded by Dr. Withrow, unanimously elected one of the twenty members of the Royal Society of Canada. Professor Clark has attained distinction as an author, and is one of the most accomplished scholars in Canada, and, we are confident, will prove a decided acquisition even to our Royal Society.

MR. E. W. THOMSON has, in response to an invitation from the proprietor of the *Youth's Companion* of Boston, accepted a position on its editorial staff. This journal is well and widely known as the most successful and popular of its kind in the world. It has a subscription list of over half a million, and among its contributors are many of the most celebrated men of the time, such as the Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone, and Lord Wolseley. Mr. Thomson has for years been a favourite writer to its columns. The literary brotherhood of Canada will rejoice at his success, but will at the same time sincerely regret the loss, which they and their country have sustained, of by far the ablest short story writer that Canada has yet produced. Not only in literature has this gifted and genial knight of the pen made his mark, but in journalism as well as in short story—some of our ablest judges deem that he stood without a peer in the Dominion. A robust man, in the full vigour of youth, with a profound and far-reaching knowledge of public affairs at home and abroad; with great natural ability and wide culture; an honourable and upright character, and a warm-hearted and genial disposition, Canada can ill-afford to lose such a man as E. W. Thomson. But the inevitable law of compensation which leads men to accept from others the just rewards of genius, industry and excellence which they are denied at home will assert its sway.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

- Allen, Grant. What is Bred in the Bone. Boston: Benj. R. Tucker.
- Cusaack, M. F. What Rome Teaches. \$1.25. New York: The Baker and Taylor Co.
- Grant, Jno. B. Our Common Birds, and How to Know Them. \$1.50. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons; Toronto: Pres. News Co.
- Huntington, Wm. Reed. The Peace of the Church. \$1.25. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons; Toronto: Pres. News Co.
- Jerome, K. Jerome. On the Stage, and Off. 25 cents. New York: Henry Holt & Co.
- Ogilvy, Maude. The Keeper of Bic Lighthouse. Montreal: E. M. Renouf.
- Stockton, Frank. The Rudder Grangers Abroad. \$1.25. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons.
- Alden's Manifold Cyclopædia; Vol. XXVIII. New York: Jno. B. Alden.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

NOT IN VAIN.

I SOMETIMES think, belov'd, if you could know
Just what you are to me, how all my life has changed
Since first I saw your face; how it has wider grown,
And risen to new heights; then might you dimly see
Some reason that should set you thus apart.

You know you are to me as saint is unto shrine;
You cannot, standing far above me there, so near to
heaven,

And shedding light around—you cannot see what lessons
you have taught,

How high ideals may be loftier grown, ceasing to be mere
visions;

Nay, may change, and with the change may beautify all
life.

I know that I shall never stand beside you there,
I am not worthy to come nigh to you.

I may not touch your life. Nearer and dearer ones press
closely round.

There is no room for me.

Yet, as the furthest planet in its distant path
Obeys the mighty law which bids that he must still
revolve

Round the great source of heat,
And yet forever in far outward space must turn

For all his warmth and light to the same sun,

Even as the nearer, brighter planets do,

So must I turn to you; you showed me light

Where else had still been darkness. Love given to you

Has warmed my life although you heed it not.

Why should you stoop to care for it who have all love?

The best, the brightest, wrapped around you close.

And mine seeks no return, knowing that it must be laid
at your feet;

Not gathered near your heart, but resting there,

It wins the highest place this side the gates of Heaven.

—A. Z., in the *Academy*.

RECENT ARCHEOLOGICAL DISCOVERIES.

A SORT of "Golden Age" for archaeologists appears to be setting in. Whilst traces of mediæval Europe are being fast obliterated from the surface of the soil, the spade of the excavator is continually bringing to light all manner of memorials of a remoter antiquity. It was but the other day that the learned world was thrown into a flutter of excitement by news of the discovery of an important treatise attributed to Aristotle. The British Museum authorities have other treasures still in store for us, not quite so precious as this, but interesting enough in their way—a speech of Hyperides, the Attic orator, and a treatise by the grammarian, Tryphon. Then we have news of an interesting "find" at Rome. The precise nature of this is still uncertain, as the Roman municipal authorities observe a reticence in the matter which must excite the admiration of Scotland Yard. But this at least seems clear—that a marble slab has been discovered containing the official record of those famous games of B. C. 17, for which Horace composed his "Secular Hymn," and mentioning the fact that the poet composed a song for the occasion. The discovery forms an interesting comment on Horace's boast that he had reared in his poetry "a monument more durable than brass." He was justified in his claim; it has not been the monument of marble, but the poetry, that has kept his memory green for nigh two thousand years, and now that the monument has been brought to light it is for the sake of the poetry that we value it. From Asia comes word of another classical discovery—certain inscriptions bearing on the war between Rome and the great Mithridates. In our own island, the excavations recently undertaken at Chester have revealed some interesting traces of the Roman occupation of Britain. But Egypt is, of all parts of the world, the country to which the eyes of the classical archaeologist turn most longingly just now. What other surprises may she not have in waiting? A complete archaeological survey of Egypt is in contemplation, and it is much to be hoped that lack of funds will not cripple the intentions of the explorers.—*Manchester Examiner*.

HARVEY'S GREAT DISCOVERY.

IN 1628, twelve years after his first statement of it in his lectures, he published at Frankfurt, through William Fitzer, his discovery of the circulation of the blood. The book is a small quarto, entitled "Exercitatio Anatomica de Motu Cordis et Sanguinis in Animalibus," and contains seventy-two pages and two plates of diagrams. The printers evidently had difficulty in reading the author's handwriting, and there are many misprints. There is a dedication to Charles I., in which the king in his kingdom is compared to the heart in the body, and this is followed by a modest address to Dr. Argent, the president, and to the fellows of the College of Physicians of London. An introduction then states the existing opinions on the structure of the heart and great vessels, on the blood and its movement, for that it moved had of course been observed from the earliest times. Seventeen chapters follow, in which the whole subject is made clear from the beginning and incontestably demonstrated. He begins by modestly stating how the difficulties of the subject had gradually become clear to him, and by expressing with a quotation from the "Andria" of Terence, the hope that his discovery might help others to still further knowledge. He then describes

the motions of arteries, of the ventricles of the heart, and of its auricles, as seen in living animals, and the use of these movements. He shows that the blood coming into the right auricle from the vena cava, and passing then to the right ventricle, is pumped out to the lungs to the pulmonary artery, passes through the parenchyma of the lungs, and comes thence by the pulmonary veins to the left ventricle. This same blood, he shows, is then pumped out into the body. It is carried out by arteries and comes back by veins, performing a complete circulation. He shows that, in a live snake, when the great veins are tied some way from the heart, the piece of vein between the ligature and the heart is empty, and further, that blood coming from the heart is checked in an artery by a ligature, so that there is blood between the heart and the ligature and no blood beyond the ligature. He then shows how the blood comes back to the heart by the veins, and demonstrates their valves. These had before been described by Hieronymus Fabricius of Aquapendente, but before Harvey no exact explanation of their function had been given. He gives diagrams showing the results of obstructing veins, and that these valves may thus be seen to prevent the flow of blood in the veins in any direction except towards the heart. After a summary of a few lines in the fourteenth chapter, he further illustrates the perpetual circuit of the blood, and points out how morbid materials are carried from the heart all over the body. The last chapter gives a masterly account of the structure of the heart in men and animals, and points out that the right ventricle is thinner than the left, because it has only to send the blood a short way into the lungs, while the left ventricle has to pump it all over the body.—*Dictionary of National Biography*. Edited by Leslie Stephen and Sidney Lee. Vol. XXV.

THE GENESIS OF AN ANECDOTE.

THE process of affiliation, as I venture to call it, is necessarily cognate to that of corruption. The emigrant tale, whether from one part of the world, or from one book, to another, is bound to undergo a change of garb or one in the *dramatis personæ*. I shall proceed to exemplify this: "In a village of Picardy, after a long sickness, a farmer's wife fell into a lethargy. Her husband was willing, good man, to believe her out of pain; and so, according to the custom of that country, she was wrapped in a sheet and carried out to be buried. But, as ill luck would have it, the bearers carried her so near a hedge that the thorns pierced the sheet and waked the woman from her trance. Some years after she died in reality, and, as the funeral passed along, the husband would every now and then call out, 'Not too near the hedge—not too near the hedge, neighbours.'" This is not the version of the incident usually current, for that substitutes a hearse for the bearers, a coffin for the sheet, and a tree against which the carriage was run, overturning the supposed corpse and causing her to revive. But, first removing this latter superincumbent *stratum*, or ignoring it, let us examine the particulars, as I have just printed them. Have we not before us a mode of sepulture unknown to Western Europe in the conveyance of the woman to her grave simply enveloped in a cloth? That is, of course, Mohammedan, and is precisely the method pursued in India by the disciples of that creed at the present moment. One doubt begets another, and the presence of a hedge appears to betray the revising touch of one of my own countrymen, as it is so infinitely more characteristic of the narrow, gorge-like lanes of rural England than of the route which a similar procession would be likely to have followed on the other side of the channel. So it seems as if we had before us an Oriental tradition or invention, first introduced into French literature at a period when the languages and learning of the East were more cultivated in that country than among ourselves, and finally Anglicized, first with the hedge and secondly with the bearers and the coffin, as novel and improving ingredients.—*Studies in Jocular Literature*, by William Carew Hazlitt.

A CANINE HERO.

I RECENTLY witnessed the following little incident on the Thames, near Twickenham, when the river was full of land-water and therefore very swift and dangerous: Two dogs—one a large animal, the other a little terrier—were enjoying a swim near the bank; but soon the little one was carried out some distance and was unable to get to shore. By this time the big dog had regained the shore, and, seeing what was happening to his companion, began running backwards and forwards in the most excited manner, at the same time whimpering and barking, and evidently not knowing for the moment what to do. The terrier was fast losing strength, and, although swimming hard, was being rapidly carried down stream. The big dog could contain himself no longer. Running some yards ahead of his struggling friend, he plunged into the water and swam vigorously straight out until he got in a line with the little head just appearing behind him. Then he allowed himself to be carried down, tail first, until he got next to the terrier, this being accomplished in the cleverest manner, and began to swim hard, gradually pushing the little one nearer and nearer to the shore, which was gained after a most exciting time. The fact of this canine hero going so far ahead to allow for the strong current, and the judgment shown in getting alongside, and then the pushing, certainly seemed to me to betoken instinct of a very high order.—*Cor. Pall Mall Gazette*.

NORTH AMERICAN LIFE.



The marvellous success that has attended the operations of this company during the first ten years of its existence has been exceedingly gratifying to its policy holders and guarantors, while it commands the respect and admiration of its competitors.

It is just about ten years ago that this Company, with commendable enterprise, was the first Canadian Life Company to introduce the investment form of insurance; for a time the leading companies here condemned this plan of insurance, but so successful has it proved that nearly the whole of the best companies are now issuing policies on this plan under one name or another. The North American has lately made an attractive addition to its plans by the introduction of the compound investment plan of insurance, whereby the objection to a long term investment policy is entirely removed. The policy provides that after it has existed for ten years the Company will loan the balance of the premiums as they mature to the insured, charging therefore interest at the rate of six per cent. per annum. It is absolutely guaranteed that should the death of the insured occur before the termination of the investment period, the full face of the policy will be paid and the loan of the premiums be cancelled. In case the insured from any cause discontinues the policy after three annual payments have been made, a paid-up policy is guaranteed, generally exceeding the amount of the premiums that have been paid, or, in lieu thereof, an equivalent cash value is given. At the end of the investment period the insured is offered a number of options for terminating or continuing the policy, the privilege being accorded the holder of the policy of selecting the option most suitable to his then circumstances.

At the close of its first decade the position attained by the Company *excels* that of any other Canadian Company at a similar period in its history. The insurance in force exceeds \$10,000,000, net assets over \$1,000,000, an income of \$1,000 per day, and after providing a Reserve Fund of \$900,000, there is a net surplus of over \$128,000, being more than twice the amount of the capital. The percentage of surplus is larger than that of any other Canadian Company as shown by the official figures in the Dominion Government report for the year ending December 31st, 1890.

The North American has been exceedingly fortunate in having among its directors some of the ablest and most successful financial gentlemen in the Dominion. The directorate includes names that are familiar to investors as presidents and vice-presidents of leading financial companies—men who are recognized as authorities on matters of finance, and referred to for their sound judgment on all leading subjects.

The name of the President, Hon. A. Mackenzie, M.P., ex-Prime Minister of Canada, stands a tower of strength for sterling integrity and uprightness from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Very few people are aware that Mr. Mackenzie, when in Toronto, attends daily at the office of the Company, giving personal attention and supervision to all executive

matters, and the great success of the Company is largely due to the close attention and sound judgment he has given to its affairs.

The 1st vice-president, Mr. John L. Blaikie, a recognized financial expert, takes a deep interest in the progress of the company, giving close attention to the finance and insurance departments.

Among the other directors who take great interest in its affairs may be mentioned the chairman of the Finance Committee. Mr. A. H. Campbell, who, besides being president of a leading loan company and other large financial institutions, is also on the Finance Board of the Church of England and Toronto University. To the benefit of the advice of the gentleman named is no doubt due the success that has attended the investment of the company's funds, so that in the annual report the directors were able to announce that the interest on the company's investments had been promptly paid and not a single dollar had been lost by bad investments.

Notwithstanding that all investments had been made on a most conservative basis, the rate of interest earned last year places the North American among the leading companies in the Dominion. The consulting actuary, referring to this in his report to the board, says:

"The admirable judgment of your Finance Committee is evidenced by the fact that, with only one exception, your company shows the largest rate of interest earned upon its investments. At the same time the quality of your loans is shown by the fact that the item of interest due but unpaid is less than one-quarter of one per cent., and the real estate acquired by foreclosure is less than any other financial or insurance institution in Canada. As a matter of great interest to your

policy holders, your percentage of increase in surplus as compared with your mean assets is 6.12 for the past year, as against less than four per cent. for the average of other leading companies doing business in Canada."

A noticeable feature of the company's operations in 1890 was that the interest receipts were more than sufficient to pay the death losses of the year. This is evidence that the medical department is in competent hands, and the well known name of Dr. James Thorburn, one of Toronto's oldest and most highly respected physicians, as head of that department is a synonym for skill, care and uprightness.

A monthly audit is made of the company's receipts, disbursements and investments by Dr. James Carlyle, mathematical master of the Normal School. At the close of the year 1890 he made a report to the annual meeting, in which he expressed the utmost confidence in the company, because, having made a searching investigation into the company's position and examined each security individually, he was able to state that everything was exactly as stated in the published report.

The directors and policy holders may well feel proud of the unexcelled position attained by the North American, and it must not be overlooked that this has not been secured

through any luck or mere chance, but because the company has from its inception been managed by skilled hands. Most fortunate indeed was this company at the outset to secure the services of Mr. William McCabe, LL. B., Fellow of the Institute of Actuaries of Great Britain and Ireland, London, Eng., a gentleman who is recognized as a leading expert on life insurance throughout the Dominion and one who for over a quarter of a century has given close attention to the theoretical and practical subject of life insurance. At the last annual meeting the directors expressed their appreciation of the valuable services rendered the company by the managing director, and also to the splendid agency staff and other officers of the company, among whom was specially mentioned the secretary, Mr. L. Goldman, who has been connected with the company since it commenced business over ten years ago.

The success of a life insurance company is largely dependent upon its agency staff. In this respect the North American has been exceptionally fortunate. Nearly all the leading agents, inspectors and Provincial managers, who by the way are highly respected citizens in their different localities, received their appointments in the early years of the company, and their length of service is an evidence that their work is appreciated by the directors and that their relations with the company are mutually satisfactory in the highest degree.

AFTER all, the best way to know the real merit of Hood's Sarsaparilla, is to try it yourself. Be sure to get Hood's.

THE PUREST AND BEST articles known to medical science are used in preparing Hood's Sarsaparilla. Every ingredient is carefully selected, personally examined, and only the best retained. The medicine is prepared under the supervision of thoroughly competent pharmacists, and every step in the process of manufacture is carefully watched with a view to securing in Hood's Sarsaparilla the best possible result.

DR. WILLIAMS' Pink Pills bring joy and health to all who use them. For all the ills that afflict the female system they are a specific, enriching the blood, building up the nerves, and converting pale and sallow complexions into the rosy glow of health. Try them. Sold by all dealers, or sent on receipt of price—50c. per box, or five boxes for \$2—by addressing Dr. Williams Med. Co., Brockville, Ont.

THE Pennsylvania Railroad Company have decided to light the seven miles of their track through Frankford and some neighbouring towns by electricity, so as to lessen the chance of accidents caused by the busy traffic and large number of crossings. Arc lamps will be used, and it is hoped to render the track by night as safe as it is by day.

THE Hamilton Steamboat Company's steamers, *Macassa* and *Modjeska*, commenced their full summer service on Wednesday, the 10th June, which is four trips each way daily leaving Toronto at 7.30 a.m. and 11.00 a.m., 2.00 p.m. and 5.15 p.m.; leaving Hamilton at 7.45 a.m., 10.45 a.m., 2.15 p.m. and 5.30 p.m. This route is becoming more popular each year. The fact of the steamers being built of steel by the best shipbuilders on the Clyde, and having crossed the ocean, give the public confidence in their sea-worthiness, and as the steamers follow the shore for the entire distance between the two cities passengers not only get a view of the beautiful scenery but are assured of fine weather on account of the protection of the land.

THE *Fireside* has an amusing note on "The Price of Relics," from which we quote the following: "A tooth of Sir Isaac Newton sold for £790, to set in a ring; and when the bodies of Heloise and Abelard were removed to the Petits Augustins, an Englishman is said to have offered 100,000 frs. for one of Heloise's teeth. The hat which Napoleon wore at Eylau sold for 1,920 frs. Sterne's wig brought 200 guineas at auction, and the pens with which the Treaty of America was signed sold for £500. It may, however, be noted that these prices were paid at a period when the 'curio' rage was more virulent than now. A few years ago Thorvaldsen's hair-brushes went for a good deal less than an 'old song' fetches at a London booksale. Blucher's sword scarcely brought the price of old iron, and it is painful to remember that the white kid nether garments of George IV. were disposed of as a 'job lot.'"

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Whether caused by change of climate, season or life, by overwork or illness, is quickly overcome by

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Which purifies the blood, creates an appetite, and gives mental and bodily strength. It really

Makes the Weak Strong

ONTARIO MUTUAL LIFE.

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DOMINION DEPOSIT, - \$100,000

1870 { 21 YEARS' GROWTH } 1890

| Year. | Income. | Assets. | Assurance in force |
|-------|---------|-----------|--------------------|
| 1870 | \$9,698 | \$6,216 | \$521,650 |
| 1875 | 27,049 | 53,681 | 1,177,085 |
| 1880 | 82,326 | 227,424 | 3,064,884 |
| 1885 | 273,446 | 753,661 | 8,259,361 |
| 1890 | 489,858 | 1,711,686 | 13,710,800 |

1886 { A FEW FIGURES INTERESTING TO POLICY-HOLDERS. } 1890

| Year. | Dividends paid to Policy holders. | Reserve for Security of Policy holders. | Surplus over all Liabilities. |
|-------|-----------------------------------|---|-------------------------------|
| 1886 | \$34,010 | \$831,167 | \$57,665 |
| 1887 | 34,849 | 1,004,706 | 61,535 |
| 1888 | 37,511 | 1,192,762 | 90,337 |
| 1889 | 42,361 | 1,366,218 | 95,153 |
| 1890 | 49,297 | 1,558,960 | 134,066 |

LIBERAL CONDITIONS OF POLICIES:

1. Guaranteed surrender values is cash or paid-up insurance.
2. One month's grace for payment of premium.
3. No restriction on travel, residence, or occupation.
4. Policies indisputable after two years.
5. Lapsed policies may be revived within twelve months of lapse.
6. Dividends yearly after third year.

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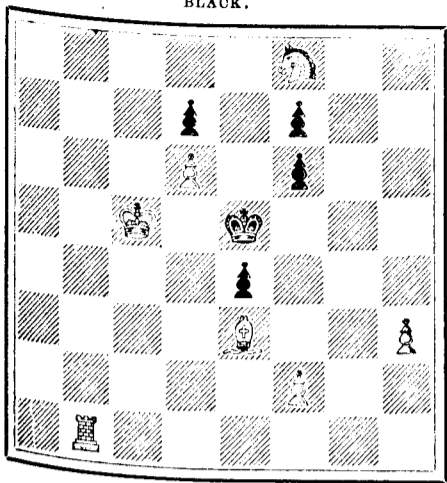
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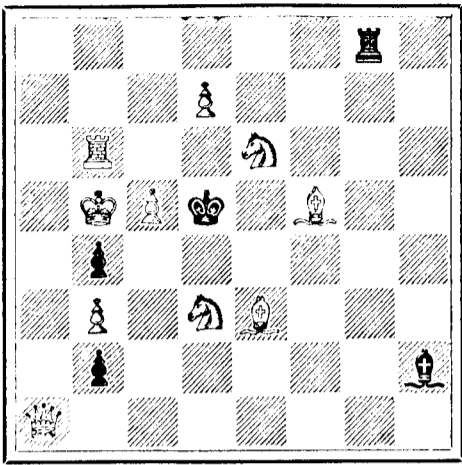
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BLACK.



White to play and mate in three moves.

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White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

No. 569.
White.
1. Kt-K 2
2. Q-K B
3. Q mates
2. B-B 4
3. Q mates

Black.
1. K-Q 7
2. K moves
if 1. K-K 5
2. moves

No. 570.
R-R 6

The following is the score of one of the games by cable correspondence between the two great masters, Steinitz and Tschigorin.

TWO KNIGHTS' DEFENCE.

| White. STRINITZ. | Black. TSCHIGORIN | White. STEINITZ. | Black. TSCHIGORIN. |
|---------------------|----------------------|---------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. P-K 4 | P-K 4 | 21. K-B 1 | P-B 6 |
| 2. K Kt-B 3 | Q Kt-B 3 | 22. P x P | P x P |
| 3. B-B 4 | Kt-B 3 | 23. B x P | B-K B 4 |
| 4. Kt-Kt 5 | P-Q 4 | 24. Kt-K 4 | B x Kt |
| 5. P x P | Q Kt-R 4 | 25. Q-K 2 | B x B |
| 6. B-Kt 5 + | P-B 3 | 26. Q-K 6 + | Kt-R 2 |
| 7. P x P | P x P | 27. B x Q | B x R |
| 8. B-K 2 | P-K R 3 | 28. Q-R 3 | Kt-B 4 |
| 9. K Kt-R 3 | K B-Q B 4 | 29. B-K 5 | Q R-K 1 |
| 10. P-Q 3 | Castles | 30. B-B 4 | Kt-Q 5 |
| 11. Kt-B 3 | Kt-Q 4 | 31. Q-Q 3 + | B-K 5 |
| 12. Kt-R 4 | B-Q 3 | 32. Q x Kt | R x B |
| 13. Kt-K Kt 1 | P-K B 4 | 33. P-B 3 | Q R-K B 1 |
| 14. P-Q B 3 | B-Q 2 | 34. Q x R P | P-B 4 |
| 15. P-Q 4 | P-K 5 | 35. Q-Q B 7 | Kt-B 3 |
| 16. P-Q B 4 | Kt-K 2 | 36. P-Q R 3 | R x P + |
| 17. Q Kt B 3 | B-K 3 | 37. Kt x R | B x Kt + |
| 18. P-Q Kt 3 | B-Kt 5 | 38. Kt-Kt 1 | B-Q 7 |
| 19. B-Kt 2 | P-B 5 | 39. Resigns | |
| 20. Q-B 2 | Q x P | | |

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|-----------------------|-------|----------------|
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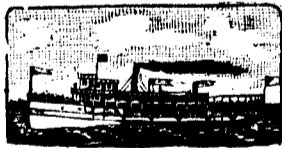
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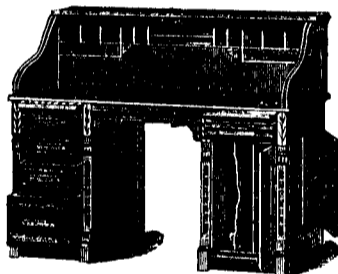
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The local committee of arrangements met in Toronto on March 30th, and it was then decided that September being Exhibition month, and travelling rates consequently more reasonable, also Indians being better able to leave their farms at that time than in May, it would be a far better and more convenient time for holding both the Annual Meeting and the Conference.

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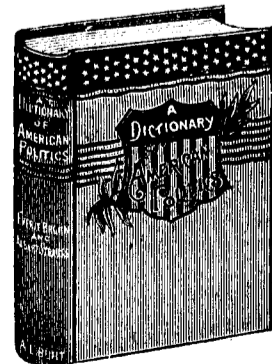
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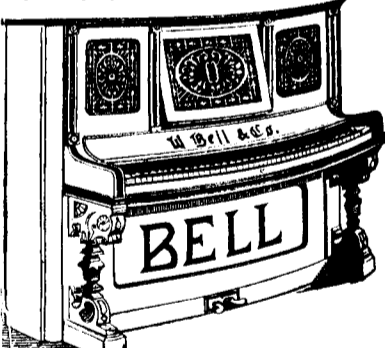
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