THE WEEK

A Canadian Journal of Politics, Literature, Science and Arts.

Eleventh Year. Vol. XI, No. 2.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, DEC. 8th, 1893.

$3.00 per Annum. Single Copies, 10 cents

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TERMS:—One year, $3: eight months, $2; four months, $1. Subscriptions payable *in advance.*

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CURRENT TOPICS.

With the expenses of the country now exceeding the revenue by a million of dollars a week, direct taxation in the United States is inevitable. Some form of income tax, in addition to a heavy tax on inheritances, which are seemingly the preferred if not the only available forms, will probably be adopted. In order to counteract the attempts, which past experience has taught the Government to expect, to escape from the just incidence of the income tax by means of false and even perjured returns, a method proposed by Mr. Thomas G. Shearman, in a speech before a sub-committee of the Ways and Means Committee, seems highly ingenious and is supposed to be the method which will be recommended for adoption. Mr. Shearman proposes, instead of a general tax on all incomes above a certain large minimum, a tax on incomes from investments only, to be made payable not by those who receive, but by those who pay the incomes. He would have, also, all corporations of whatever kind, or at least all corporations possessing franchises from the people and enjoying monopolies, pay a tax based upon an estimate of their net receipts, the amount of which could be ascertained from the reports which they are required to make. The corporations would, of course, deduct the amount of the taxes thus paid from stock dividends and the interest paid on bonds. He would further require all tenants to pay a tax proportioned to the amount of their rentals, and make the tax-receipt a legal tender to the landlord to that amount in payment of rent. Mr. Shearman estimates that a tax of two-and-a-half per cent. on rents and monopolies would produce an income of $62,500,000, and permit the reduction of the tariff to an average of twenty-five per cent.

The hot words in the French Chamber of Deputies during the first declaration of policy of the new Government, and the victory of the latter by a majority so small that it is interpreted as moral defeat, illustrate afresh the singular instability of French politics. Governments succeed each other like the views in a kaleidoscope and each new combination seems to be weaker than the last. It may be that out of all this confusion there will be evolved in time the elements of stability, that in this way the innate restlessness of a strangely mercurial people is working itself out, while the undercurrents of national life are still steadily flowing. From the meagre records of the debate of Monday it is evident that the new Premier has taken a leaf from Germany's book and will try to cut the sinews of socialism by socialistic measures. His obscure declaration that the home and foreign policy of the Government would be inspired by the dignity of a great nation, able to defend its rights by pacific means, may mean anything or nothing. If it should mean that the Government would strive, by internal reforms adapted to improve the condition of the people and to distribute more equitably the burdens of government, to soothe the excitable susceptibilities of the nation, and to divert its thoughts from the ever-burning thirst for revenge, it would be a boon not only to the nation but to Europe, should the Government prove able to develop its policy. But the people are now so accustomed to be fed upon sensations that it is doubtful whether any Government which does not provide something of the kind for them can maintain itself. In the presence of conditions so uncertain and impulses so fluctuating, any attempt to forecast the future would be folly. We can only wait for developments, prepared not to be surprised by any new turn of events.

According to the *Empire's* report, the Premier, at the Pictou demonstration in honour of Sir Hibbert Tupper, spoke as follows: "We need have no difference with our opponents as to a revenue tariff. We propose a tariff-reform that will be as low as possible to produce the revenue absolutely necessary to carry on the public service of the country, and that will give the preference to Canadian workingmen over foreigners, whether mechanics and manufacturers or farmers." Sir John went on to say that the necessary duties would be levied on articles that can and ought to be produced in Canada. This seems at first thought to be a satisfactory announcement. It certainly is a serious divergence from the tenor of the speeches which have been from time to time made by the Finance Minister and other ardent protectionists in the Government ranks. But it is an announcement which, simple though it may seem, can hardly be thought out into an unambiguous proposition. The more one ponders it the less able, we venture to say, will he be to find any clear economic principle behind it. The two ideas which are combined in it, those, viz., of protection and revenue-raising are at the bottom incompatible and irreconcilable. In order to obtain the most efficient protection, the duty should be made prohibitory, hence, non-productive of revenue. In order to obtain the largest amount of revenue the duty must be so proportioned as to encourage importation. Its tendency will then be to discourage home-production, and so to become non-protective. We assume, of course, that the articles in question are such as can for some reason be produced so much more cheaply abroad than at home that the greater cost of carriage, which of itself usually affords considerable protection to home manufacture, is more than counterbalanced, since when that is not the case, there is no inducement to importation and no need of protection.

In order to make it clear that to talk of protecting home manufacture and improv-

ing the revenue by the same tariff is self-contradictory, we have only to suppose the case, easily conceivable, in which the preference for the foreign article is such that a lower and a higher, say a twenty-five and a fifty per cent. tariff, would produce about the same amount of revenue; that is, twice as much would be imported under the lower as under the higher rate of duty. What guidance would Sir John Thompson's principle (?) afford in such a case? It is implied in the conditions of the problem that a burden is laid upon all the users or consumers of the commodity in either case, but that it is twice as heavy under the fifty per cent. tariff. In so saying, we assume, of course, that those who purchase the home-made article are obliged to pay about the same tribute to the manufacturers which importers pay to the Government. This can hardly be successfully denied. Few, probably, will attempt to deny it. If any one should attempt to do so by claiming that the cost of the article of home manufacture is in either case materially less than that of the imported, with duty added, he would be bound to explain the phenomenon, showing cause why, other things being equal or nearly equal, any considerable number of people should persistently prefer to pay a higher price for a foreign article rather than buy one of domestic manufacture. To admit that the foreign article is better in any respect, or better adapted for the purpose of the purchaser, would be of course to concede the whole matter. The question then, for the Government, or its Finance Minister, to decide in the case we have supposed, would clearly be whether to give the greater protection to the few interested in home-manufactures, at the expense of the great body of consumers, or to favour the latter, regardless of the claims of the former. Had Sir John ended the enunciation which we have quoted with the words "service of the country," he would have laid down a simple rule for the guidance of all concerned. Having added the sentence which follows, he has destroyed the rule and left the question of the rate of duty to be imposed just where he found it, and the country, consequently, none the wiser for his utterance.

The death of Professor Tyndall removes from the field of scientific research one of its most eminent and successful explorers. Among the many who have won undying renown for themselves while laying the whole race under lasting obligations by their discoveries in this field, few, if any, have achieved greater or more lasting results. His name has so long been familiar in all circles in which any attention is paid to scientific subjects, that it would be superfluous to attempt to say what he has done as a student of nature, even were that possible in a paragraph. By many whose thoughts are mainly given to subjects outside the domain of physical or experimental science, Professor Tyndall's name will be best remembered by the leading part he took in the semi-philosophical, semi-religious discussion which took place a score of years ago, in connection with the question of the efficacy of prayer. His writings at this time, in connection with his proposal to bring the question within the range of the scientific methods by means of the famous prayer-test, will still be regarded by many as illustrating the fact that many men, eminent by reason of their acuteness and success in inquiries in the domain of physical science, prove themselves singularly unfitted for logical and metaphysical disputations. May it not be that the special faculties which qualify their possessor for success in the one field of labor, and which are in turn highly developed by exercise in that field, are quite distinct in kind from those which bring both inclination and ability for research in the other! Or may it be simply that a too exclusive use of the experimental methods required in the one, prevents the due cultivation and development of the powers needed for the other? Whatever may be the explanation, some of Professor Tyndall's more recent utterances on political questions, marked as they were by a strength of prejudice and a heat of passion far removed from the judicial calmness of the expert scientific explorer, present mental phenomena of a somewhat similar kind. Apart, however, from any views which may be held in regard to his success in other departments of thought, the fact remains that his name will go down to posterity as that of one who had no superior and few peers in the scientific realm which he made peculiarly his own.

The two principles which stand out most conspicuously in the Democratic Tariff Bill now before the United States Congress are (1) raw material free; (2) ad valorem instead of specific duties. Passing by, for the present, the first, the second seems so obviously the right principle under any financial system that it is hard to see why all parties should not heartily accept it. In favour of specific duties it may be said that they are more easily collected because less room is left for evasion, and, though no Protectionist Government would openly say this, that they make it possible to collect a duty so large that no people would submit to it if the percentage were baldly stated. On the other side, the principle is obviously unrighteous, in that it has the effect of taxing the purchasers of the cheaper qualities of goods, that is, as a rule, the poor, more heavily than the rich, whereas almost every one who makes any pretension to either statesmanship or philanthropy will admit in theory that the incidence of taxation should follow just the opposite rule. The preference of our own Government for specific taxes is probably susceptible of one or both of two explanations. Being strongly wedded to the theory of protection they find, it may be, that in the case of a number of comparatively inexpensive commodities in common use no percentage of taxation which they could venture to propose would counteract the popular preference and check importation to such an extent as to give the home manufacturers the desired protection. This is a more charitable, and probably a more correct supposition than the second reason, which is that before mentioned, viz., the facility the specific system affords for imposing an enormous rate upon a variety of cheaper articles used by the poorer classes. This latter motion, it is needless to add, is the one usually attributed to the Government by the Opposition in their assaults upon the iniquity of specific duties. This method of collecting revenue, or prohibiting importation, as the case may be, is absolutely indefensible, and will be admitted to be so, we believe, by a large and increasing number of those who believe in protection. Now that our people are so fully convinced of the necessity of tariff-reform, it may be hoped that this system of unfair discrimination against those in humble circumstances may receive its death-blow at the approaching meeting of the Dominion Parliament.

The debate in the British Commons two or three weeks since upon the Employers' Liability Act, and especially upon Mr. McLaren's proposed amendment, permitting employers to contract themselves out of the provisions of that Act, was interesting and vigorous. As our readers will remember, Mr. McLaren's amendment was defeated only by the narrow majority of nineteen. At first thought it is not easy to see why workingmen should not be free to forego the possible benefits of such an Act, if they choose to do so, in return for some other promised advantage which they deem of greater value. But further reflection makes it pretty clear that to include this provision, which, by the way, was petitioned for by a large number of railway employees, would be to render the whole Act comparatively worthless. In the keen competition of the times the workman who is unemployed, or who fears to lose his situation, will often be ready to make almost any condition for the sake of permanent employment. Hence, it would be easy for employers who were too parsimonious or too indifferent to take proper precautions to ensure the safety of their employees to make such a contract a condition of giving employment. This danger is made clearer by the fact that the same argument of "freedom" which was made to do yeoman service in this debate, was on former occasions used on behalf of a like liberty from the tyranny of the Factory Acts, Mines Regulations Acts, etc. It would never do to allow the great mass of workingmen, who need and claim the protection

of such Acts, to be baulked or placed at a disadvantage, at the request of a few, and those acting, it is hinted, under a pressure which they could not well resist. Those who may have got the idea that the Act in question imposes some specially hard conditions on employers will be relieved to learn that such is not the case. It simply places capitalists and corporations under the same responsibility in regard to their employees which they already bear in respect to all other persons. As we have seen the case somewhere stated, under present conditions, if the slipping of a windlass, or some other defect in machinery should result in the death of a bystander, the friends of the latter could collect damages at law. But were the person killed an employee of the establishment, his family could have no such redress. The Act, then, is simply intended to compel employers to be as careful of the lives of those in their employ as they are now required to be of those of other persons. We do not know enough of the details of the Bill to be sure whether any exception is made in the case of "contributory carelessness" on the part of the workman, but we believe not. The theory is, we think, that the employer is held responsible for the carelessness of his employees as well as for defective or insufficiently protected machinery.

NEW FORCES IN CANADIAN POLITICS.

The results of the local bye-elections in East Lambton and North Brnce on Saturday, were a genuine surprise to the Government and probably scarcely less to the Opposition. Without attempting to analyze and balance all the diverse and converging influences which in each case wrought out the unexpected result, it will suffice for present purposes to say that in East Lambton the issue was decided by the votes of the secret society known as the P.P.A. or the C.P.A., which cabalistic letters stand, we are told, for Protestant Protective Association and Canadian Protective Association, while in East Bruce the scale was in like manner turned by the Patrons of Industry. Both these are new forces in Canadian politics, and this was the first occasion on which either has had opportunity to try its strength. It would, of course, be easy to over-rate that strength, even in the constituencies in which these forces were respectively victorious on Saturday. The outcome was in either case probably but a fresh illustration of the power that may be often wielded, under the party system, by any compact body of electors who will hold together and vote in solid column for a given candidate. But the fact that the Patrons in the one constituency and the P.P.A. in the other, were strong enough numerically to effect their object, and that the same thing may occur in any number of constituencies, makes the fact of their existence and aims one of great significance. Either might one day overthrow a strong Government in a manner somewhat similar to that in which Captain Bobadil proposed to conquer an army.

Perhaps the broadest inference which may be drawn from the Saturday elections is that the spirit of unrest in politics, and of revolt against the old party *regimes*, of which we have before had occasion to speak, is a living and potent reality, and will have to be reckoned with as such, from this time forth, by both the old parties.

It is noteworthy, however, that, while both the victories of Saturday were defeats of Sir Oliver Mowat's Government, the two forces by which those victories were gained have little in common. Neither could coalesce with the other more readily than with one of the old parties. Hence the effect upon the Ontario Administration may prove to be negative rather than positive. Herein is the political weakness of both movements. The effect of such achievements as those of Saturday is destructive rather than constructive. Neither body has great leaders competent to take the place of those whom they are so ready to oust. Suppose that in the approaching general election, results similar to those of Saturday should be wrought in a sufficiently large number of constituencies to destroy Sir Oliver Mowat's majority and render him unable to carry on the government, whom would the victorious Patrons or P.P.A.'s call on to take his place? In this connection we may be permitted to express regret that Mr. Meredith, the strongest by far of the local Opposition leaders, should apparently be withdrawing from politics, seeing that he has of late uttered no word to show where he stands in relation to the various great questions which are agitating the commonwealth. Were it not for this dread of a possible chaos that might follow, no truly independent citizen need greatly regret the defeat of the regular Government candidate in North Bruce by the nominee of the Patrons. In many respects the platform of the latter organization is a good one, even in regard to the matters in which its programme deviates from that of the Government party. Among the most important of these matters are those relating to the alleged abuse of patronage by the Government, its tendency to the centralization of power, especially of the appointing power, its multiplication of offices, and its retention of the fee in place of the salary system in the payment of certain favoured officials. These are not dangerous or even ultra-radical reforms, and if only the Patrons had equally competent men ready to take the helm and reduce their principles to practice, the people of Ontario would have little to fear from the change. It is quite possible, however, that most of the Patrons are less anxious to oust the present Government than to compel it to adopt their principles in the matters referred to. It is by no means improbable that such pressure as that applied in North Bruce, if a few times repeated, may produce that effect.

One could wish that it were possible to view with equal complacency the success of the P.P.A. But here we have to confess that it is painful and in some measure humiliating to be compelled to believe that an organization whose corner stone is religious intolerance can have gained so much strength in enlightened Ontario as to be able, even by the use of the pledged and compact vote, to elect its candidate in an important constituency. The secret and stealthy measures by which this body seeks to accomplish its purposes is its sufficient condemnation. "He that doeth the truth, cometh to the light." We have always supposed that it was the pride of Protestantism that it avowed its principles and fought in the open. True Protestantism, or at any rate, true religion, should be too deeply imbued with the spirit of equal rights, of fair play, of the Golden Rule, to seek to deny to members of another faith the rights of citizenship which it claims for itself. Again, apart from its narrowness and intolerance, the tendencies of the principles of the P.P.A., so far as they are known, is distinctly disloyal. If our Roman Catholic fellow-citizens in all the Provinces are men of like passions with others, the day that saw the triumph of the P.P.A. would inaugurate the upbreak of this Confederation, witness the overthrow of all hope of a worthy future for Canada, and in all likelihood prove the commencement of a civil war that would devastate our fair land like a deluge or a tornado. Happily we may confidently predict that the day will never come when Canada shall undo the work of Catholic Emancipation and seek to build a political system upon the narrow dogma of sectarian proscription

NOTES ON DANTE.—VII.

MINOR WORKS.

In the second paper of this series mention was made of certain minor works of the great poet, the most interesting of which—the Vita Nuova—was then considered. Besides some smaller treatises of uncertain authorship, which have been attributed to Dante, there remain the following which are his beyond all question: 1, Il Convito; 2, De Vulgari Eloquentia; 3, De Monarchia; 4, The Canzoniere, the last of which contains all his minor poems including those in the Vita Nuova and the Convito. To the first three of these four we are now to direct some brief study.

THE CONVITO.

Dante probably took the idea of a Convito or Banquet from Plato's Symposium. This is his second work, written after his banishment from Florence, perhaps about 1308, although portions of it may have been composed before his exile. The plan adopted is much the same as in the Vita, the leading ideas being set forth in poems connected by dissertations in prose. It was intended to consist of fourteen books; but only four were written, and three poems. The

poems, he said, were intended to set forth the excellence of Love and Virtue, and they were to be accompanied by the Bread of exposition in order to constitute a banquet. His plan was to be that of an encyclopædia, embracing the whole range of contemporary learning, written in a language that could be understood by common people.

Thus (i. 1) he remarks: O happy those few who sit at that table where the bread of angels is eaten, and miserable those who partake of food in common with the beasts! Yet as every man is naturally the friend of every man, and every friend grieves over the defects of one whom he loves, those who are banqueted at so high a table are not without pity for those whom they see in the pastures of cattle, feeding upon grass and acorns. And inasmuch as pity is the mother of kindness, those who know give always liberally of their riches to the truly poor, and are thus a living fountain from the water of which the natural thirst of which we have spoken is quenched. I therefore, who do not sit at that blessed table, but yet, having fled from the pasture of the vulgar, placing myself at the feet of those who sit there, gather up of that which falls from them . . . and so propose to make a general banquet of that which I have acquired . . . The viands of this banquet will be set forth in fourteen different manners, that is, will consist of fourteen canzoni, the materials of which are love and virtue. Without the bread that accompanies them, they would have had some shade of obscurity; but the bread that is the present exposition, will be the light which will make apparent every colour of their meaning."

Of these fourteen canzoni, as remarked, only three were written, preceded by one book, and each followed by a book; so that four books (Trattati) in all were written.

The discussions in these books are often fanciful, mystical and disconnected. They belong to what we may call the second period of Dante's literary life—the period of criticism and doubt, lying between the simple spontaneity of the Vita Nuova and the artistic greatness of the Commedia. It corresponds with a period in his own life, when, without perhaps having abandoned the Christian faith, he yet went through a phase of doubt and unrest represented by the beginning of the Commedia, out of which he was conducted by divine grace to the solid faith which comes of higher illumination and deeper experience. The Convito has been, with justice, described as the first model of classical Italian prose.

The canzoni in the Convito are longer, less spontaneous, and more laboured than those in the Vita Nuova; yet they are full of thought, energy, and force. The first takes up the conclusion of the Vita Nuova. Speaking of the footstool of God, he says:

"There I beheld a Lady hymning praise,
Of whom to me were spoken words so sweet
That the rapt soul exclaimed, I long to go!
Now one appears who drives that thought away,
And with such great might lords it over me
That my heart trembles and reveals its fear.
Me he compels a Lady to observe,
And says; who seeks true blessedness to see,
Let him the eyes of this blest dame regard;
Unless he dread the anguish of deep sighs."

So far the meaning is tolerably clear. The first Lady is Beatrice in glory. The other who appeared is the Gentle Lady. But here the mystical element predominates, and we are informed that the Lady is a 'Secular Philosophy, which is threatening to displace divine revelation and grace. This is one of the passages over which controversy has arisen. We must repeat that we can see no reason for abandoning the real existence both of Beatrice and of the Donna gentile, although it is often difficult to assign the limits of the real and the ideal.

We should here draw attention to a remarkable passage (ii. 9) on the Immortality of the Soul. The arguments employed by Dante were mainly those of his period, and some of them have been supplanted by others which to ourselves are more satisfactory; but the passage is characterized by great beauty and elevation. The second canzone is remarkable inasmuch as the first line of it,

"Amor che nella mente mi ragiona,"

is quoted in Purgatorio, ii. 112, by Casella, who had probably set the poem to music. Here again, love is discussed in a mystical and allegorical manner.

The third canzone introduces the fourth and last Trattato. He says he now forsakes the pleasant rhymes of love which he was wont to seek in his thoughts. He now discusses the nature of nobility in man. He examines the theory which maintains that aristocracy is plutocracy, that the principle of nobility is wealth, and declares it false and vile.

Why was the work here broken off? Was Dante dissatisfied and did he therefore stop here? Possibly, or even probably. But a greater work was now rising before his imagination, perhaps had risen some years before, and now was engrossing all his thoughts. In the greater work that which had been contemplated in the lesser one might be better done. Yet the Convito is not unworthy of study, and shows how the poet accumulated material for the Divina Commedia.

DE VULGARI ELOQUENTIA.

The work De Vulgari Eloquentia or Eloquio (the former seems the original word, the latter the more common in later times) was produced about the same time as the Convito, and was also left unfinished. According to the author's plan, it was to consist of at least four books, but only two were written; the first on Language, the second on Prosody, Rhetoric and Poetry. Naturally, as the treatise was addressed to scholars and in commendation of the Vulgar Tongue, it was written in Latin.

The writer begins by distinguishing between grammatical and popular languages. The latter were learnt in the nursery insensibly, the former by grammar and with great labour. He then discusses the origin of language as a necessity for man, who alone could use it.

Inquiring into the nature of the first language, he bursts into a beautiful passage about Florence, and decides that Hebrew was the first. But soon the languages became divided and especially in Europe. The Romance languages parted principally into the three great divisions, the Langue d'oc, the Langue d'oil, and the Langue de si. The Vulgaris Eloquentia was that language which was common to all the Italian dialects, and ought, he says, to be called the Latin vulgar tongue. The first book, which ends here, was probably intended to be an introduction to the whole.

The second book opens with the question, Who ought to use the cultivated vernacular? "Not all writers or versifiers," says Dante, "ought to use the nobler language, but those only who are distinguished by capacity and scientic knowledge, and not any chance subject, but only the best things should be treated of in this nobler Italian." These things, he says, are love, virtue and arms. First, we remember, it was love in the Vita Nuova; then love and virtue in the Convito; now we have arms added. But later, in the Commedia, no subject is too high or too deep for him. Heaven and earth, God and man, time and eternity are all sung in the language of the people And it is the great poem, more than this treatise, which has vindicated the use of the Vulgar Tongue in Italy.

DE MONARCHIA.

The treatise on the Empire has for its subject, as Plumptre remarks, "the ideal polity which should guide men to righteous government and therefore to blessedness on earth, and to the reward of righteousness in heaven." We cannot give more than a sketch of the treatise here. But it may be mentioned that a careful analysis is given by Hettinger (pp. 368 ff.), and an excellent brief account in Bryce's "Holy Roman Empire" (pp. 265 ff). There is also a good account in Scartazzini's Manual, Butler's Translation (pp. 318 ff).

The treatise is divided into three books: Book I. asserts the necessity of monarchy and of one empire: (1) because thus universal peace will be secured; (2) the Emperor is an image of Divine unity; (3) every organization must have a centre; (4) justice will in this way be best secured. More particularly, the Emperor, having no rival, will be under no temptation to do wrong.

Book II. proves that dominion belongs to the Romans; and this is shown by their history, by their virtues, by the right of war. He quotes the noble words of Virgil:

"Romane, memento:
Hæ tibi erunt artes; pacis imponere morem,
Parcere subjectis, et debellare superbos."

Book III. seeks to prove that the Imperial power was immediately dependent on God, and directly derived from Him. Here is the point at which he separated off from the Guelfs, who held that the Emperor derived his power from God through the Pope, and that he held it of the Vicar of Christ. Assuming the truth of Constantine's donation (long now disproved) he declares its illegality. Moreover, he pointed out that Leo. III. had no power to confer the empire upon Charles the Great. This, of course, is another disputed question as to the matter of fact.

Finally, he urged that man's nature being twofold, he needed two guides The principles of the De Monarchia were the principles of Dante's whole life, perhaps those which were always most consciously present with him. It is possible that some personal feeling entered into this theory. Dante had such experience of the evils of a mere uncurbed democracy that he longed for a master who would reduce those selfish, turbulent elements to order. But, apart from this, he had a sincere belief in the monarchical and imperial principle. He lived to maintain it, and was probably willing to die if he could thus establish it.

WILLIAM CLARK.

Exact justice is commonly more merciful in the long run than pity; for it tends to foster in men those stronger qualities which make them good citizens. —Lowell.

PARIS LETTER.

The French do not know what to think about the discussion in the English press, respecting the relative naval strength of England and France. Some of the best writers on public affairs—no connection with the Boulevard scribes—whose names are a guarantee for their competency and standing, have repeated, and do repeat, that France has neither the naval strength of England, still less, the vast dockyard resources of that country. *Per contra*, equally excellent specialists on behalf of England avow their country is below the high water mark necessary for the protection of her commerce and the defence of her foreign possessions, and that 250 millions frs. are necessary to bring British naval strength up to what it ought to be. Who are we to believe? The argument that has most forcibly struck the French is, if their existing naval strength be adequate to protect their merchant marine—but ninth in the rank of the trading vessels of the world—and their colonies, what is the meaning, or rather the object, of piling Ossa on Pelion? One can understand the French competing with Continental Powers in the matter of bloated armies, but to "try a fall" in addition with England, in a race for a bloated navy, is not so evident. It is on the sea that the coming big fight between the grouped nations, is next to generally accepted, will be decided; a power that is locked out, and blocked in; from the sea, cannot indefinitely hold out. Russia is a case in point, both after the treaty of Tilsit and the Crimean war. Armed peace is becoming as expensive as actual war.

France is glad the Chambers have at last re-opened, though well knowing the era of difficulties and anxieties is consequently commencing also. It is essential to classify the deputies and take stock of their opinions. The first tie division will be over the election of the President or Speaker. M. Brisson is the candidate of the true blue Republicans, and M. Casimir-Perier, that of the Moderates and the floaters—the odds are in favor of the latter—both are good men and true—the more so, as M. Perier is likely to succeed M. Carnot in the election for the Presidency. The labor questions will be pushed at once to the front by the Socialists; but the latter must be prepared to indicate where the money for pensions and compensations is to come from; till the necessary millions be found, the amelioration of the labor laws is merely the placing of the cart before the horse. Now there is nothing new to be taxed in France save bachelors and cage birds; nor can the existing taxes be augmented, without giving rise to general discontent. The revenue is nearly 25 million frs. in deficit in the last nine months. In itself the sum is not much; the sickly point of the financial situation is, that the revenue keeps on declining, like a tuberculose affection. The advanced reformers are the Radicals; they say, no patch-work measures will do; the whole fiscal basis is wrong; it is out of joint, because it is built upon monarchal foundations. The remedy lies in an income tax, that will sweep away a locust swarm of *petit* taxes, and a legion of employés to collect them; this reform will aid the workman, who up to a wage scale of 2,500 frs. income will be exempted from direct taxation, and from large indirect imposts also, and he can enjoy almost a free breakfast and a free dinner table. The income tax will strike the rich, and the poundage, too, will mount with the income. The state must not be a party to crushing the life out of the keeping-of-body-and-soul-together wage earned by artizan or navvy. In France, the socialism of the masses is this: We are willing to work—obtain it for us, since you have need of our lives to defend the country; we claim the right to be able to gain by a scale of wages, to live as human beings, not in a state of chronic half starvation, and in a condition condemned to a permanent slum. If society wants us, we want society to secure us work, and so enable us to sustain ourselves.

There is a *point noir*, a little cloud the size of a man's hand, down for early discussion in the Chamber. During the visit of the Russians, the legislators had no means of officially marking their sympathy with the Muscovites, and of coming formally into line with the national hurrahs. Deputy Denecheau intends submitting a motion, binding the parliament in solidarity with the nation's love for Russia. But Deputy Lockroy, while having no objection to the marriage of the French Republic with autocratic Russia, desires at the same time to know if a treaty of alliance has been executed between the two countries; or is the interchange of compliments, only good wishes and mutual admiration, not a working treaty? Lockroy feels anything but satisfied; asserts France has the right to know the truth in the matter, and hints that the system of *chut!* of hush! is unsuitable with universal suffrage. The way to avoid deceptions of the morrow is to have no delusions to-day. Ex-Foreign Secretary Flourens continues his chauvinistic campaign in favor of Russia; his writings do not enhance his value as a statesman. One extraordinary statement among others: he accuses England of ejecting France from Egypt! Hitherto people with a little memory attribute that to France evicting herself, by the Chamber declining to vote the credit of 40 million frs. by a majority of nearly 400, to send an expedition to remove Arabi Pacha. At present the British are not so occupied about evacuating Egypt, as in preventing another power, or powers, from replacing her. The establishment of a Russian fleet in the Mediterranean will not facilitate the English quitting the Nile. The rumor is current that England is negotiating for a coaling station in Sweden. The British Baltic Squadron would mean a great deal. The owners of dockyards are likely to be in for a "boom." It is gratifying to be able to record briskness in some trade.

The Republicans have never forgiven the Pope for becoming Republican. Nor are they enamoured at the revelation that it is to His Holiness the honor reverts of having brought about the Franco-Russian alliance. They believed the unionism to be due to the affinity of opposites. They accuse the Holy Father of wanting to intermeddle with the internal—not eternal—condition of France. M. Lightheart Ollivier is vehemently denunciatory of the Pontiff's policy towards France, believing it tends to sweep what remains of the independence of the Church of France into a vast European clerical co-operation society. The Governmental organ, Le Temps, does not see the hand of the Pope in the relations now existing between France and Russia; that "the Gallic soul and the Slavonic soul have been brought together by common business wants and political interests." But these are just the reasons that have led Germany, Austria, and Italy to unite as allies; that will induce England to do the same when the moment—very near at hand, and no time to be lost, think many—arrives to hook-and-eye with China, Sweden and Chili, to say nothing of stars of lesser magnitude.

Once a year, the Japs of Paris celebrate a mass, as if it was in full Tokio; at the Guimet Museum, where the gods and curios belonging to all the religions of the world are shown, the Buddhists assembled, carrying their souls, for the ceremony is only addressed to the latter. The salle loaned to the worshippers was ornamented with busts of Buddha and statues of his branch virtues and other side lights of Asia. All was very artistic, very simple, aye, very innocent. One thousand and sixty-one persons were present. The altar was a plain table below two large candles; in the centre the statue of Buddha; before him, offerings of incense; on each side vases of chrysanthemum flowers; then two other tapers; eight strokes on a gong by a Jap valet, who precedes the priest towards the altar. The priest is a native, belonging to a noble family, and very young, perhaps a Buddhist curate. He is quite an ascetic, a fine head, delicate features, expressing nothing coarse, symbolizing serenity rather than intelligence; he is dressed in a yellow surplice and a purple scarf over neck and shoulders. There is no music, as in the western churches, nor vocal chants as in the Russian. The priest salutes the statue of Buddha, then intones a prayer to it in a guttural voice. That voice from so delicate and artistic a body had the same effect on me as when a very pretty French girl speaks like Macbeth's raven—croaking with hoarseness. Having purified the offerings on the altar, the priest rings a little silver bell, having the most delicious sound a musical ear could desire. Next was taken a silver salver laden with petals of flowers, and distributed, pinch by pinch, to secure calm and happiness in the "ten worlds." Then on his knees, an invocation for Buddhists in particular and the wicked world in general—that's the Domine salvem fac Regini, and perhaps Rempublicam. After a silent prayer another little bell is rung, but devoid of the angelic sweetness of its sister; the priest then rises, bows to the faithful—or the curious—stands till all pass out before the altar; then he bolts into a closet and shuts himself in. The next mass will be twelve months hence. The lotus of Buddha will hardly dispossess the rose of Mary, in France at least. In summer, Professor Rosny gives Buddhist picnics, and always in a forest in the neighborhood of Paris. He and his whole party were arrested last year by the forest guards on suspicion of being poachers, but every creed has its martyrs. When the Buddhists number one hundred thousand, they can claim legally a state endowment.

The dramas of respectable poverty are perhaps the direst of the dire. A professor of mathematics, connected with several noble families of France, aged 58, could obtain no employment. He could not dig, and to beg he was ashamed; he tried chopping wood for a working day of twelve hours, at a wage of less than one half-penny an hour. On this pittance he had to pay rent and support his wife. The latter he wed two years ago. He fell in

love with her when she was a governess in her teens, in the family of one of his rich relatives, who packed her off to America, where she lived as a schoolmistress. She was aged 56 when she returned to France; as owing to her years she could find no employment, friends paid her passage to Europe. She found it also difficult to procure work in Paris, and it was by accident the professor of mathematics met her and recognised her after more than thirty years of separation, at an educational agency where both were applying for employment. They agreed now to get married, and as it costs nothing to the poor to be buried in France, civil marriage is equally as cheap. They were aged fifty-six and fifty-four on their wedding-day, they had no honey-moon, and the union only developed their misery. Ultimately they resolved to die. They bought a bucket of charcoal, stopped all crevices, arranged their few papers; he lit the fire and wrote his asphyxiation journal to the last minute of consciousness. The police forced the door of their garret open; the two bodies lay on the bed, hands interlaced. The woman was quite dead. The man on resuscitating looked at the corpse, kissed it and fainted. He was sent to the hospital.

Rule for writing a play: Keep an eye, mentally, on the paying public.

The Convention decreed that all the royal flags and banners were to be burned, for the residue gold to make money, and the royal coffins in lead at St. Denis Cathedral to be melted and run into bullets to shoot down Royalists.

Z.

THE RIVER CHARLES.

The city rover, tranquil Charles,
Can prize thy stately mazes:
But I, who love a different shore,
Where wilder waters chafe and roar,
May wonder at his praises.

Far grander than thy placid flow
Are waves that mount to heaven
In awful wrath, then sink to moan
Like some lost ghost, who creeps alone
In the weird dusk of even.

Across thy tide at busy noon
The distant city's clamor
Comes faintly borne; and in the night
A radiant glow of silver light
To clothe thee in her glamor.

While to thy breast the plover leans;
And in thy tangled sedges
The wild duck builds her nest; and leads
Her brood among thy marshy weeds
And o'er thy ragged edges.

White violets and saxifrage
Cluster in odorous masses
About thy brink; a stately pine
Half-covered by an emerald vine;
A squirrel in the grasses.

Yea, fair thou art! but fairer far
Unto my faithful vision
Is that lone stretch of barren sea
Whose restless waters seem to be
An answering derision

To the great human cry for peace;
When tired of noise and passion,
Weary of the mad struggle, Life,
We crave that calm, beyond the strife,
Of Death's benignant fashion.

There have I heard the wild gull shriek
Above the angry billows,
Like the white souls of those who sleep
Down where the green-haired naiads keep
Sweet watch above their pillows.

There have I seen the gray-stoled fog
Creep by on noiseless pinions,
To clasp the barren hills—a bride
Who scorns, yet must awhile abide
Within her lord's dominions.

O tranquil Charles! fair may you seem
Unto the city rover;
But far away my troth-plight lies,
Where stormy waves and stormy skies
Claim me, a faithful lover.

VIVIEN.

PROMINENT CANADIANS.—NO. XLVI.

REV. JOHN CAMPBELL, A.M. LL.D., F.R.S.C., PROFESSOR OF APOLOGETICS AND CHURCH HISTORY IN THE PRESBYTERIAN COLLEGE, MONTREAL.

We have in Canada few scholars and fewer good writers, while the number that combine scholarship with first-rate literary form can be counted on the fingers, some would say on the fingers of one hand. John Campbell would be included, whether the list were confined to five or extended to ten. Born in Edinburgh in 1840, educated till his sixteenth year in England, France and Germany, and thereafter engaged with his father in business in New York and Toronto, he resolved in 1860 to devote himself to the ministry of the Gospel. Four years of university work, during which he carried off all the prizes, medals and scholarships open to him, two years of theological study under Drs. Willis, Burns and Caven, and one session in the Free Church College, Edinburgh, gave him the preparation that the Presbyterian Church is supposed to demand before formally authorizing candidates to preach. In 1868, he was licensed, ordained and called to the pastorate of the Charles Street Church, Toronto, with the Sunday School of which he had been working for years. In 1872, the General Assembly appointed him to lecture in Knox College and in Montreal Presbyterian College. His reputation was so high and his success so marked that he was soon nominated by Presbyteries in the west for a professorship in Knox and by the Presbytery of Montreal and the Senate of the Montreal institution for a professorship there. The Montreal Presbyterian College secured him. It exulted greatly and with good reason, for Campbell was a man whom every one believed likely to attract the finest young minds in the church to any college with which he was connected.

We have all known students whose careers at college were brilliant, but who did little or nothing afterwards, who, indeed, for the rest of their lives resembled exhausted volcanoes. Campbell, however, did not belong to this class. After being appointed to a chair, he grew steadily and he is now fitted for better work than he has ever done. The twenty years that have elapsed since he entered on the duties of his professorship have been crowded with unremitting labour. He has also given to the world proofs of his erudition and he has received from every quarter, more acknowledgments than almost any other living Canadian. His university, a few years ago, conferred on him its highest honorary degree. Subsequently, the Royal Society of Canada elected him a Fellow, an honour that only six or seven clergymen of all our Protestant churches share with him. Learned societies in England, France, Italy, Roumania, India, have enrolled him in their membership or conferred on him medals or other special distinctions; and his great gratification in receiving these has been because he felt that his church and his college and not himself were being honored. Of late years he has wisely held aloof from church courts, knowing that others were better fitted than he to do the kind of work that must be done in them; and on this account that ministers of the "Storm of Stress School" have inferred that he is "idle" all summer, just as some of the unlearned fancy that, if a minister should spend a good deal of his time in his study, he is "lazy." Dr. Campbell's holiday would be very hard work for most men, especially for his critics. His correspondence and the amount of proof that he corrects, to say nothing of the manuscript that the proof represents, would occupy more of their time than they ever gave to brain work. In one of his "Talks about Books," he refers laughingly to the serious charge that he reads novels in holiday time, and he gives us in the same page a pleasant glimpse of his life at Yoho Island, in that charming Muskoka region which he did so much to reveal, by the formation of the Muskoka Club.

"Have I been reading," he asks, "any light literature during the summer? Of course I have; China's Millions, and The Christian at Work, and Records, and the Sunday Magazine, and heaps of things I can't remember, that the northern settlers are gloating over now, as they are over the remains of my flowers, fruits and vegetables, perhaps over the furniture too for all that I know. I wish my friends, the students especially, to understand that I don't go north to read light literature, but to superintend my gardener, to clear away underbrush, to entertain my friends, many of them students and ministers (I mention the most important first), to correct proof and answer correspondents, to preach every Sunday, and travel semi-occasionally many miles by water to administer the sacraments. Still I do read light literature in the summer."

He not only preaches every Sunday to the settlers and tourists of all churches, including not a few who have been alienated from Christianity by its Judaism, but he has ventured to publish some of his sermons, and it can be said that the only volume of Canadian sermons read by the public is the one known by the title of "Sermons at Yoho." "Why should a sermon not be fully as interesting as a novel?" he asks on one occasion. And he calls upon the class in homiletics to "answer that mild conundrum." It would be an unspeakable blessing to their flocks if ministers would try to answer it honestly; for truth compels us to say that while prophets stirred people to the depths and the common people heard Jesus gladly and the Apostles turned the world upside down, the average modern sermon is dull. It is usually sound, but as the Scotch peasant said, "aw soond." Soundness does not require though it does not always exclude thought.

Eminent as a preacher, though without the adventitious aids of commanding presence, good voice, or elocutionary culture, he is still more eminent as a scholar and critic of books. His time has been given chiefly to the examination of the earliest records that are available regarding those races that acted a far more prominent part in the early development of civilization than scholars dreamed of till very recently. His work, "The Hittites, Their Inscriptions and Their History," is the treasure house in which the results of his labours are found. Of that ancient and powerful people, whose very existence students were once so determined to deny that

they tossed aside without a thought the evidence regarding them that the Old Testament casually gives, he says, "It is impossible to overestimate the importance of this ancient people without a record of whose exploits ancient history can hardly be said to exist. The Hittites were in many respects the greatest of ancient peoples and constituted the substratum of all early civilization." He found that the genealogies in the First Book of Chronicles—a mere lumber-room to ordinary readers and long the despair of commentators—were "in reality a mine of historic treasure," and that without them "the Hittites' inscriptions would not have been deciphered and the history of the Hittites would be an impossibility." Scholars who toil in regions so far underground are apt to become unsocial and to prove indifferent teachers when dealing with the everyday subjects that students of theology require; but Professor Campbell, gentle and genial by nature, never forgets that his duty is to be a teacher, and as he grows older he grows more like his Master in temper and spirit. His students have recently given him this public testimony in their journal:—

"He is always ready to assist the inquirer after truth, which he does in a cheerful and encouraging manner. Those of us who are privileged to sit under his instruction from day to day, become more and more impressed with the liberality of his views, the kindly character of his criticism, and his generous regard for the opinions of others. Never does he shine more brightly than when drawn aside from his notes by questions from the class. Then it is that he exhibits his marvellous acquaintance with the many spheres of human knowledge, for, it matters not what questions are asked, he is ever prepared to give a ready, and generally exhaustive, answer."

He is known as a critic chiefly from his "Talks about Books" in the College Journal. Often as we have read these clear cut, sparkling and keen but kindly criticisms, have we felt ashamed that we had not in Canada a first-class periodical, to which publishers would gladly send books for review and where utterances like his would find a fit place as well as fit audience. Men took the Presbyterian College Journal to read his talks just as they took the Knox College Monthly while James A. Macdonald was editor. No matter what the subject, Campbell's encyclopedic knowledge made him equally at home. His spirit, too, was always warmly evangelical. Loyal to his college and church, for loyalty to every relation of life is as natural to him as breathing, he paid them the greatest possible compliment by taking for granted that they represented the principles of Protestantism, that they required him to be supremely loyal to truth, that the essence of the faith he had heartily sworn to defend was the Gospel, and that above everything else he was "a minister of the New Testament." Seeing clearly that the Phariseeism which had crucified his Lord springs from human nature and is the product of every age, above all, that it is the sin the church is most likely to tend unto and least likely and least able to unmask, he lost no opportunity to attack this real enemy of the nineteenth, instead of being satisfied with attacking the Judaizers of the first, or the Roman Catholics of the sixteenth, century. Not that he is a luke-warm Protestant. Quite the contrary. He has the courage and faith of a Luther. When a student he had proved his courage on the field of battle, at the time of the Fenian Raid, as a sergeant of the Queen's Own Rifles. That same courage shone forth when at great personal risk he accompanied Father Chiniquy in Montreal to services that the mob had proclaimed should not be held. The same courage always made him assert the Gospel against mere respectability and the dead orthodoxy that denied or muffled its spirit. He earned thereby the anger of some, who—set in moderately high places in the synagogue—secretly determined to strike back whenever a favorable opportunity presented itself. In the following criticism of the most respectable paper in New York, we have a specimen of his faith in the power of the Gospel and his hatred of a faithless Christianity.

"The New York Evening Post has a remarkable leader on the question: whether a man who had killed another in the rooms of a disreputable woman, who was converted in gaol, and was afterwards liberated on a verdict of justifiable homicide, should be admitted to membership in a Brooklyn church. Sentimentally, it says, and also, according to Christ's teaching, the man ought to be received; but, viewing the church as a centre of moral influence, he ought not, because his presence would tend to lower a lofty ethical standard. The Post is disposed to leave him out, and to this all the Pharisees would say Amen! I have done a very little at reforming criminals, and have found it very hard and thankless work; but rather than consent to see a repentant sinner kept out of the Church of Christ as now constituted, I would leave it, and start a special gaol mission of my own."

"The world," he says, "is full of Tomlinsons, cowardly wretches, neither brave enough nor fit enough for heaven or hell, and there are not a few in the church." All the Tomlinsons do not read Kipling, and, therefore, may not be sure whether they belong to the clan, but they can hardly help having an uneasy feeling that they are despised and "contempt pierces through the hide of a rhinoceros." They are too smug to attack directly, but they can stir up in more ways than one, others, who, though honest, are, as a Scotch beadle put it, "gey coorse Christians," and when these are once excited they are as determined as the mob of old Jerusalem "to have blood."

Campbell is a poet as well as a scholar of German-like erudition and a man of living faith. His Yoho sermons reveal the poet. So do the songs he wrote when a student. Only a true poet could give the true, yet tender, and above all, penetrating criticism which the last published volume of the Rev. Wm. P. Mackenzie drew from him:

"His continued strength and weakness lie in a refined sensitiveness that speaks itself out with a strange openness which some would call egotism. It is not that, consciously or unconsciously. The poet regards his life and heart as divine human creations for the satisfaction and edification of the world. Hence, he lays bare their most sacred senses and thoughts; for the language that enfolds them is more a veil than a garment, defining the sentiment rather than disguising it. There are some very musical minor notes among these songs of the human, among the best, if not the best, of which are Epistles to a Maid. Mr. Mackenzie is not yet a popular poet, although highly thought of by somewhat critical reviewers, and deservedly so. If, however, his life and heart are revelations, they should be such to every seeking soul, humble or great. The Toronto slough of philosophy, of abstraction, of subjectiveness, of painful self-consciousnees, has yet to be sloughed off. Godlike subjectivity can only be reached through human objectivity. Mr. Mackenzie is working that way, but slowly. He does not understand yet, as many hundreds of preachers do not, that the world, even the best part of it, cares not one brass farthing what any man or woman is thinking about, or hoping for, or grieving over; it is on the lookout for something that will stir itself. What a man thinks is his dogma, and it may be the veriest trash in the world. What he finds in God is fact, and is the purest of gold. Mr. Mackenzie has found some eternal facts, and has presented them in chaste poetic diction, with wealth of imagery. Whether he has yet composed a poem that will survive is doubtful, but he is on the way to it; and if the answer to the whether be a stern negative, he is no worse off than all other Canadian poets, without exception. His aspirations are pure, his efforts are lofty, his expression is terse, his diction is chaste and classical, and rhythm is tuneful and gracious. All Canadian lovers of poetry should purchase, not borrow, and read Songs of the Human."

It may well be asked how comes it that this man of varied gifts and graces of mind and character, who has been greatly honored by, and who has reflected still greater lustre on his church, should be now undergoing a process of libel, and be actually suspended from discharging the duties of his chair? Our readers need not be alarmed. We are not going into the case that is before the church courts. Is is not for us to pronounce whether he is or is not guilty of the specific offences with which he is charged. The point with which we are concerned is beyond or prior to the counts in the libel, though in ecclesiastical language it may be said to deal with the relevancy. Our point is, in one word, why should there be a trial in such a case as this? When it is admitted that a man is an earnest Christian, of pure and even saintly life, that he he has done eminent service to the church and the cause of truth, and that his whole aim is to magnify the word and the character of God, it is a terrible anachronism to drag him before a court as if he were a criminal. If in endeavoring to do good or solve difficulties he should err in statements, would not the policy of Gamaliel be better than the policy that Saul pursued prior to his conversion? If his views must be canvassed, would it not be sufficient to answer them, and then allow Protestant Christians a reasonable time to judge for themselves? It is surely in the common interest to raise this question, for nothing is more likely to alienate generous minds from the church than a suspicion that any man, and worst of all an eminent scholar, is being punished by the church for truthfulness. He would be continued in his place of honor and in the enjoyment of his salary if he contented himself with repeating pious platitudes, if he refrained from rousing students to think, if in a word he was content with being a sham Christian; whereas he is to be cast out because he acts the part of a true man and a true teacher. Whether he is found guilty on this or that point of a logically constructed libel amounts to nothing as a settlement of this question. For, anyone can see that a man may be faithful to the spirit of Christianity and even to the spirit of a great creed or confession and yet be guilty of an offence against the letter, and yet tried by process of libel only the letter is considered. The letter was against Jesus and against Paul. Paul's emphatic answer was "the letter killeth." Christianity is nothing, if it is not spiritual.

We have nothing therefore, to do with the libel, but everyone wishes to understand the fundamental position that a man like Profes-

sor Campbell occupies. This is an easy task, for he is absolutely transparent, and he said nothing in the now famous sermon that he has not said over and over again in one form or another for twenty years. Even if we confined ourselves to the sermon, it would be manifestly as unfair to press for a literal construction of rhetorical statements as it would be to deal similarly with the popular language of the great Teacher. We know how some of His statements troubled His immediate followers and what nonsense many intelligent men have made of them for nineteen centuries. Why then did He use rhetorical language? Disciples murmured "how can this man give us his flesh to eat," and turned away from Him in disgust. The Doctors of Divinity said again and again "this man blasphemeth." Quakers still prove from His words that He forbade judicial oaths and war of all kinds. From another word Roman Catholics prove the primacy of Peter. But it is needless to give instances, for the fact is admitted and we do not now dream of construing literally even the Sermon on the Mount, much less such expressions as "all that ever came before me are thieves and robbers." Our Lord's style was not modelled on blue books or catechisms. In dealing with the spiritual we must always try to get behind the form and to estimate the spirit. In Campbell's case this is not difficult; for when he met with the Presbytery of Montreal last July he gave a formal statement of the thoughts that he had presented rhetorically to the students of Queen's; and if the Presbytery at that meeting had not been in such a hurry, actually appointing a committee to draft a libel and waiting for its report, as if the work were much the same as the drafting of a complimentary minute, it would have probably based its procedure—if procedure were deemed necessary—on that statement and not on the sermon. We find there that his general positions are that there has been progress in God's revelation of Himself to man and progress in the apprehension of God by man or in the God-consciousness of Israel; that consequently there is a human element in the Scriptures or errors resulting from human limitations; that God is love, not hatred; that He is all light and that in Him there is no darkness at all; that we are under Jesus and not under Moses, Jesus being the Son and all others servants; that the devil is a real person, a seducing spirit whom men would do well to fear, and that it seems to be the will of God that Satan should do the dirty work of the universe. Now, one would like to know which of these positions is anti-scriptural or anti-confessional. Dr. Campbell states them in his own way, and his way may not be ours. He sometimes states them effectively and sometimes crudely because hastily. But all Christians surely agree with him in "the root of the matter," to use the wise phrase of the religious people of Scotland.

All are agreed that there has been development in revelation, development so great that John said—after fifteen centuries of revelation—"the darkness is past and the true light now shineth." That there was progress in the apprehension of God in Israel can be denied only in the interest of an *a priori* theory. Inspired Deborah sang "blessed among women shall Jael be;" and an inspired psalmist, centuries afterwards, sang 'blessed shall he be that taketh and dasheth out the brains of the little ones of Babylon against the rock." We make full allowance for the times and for the intense Jewish nationalism, but we ask, is either of these the song of Jesus, or of apostles filled with His spirit? Again, who now believes that there are no errors in the Bible? There are indeed Rabbis who say that there could have been none in the original autographs. Rabbis will say anything. How can they possibly know? God, they say, dictated errorless books to many fallible men and then took no means to preserve still more fallible scribes, collectors, copyists and printers from spoiling His work and defeating His purpose? At any rate, Dr. Campbell never concealed his views on this point, and no one ever challenged them. His life aim has been "to vindicate our Bible as the truthful word of God, contained in fallible earthen vessels." As he puts it elsewhere: "The modern view of the inerrancy of Scripture has no warrant in Reformation theology nor in earlier utterances of the leaders of church thought. Every man who has studied his Bible with intelligence knows that its heavenly treasure is in earthen vessels, and that the tang of the cask is sometimes very strong." In this every scholar is with him.

His root position is concerning the character of God and the absolute revelation of Him in the Christ. Here too he stands where he always stood. He believes that our defective modern Christianity results in great measure from our not knowing God's name as revealed by Jesus and defined by John in the glorious word, "God is love," and from our not trusting the power of love. Reviewing an article on the Jewish question that appeared in the Century of January, 1892, and quoting the words "Judaism gives the Ten Commandments, and Christianity the Beatitudes, but only the two together can yield the perfect ideal—the love that is simply the highest duty, and duty that is lost in love," he says with emphasis that shows how completely the grand thought possesses him,—

> This is true. If men, even Christian men, only knew it, what this world wants for its regeneration, and every individual soul for its purification, is the defeat, the death, the annihilation, of hate. As Whewell said, "we don't want the Poet's hate of hate and scorn of scorn, but the Good Man's sorrow for hate, and pity for scorn, along with the love of love." Meet hate with hate, call it by whatever godly name you choose, and the world's corrupting leaven grows. You delude yourself, when you pretend to hate an impersonal, an abstract evil, for there is no such thing. You hate the man in whom the evil works, instead of pitying him and sorrowing over the wrong. You would hit him if you dared, you would crush him if you were able, you would fill him with the arrows of your righteous indignation, and drive the sword of your heart hatred of wickedness deep into his heart, all to the glory of God. In so thinking and acting, you claim kindred not with Christ but with devils. The only thing that will kill hate is love. The devil cries to the preacher: "Come on, hate me with diabolical hatred, hate all the men in whom my spirit dwells, for I like that, I revel in it; a Christian minister's hatred is the corner stone of my kingdom." I don't say that we are to love the devil, or even be neutral towards him and his crew, but, as the Archangel Michael did not rail against him, we need not think that our angry passions will atone for that neglect on his part. "Love is of God; and every one that loveth is born of God and knoweth God." "Whosoever hateth his brother is a murderer."

As to his Satanology, we do not pretend to speak with special authority, but is it a greater error to believe in the personality of Satan and in his power to mislead and tempt men, when he tempted even the Son of God, than it is to teach that there is no devil, and that "evil cannot be a kingdom?" It would seem so, for the latter is accepted modern teaching. Rev. Mr. Peyton, of Broughty Ferry, in his recent work, "The Memorabilia of Jesus," states it clearly and against him no dog has barked. On the contrary, he is considered an authority in some Free Church circles. Dr. Campbell was almost the only one to criticise his book. He did so from his usual orthodox standpoint and in his usual spirit of appreciation of good points in those from whom he differs. An extract will show his attitude: "God has suffered temporary defeat in this world, in spite of all that Mr. Peyton may say, a defeat that comes not through any power or merit of the Satanic kingdom, but through the free choice of apostate man, and through God's love for His free creatures of humanity. Anti-diabolism in the sense of explaining away the existence of man's great enemy, is the most untruthful feature in the book. The theology is generally sound, but evolution vitiates the anthropology. Yet thoughtful readers, who read slowly, will find much of an interesting and suggestive character in this remarkable book of a genuine though erratic, genius To minds that have no sympathy with dogmatic theology, but are approachable on the side of science and sentiment, the Memorabilia may prove a useful apologetic."

Evolutionists, to whom all the evil in the world is a necessary ingredient to the gradual moral and spiritual development of the race and to whom the devil is merely a figure of speech, naturally object to his Satanology and call it dualism; but why should orthodox Christians, who interpret Scripture literally and accept Milton's Satan without question, object?

We have been led to speak of Dr. Campbell at greater length than we intended, but our excuse is the many-sidedness of the man and the interest that his prosecution is exciting among thinking Canadians. It is not merely John Campbell who is on trial at present. The Presbyterian Church has prospered greatly since its union in 1875, chiefly because it has steered clear of heresy trials. The only one that was commenced, that of the Rev. J. D. Macdonnell, was dropped, after much clamour, before it got beyond the stage of precognition. What member of the church has not been thankful ever since that that trial was dropped? May equal wisdom be given to the church in this case! But, no matter what the issue, every student who has been taught by Professor Campbell to think will pronounce him not guilty, and every one who values the possession of moral qualities in professors of theology above correctness in pronouncing shibboleths will agree with his students.

PRESBYTER.

An interesting ruling in a divorce case has been made by a Cincinnati judge. A woman who had secured a divorce applied to the Court to restore her maiden name, but was refused on the ground that there were children. The Court held that it was the common law that the children should be protected in their name. This ruling will be universally approved as being common sense as well as common law. If it shall serve to lessen the number of divorce proceedings it will have accomplished an admirable purpose.

THE OLD HOME ON THE SEIGNIORY.

We lived together in the old house on the Seigniory, as far back as I can remember, Madame ma mere, ma tante Babette and I, Lucille. All the year round, no matter if the great snow piles filled the windows, and the wind howled in through the cracks, or if the sun shone hot and the great river rolled free below the cliffs at the foot of the garden, without a thought of ice on its waves. I often wondered at which season I loved the old place best, in summer when I could follow Madame from field to barn and hear her give her orders and settle all disputes with her clear, decided voice, or ramble off at will among the sweet-smelling fir-balsams and flower-filled woods, or in winter when ma tante and I would play at shuttlecock and battledore up and down the hall to keep ourselves warm, or sew our long fine seams beside the fire, while she told me tales of when she and Madame were girls and of the pranks they played in their convent school in Old France, or later, of how they came to Quebec, and were the belles of the town, the beautiful Mademoiselles D'Aubiny. Of how Madame married and what a splendid gentleman my father was, how kind, how handsome, how noble. But here her stories always stopped short, and I could find out no more about my father, nor why we had left Quebec and lived on the Seigniory. He could not be dead, I thought, for Madame always signed her receipts in his name and on state occasions spoke of herself as his "deputy," but I never dared question her on the subject, for her manner did not encourage what might seem idle curiosity.

She was but a little woman, was Madame, but so beautiful and dignified; and truly her word was the last upon all subjects. Even old Delima, the cook, who was so cross that she dared even to scold the squaws when they came into her kitchen and peeped into the pots to find out what was for dinner, even she was as sweet as sugar when Madame came round, and as for Monsieur le curé, when he came to visit us from Trois Rivieres, he had never a word to say for himself, though Madame might contradict him flat, and I have heard him talk to Jean Baptiste till the drunken old sinner fell upon his knees and swore by all the saints in the calendar never to touch a drop of spirits in his life.

One winter evening, I remember it now distinctly, we sat together round the fire, I, a little black shadow in the corner, rejoicing in secret over a pocket full of popped corn, Madame in her arm chair, her little feet resting on an immense footstool, the firelight catching the shimmer of her gown through the folds of her lace shawl, and gleaming on the masses of brown hair, which stood high upon her forehead, her hands were folded in her lap, she never worked at woman's work, but would sit for hours thus, gazing into the fire and thinking. And ma tante beside her little work table near, her white hands fluttering to and fro over some bit of fine sewing, for she worked upon such things as well as could a cloistered nun. We had sat thus for almost an hour, when Madame suddenly broke the silence.

"Babette," she said sharply, "the child is growing up, she will be fifteen years old next year, and she has no more manners than a young colt; it is time she went to school. When the river opens in the spring shall she go to France to school? How think you, Babette?"

"Oh! Madame," faltered ma tante, dropping her work, startled by the suddenness of the attack. "The little one, what would she do so far from home, and all alone?"

"Alone?" snapped Madame. "Babette, thou art a fool; she could not go alone; we would go with her, thou and I," then she continued more softly, almost as one who thinks herself alone: "Hast thou so soon forgotten 'La Belle France' and the convent at Versailles, our only home? Yes, Babette, with the first ship in the spring we three shall cross the ocean."

And thus, having by her speech decided her mind, Madame arose and, taking her stick and lantern, which stood ready for her at the door, prepared to go her nightly rounds. I followed her softly, dazed and excited by the splendor of the plan, and anxious to gather some further information. From window to window we went through the great winter kitchen, where a couple of belated squaws shared with the dogs the honours of the hearth. Here, all was safe. Then out through the covered porch way, and along the verandah to the front entrance. Here Madame made a pause, and I, anxious to avoid detection, slipped past her and in at the door; as I turned, I saw her little figure clearly silhouetted in the moonlight, and I heard her voice ring out clearly and passionately in the still night air:

"Rene," she said, "you may come back now, but I will not wait; the money is there just as it was when I lost it fourteen years ago. It may be I was wrong, but Babette has never known and she shall never know. We will go away, she, and I, and the child, and the place shall remain for you. Surely it is enough without us." Then she turned, and I, frightened at my part of eavesdropper, fled into the house before her.

With the next three months came such a time of bustle and excitement that it would have been hard for a stranger to recognise the old place. Our wardrobes must be replenished and set thoroughly in repair, and we had only our own resources and the scanty aid of the Trois Rivieres shops to trust to. Then, too, all about the estate must be set in thorough repair and good working order, and a head steward appointed from the men about the place who must needs be coached in his various duties, and the thousand other worries attendent on a prolonged absence. But Madame was equal to the occasion; indeed, she seemed to hurry all preparations, so that when the spring foond a small vessel sailing from Trois Rivieres we embarked upon he in preference to one of the large Quebec ships, which would entail a tedious land or water journey with our luggage.

At the beginning of our journey all seemed propitious, crowds gathered to see us start, and though Madame was impassive I was wild with excitement. I think ma tante Babette would gladly have changed ploces with any of the crowd, with a chance to stay at home, even Mere Francoise was there, leaning on her crutch and shoutmg blessings as long as her voice reached us. We reached Quebec with good weather and my country eyes were dazzled with the seeming magnitude of its crooked little streets and crowded houses. Surely, I thought, nowhere, even in France, can there be any place greater or more splendid than Quebec.

On leaving Quebec, however, our troubles began; high winds sprang up, driving us before them down the Gulf, and we were confined to the stuffy little cabin, where ma tante suffered dreadfully from "mal de mer," as also did I, but nothing seemed to affect Madame. Momentarily the storms increased, the motion of the little vessel as the seas struck her was fearful to us shut up in the cabin, and we feared every moment would be our last. On the fourth night after leaving Quebec we were ordered to secure any valuables upon our persons and come on deck, as the ship was helpless and was drifting to some unknown breakers. We obeyed orders and came up. Such a scene as met our eyes. We clung to each other, trembling. Torn rigging and timbers everywhere encumbered the deck, which was lighted from time to time by vivid flashes of lightning. One of the masts had gone overboard and around the stump of this we crouched. The rain fell in torrents, and in the distance we heard the dull roar of the angry breakers, towards which we drifted.

Presently—I have no idea how time passed that dreadful night—a shudder, followed by a grinding noise, ran through the ship. We had struck!

The sailors at once attempted to launch one of the boats, and a place in it was offered to us, but Madame declined, for herself and us, to venture into any new perils.

All night long we huddled together expecting each moment to find the ship go to pieces beneath us, and being too miserable to realize fully our danger. Towards morning the wind dropped somewhat and the rain ceased falling. With the first grey streaks of dawn the captain looked anxiously about to discover our position. We seemed to be wedged upon a ridge of rocks and not far distant to the south-east lay a low and desolate-looking coast which the captain supposed to be Anticosti.

The boat load which had left the ship during the night had evidently succeeded in reaching the shore, for a weak and dispirited smoke which curled up from thence attested the success of their efforts and filled us with envy.

Encouraged by this, and finding the ship in a much worse plight than he had hoped, the captain ordered the remaining boat to be launched, and, willy-nilly, we must get into it. Never, though I live to be an old woman, shal I forget the horror of that journey through the huge waves which threatened every moment to engulf us, nor yet the relief and joy when I found myself lifted by the rough sailors from the boat and deposited on shore. I cannot tell how that day passed, only that the ship broke up about noon and at night I was sheltered under some of her timbers which had come ashore and the sailors had made into a sort of lean-to against the rocks. I was too miserable to feel or care what happened. Next day, however, matters improved, the sun shone out and gave a much more cheerful tone to affairs. Some casks of provisions had come ashore and we put heart into ourselves with a goodly meal. After a slight exploration it was decided to take up our quarters on the rising ground to the north, and all who were not collecting the cargo as it came ashore

were employed to put up a couple of huts, one for us ladies and a larger one for the sailors.

It is surprising how soon one becomes used to any position. Before a week was passed we had settled down to life on Anticosti as quietly as if we had been accustomed to pass a portion of every year upon a desert island. Lookouts were regularly kept, and huge bonfires burned by night to attract the attention of passing ships. Our larder was kept well supplied, there being abundance of small game on the island, and several of the sailors were skilled in wood craft, having been Voyageurs or Coureur de bois in their day. And it was made a point of honour that each one should try and bring in something to the common stock each day.

It was long before ma tante recovered from the fright and exposure of the wreck, but Madame speedily became the ruling spirit of the camp. Accustomed to the management of a large estate and country house where means were few and emergencies many, her fertile brain and endless resource were invaluable allies to the quick-handed sailors, while her culinary skill raised her at once to popularity. All day long the sailors busied themselves enlarging and repairing the boats and huts and in the evening all gathered around the fires and song and story passed from one to the other. Gascony and Brittany legends of the dread "Loup Garoux" succeeded tales of the wily "Glooskap" and chants extolling the beauty of bygone ships and maidens shouldered quaint French carols older than history.

Thus one day succeeded the other till we had been almost two months on Anticosti, when one morning the lookout rushed into the camp in tremendous excitement with the news that a ship was approaching the island, having seen and recognized our signals of distress. Our boats were immediately launched and the captain went out to meet the steamer, explain our sad plight and make arrangements, if possible, to be taken to Quebec. He returned with the news that the boat was from France, and though not accustomed to carry passengers, would take us to Quebec, and also that their one passenger, "a most polite gentleman," said the captain, telling the story, on hearing that there were ladies in the party had immediately offered his cabin for their use.

The transfer of the few goods and chattels which remained to the party was immediately begun and by evening all was accomplished and we were speeding away up the Gulf with a fair wind and tide. The summer evening was drawing in when at last I came on deck from the cabin, which had been so politely loaned us, for all ma tante's terror of the sea had returned with the first motion of the vessel, and it was with difficulty I had coaxed her into an uneasy doze. Madame was nowhere to be seen and after a hurried glance around the deck in search of her, I settled myself in a sheltered corner near one of the boats to wait for her and also to take my last look at the land, now fading from sight, where, in spite of our fright and discomforts, I had been not at all unhappy.

The afterglow of the setting sun still lingered on the horizon in a broad band of scarlet, which turned to living gold and delicate yellow and lightened the fugitive masses of cloud before it lost itself in the transparent blue of the summer night. Against this most royal background, Anticosti lay dark and low like some great king, wearied with state and pageantry, who slips away and tries to hide himself behind the glories of his retinue. I had stayed in my corner till the sunset had almost faded, and my eyes were almost wearied with gazing at it, when I heard voices and sprang to my feet. It was Madame speaking, though I hardly recognized her voice, so changed and broken was it.

"Rene!" she said, passionately, "Rene! why cannot we go back and be as in the old days. I see now how wrong I have been, and we can live so happily together, on the old place, your home, where I have wrought so many years."

"Ah, little one," sadly answered a man's voice, "what you say cannot be—would to God it could. It is fourteen years too late. Our lives have parted much too widely now ever to flow together again, and each must 'dree his own weird' now and think as gently of the other as they can."

There was a pause, and again my mother broke in—

"But not so far, Rene! You need not be so far away across that cruel sea!"

"No, Lucille, I shall live in Quebec now; we may see each other sometimes, and the child—where is the child, Lucille?"

"Oh, Rene, forgive me again! The child does not even know if you live or not. I have never spoken to her of you, nor have I permitted Babette to do so. I knew that I was wrong and I could not bear to tell her. But it shall be changed now." While speaking, they had come before my hiding place, and Madame perceiving me, sprang forward and taking my hand put it in that of the strange gentleman, who forthwith bestowed upon me a most paternal embrace, while Madame enlightened my astonished mind by exclaiming —"It is thy father, Lucille!" Walking to a pile of stuff which lay upon the deck she said, "Sit here and I will tell thee, child." She sat herself down and told me the following narrative hurriedly, as one who fears to wait: "Child," said she, "long years ago Babette and I came together from France, to live with a guardian in Quebec. We were orphans and I had always ruled those about me, and when I saw your father and found he loved me, I would listen to no one's advice, but would marry him. For awhile we lived together so happily, and then I found that he also would rule, and I hated him for it, while still I loved him. One day shortly after your birth, I disobeyed his command about some money of my own and Babette's and lost it, and when he found this out, I spoke to him cruelly and bitterly, and said it was for my money he had married me—then he left me. When he had gone I found that he had replaced my money with his own and left his lands and estates in my sole control. But I hated him all the more for his generosity, for in my heart I knew I was wrong. Then I waited and lived at the Seigniory till I had saved enough to replace the money I had lost, and though I knew he would come back this year, my pride would not let me stay, and I tried to go away. The good God stopped me and on the island, and in the tempest He showed me that I was wrong. I then said that if I ever got to a safe land again I would make amends if I could. When I came upon this ship, here, I found my husband, but now, alas! it is too late, I cannot mend what I have broken."

There was a solemn silence, as we three sat in the darkness, and even child as I was, I felt her words were but too true, and I grieved at the sad tale she had told.

We had nothing further to fear from the elements. In due time we arrived at Quebec and I think all of us were sorry when the journey was over, for in the short time I knew my father I learned to love him deeply. He remained at Quebec, giving as an excuse his business, and we returned by bateau to Trois Rivieres, where our sudden advent struck terror into the unready steward, Jean Baptiste, and quite sobered him for a week at least.

After the winter my father visited the Seigniory and caused great joy among such of the old servants as remembered him in his boyish days. He carried me back with him to Quebec, to school, at the convent of the Ursulines, and since then I have spent half my time with him, in the winter at Quebec, in the summer at Trois Rivieres. He and Madame see each other at regular though long intervals, and now the sands of life are beginning to run more quickly with each of them. After each absence I find Madame more prone to sit by the fire alone (there is no tante Babette now to keep her company). I hope and work still to convince each that the "Weird has been dreed," and for the little while that remains there may be peace and happiness for both their strong wills together.

Montreal. W. T. STEVENSON.

RESPICE FINEM.

I see a face ever before me, peering
Into the Infinite; its gaze intense,
With sad, sweet eyes, earnestly set
Toward the Invisible, reiterating
An everlasting question, answerless;
Seeking to solve the inevitable "No;"
Seeking to read the untranslatable,
The finis of the tale, the unturned leaves
Of the vague volume of Futurity—
Blank or unwritten page, or filled
With the poetry of an immortal life.

Sweet, sad eyes, in their innermost depth,
Fortitude of feeling, deathlessness of love,
Fidelity of faith: fathomless deeps,
Fill'd from the unfailing fount of a pure heart,
Mist-veil'd with kindly dews of sympathy,
For all the fortuneless and vile of earth,
But, thro' the mist, subdued, a holy light,
Tranquil, like the beacon's thro' the gloom,
And quenchless, signalling o'er woe and strife
Eternal message from the rocks of trust.

I see them ever before me questioning,
The sweet, sad face, and sweet, sad eyes.
So may they linger till the curfew sounds
From ev'ry turret in the land of life,
Over the fresh, fair world signal for sleep;
Put up the sickle keen, the waving grass
Shall rest apace from its too envious edge,
Another reaper treads the fields of Time,
And other blossoms fall before his blade;
Cover the fire, shield the too dazzling light,
For dimming eyes of earth, shine out sweet eyes,
Light but beyond the twilight bourne of sleep,
To the reveille of another dawn,
The clarion-ringing of another sphere,
That knows no curfew bell, no sadness in sweet eyes!

A. H. MORRISON.

Moderation is a fear of falling into envy, and into the contempt which those deserve who become intoxicated with their good fortune; it is a vain ostentation of the strength of our mind; in short, the moderation of men in their highest elevation is a desire of appearing greater than their fortune.—Rouchefoucauld.

SURVIVORS OF THE FOREST IN TORONTO.*

It is but seldom at the present era that we fall in with any of the aborigines of our country, with a lineal descendant of one or other of the Algonquin or Iroquois tribes formerly in possession in these parts, but some such lineal descendants do exist, and whenever we happen to meet with them, whether performing their duty to the State like their pale-faced brethren, in one of the professions, or doing governmental work in one of the departments, or as engaged in agricultural pursuits, we are always well inclined to look upon them with an especial regard and interest.

But these are not the reminders of our primitive past that I am now about to refer to. There are still existing within the limits of the City of Toronto, scattered about in different directions, some survivors of the forest which a hundred years since overspread this region, some of them accidentally left standing and some of them intentionally preserved in an infantile or sapling state by our grandfathers, with a view to future ornament or shade; in many instances the latter now assuming dimensions vieing with those of their fellows of a much earlier date. By a kind of analogy I cannot help associating with these inanimate objects thoughts somewhat similar to those which cluster round the living aborigines of the country. A fine old tree seems a kind of sentient thing—we fancy it must be conscious of its own history and of the transactions which may have taken place beneath the shadow of its branches; we feel inclined to question it as to its own origin and the secrets which it may perchance have in its keeping; just as in the former day we would have questioned a hoary-headed chieftain among the red men whom we might chance to encounter.

How natural it was that the exiled duke in the play, as he contemplated the forest scenes around him, should find not only books in the runnning brooks, sermons in stones, but likewise on occasion, also tongues in the trees.

The relics of our forests which from their evident age and venerable appearance we might expect to be able to give forth oracular responses, as the old oaks of Dodona are said to have done, have become very few, but examples of a later generation, now of noble height and ample girth and diameter, are numerous enough, and it is pleasing to notice that the authorities, with a becoming feeling of reverence, have not ventured to molest them, even when found to encroach on the space allotted for sidewalks, along several of our principal thoroughfares.

There are at the present moment two trees which are pre-eminent as survivors of the original forest—two trees which, as saplings probably were standing where they now stand one hundred years ago, when in 1793 the first Governor of the Province projected and laid out the city on the shore of our bay. Both of them are elms and both of them are situated on John street—a name which curiously happens to be a souvenir of the first name of the Governor referred to, while Graves street, now changed to Simcoe street, once commemorated his second name, and "Simcoe Place," now wholly disused, denoting the square where the old Parliament Buildings stand, preserved or was supposed to preserve his surname, "Simcoe."

*Paper read before the Canadian Institute, Toronto, Nov. 25, 1893, by the Rev. Dr. Scadding.

On the east side of John street, a hundred yards or so to the north of St. George's Church and enclosed within the grounds appertaining to the parsonage house of that church, is to be seen a noble elm tree rising up to well-nigh two thirds the height of the neighboring steeple. Its gigantic bole, cleanly barked and free of branches to a great height, shows that it once stood in the midst of a surrounding grove, and its luxuriant crest outlined on the sky retains the graceful form so characteristic of trees of this genus.

I now turn to the fellow of this tree, situated on the west side of John street. Near the foot of this street, not very far northward from the well known Greenland Fishery corner, stands another well developed elm, a denizen of the original forest. The stem at its base is of considerable diameter, but its height is not so remarkable as that of the one near St. George's Church, the upper portion of the tree having become expanded into a large and picturesque group of branches. This tree encroaches somewhat upon the sidewalk by the house No. 32 John street.

Not many years since two other examples of lofty, well-grown elms were standing on the low ground in the rear of the Macdonnell mansion, at the south-east corner of John street and Richmond street, and nearly in front of the entrance to Beverley House, on Richmond street. These have been obliged to succumb before the builder, as their few surviving confreres will in due time be compelled to do.

Again, near the intersection of Beverley street with Dorset street, there are several full-grown native elms standing irregularly in their original positions, and forming a pleasant bowery bit of scenery; one, quite bulky, standing in the pathway, shows high up on its stem a number of small, feathery branchlets thrown out after the manner of certain elms not generally to be seen here.

Elm street derives its name from a solitary forest elm which was long conspicuous in the north-west angle formed by the intersection of that street with Yonge street. On the line of Yonge street, some miles to the northward, before coming to Thornhill, old residents will remember a gigantic elm which towered up on the west side of the road, within the allowance for the highway, preserved there as a landmark, probably by the original surveyor of the region, and there possibly it may still stand.

In the west side of the playground of the Normal School is a well-developed specimen of the Canadian spreading or drooping elm. Three remarkably fine elms of the second growth occur in the midst of the side-walk on the west side of Sherbourne street opposite, respectively, to the residences numbered 272, 282, and 286. Near the South Drive, Rosedale, north of Bloor Street, are several fine old elms. Near the foot of the Sugar Loaf Hill, in the direction of the Don, are also some fine specimens of the same tree. The meadows on the east side of the river, once so rural and well supplied with elms, are now unhappily disfigured by the many brick manufactories established there. The valley of the Don used formerly to contain fine specimens of the lime or linden tree, popularly known as the basswood, erroneous for bastwood, from the inner bark of this tree used in the manufacture of bast mats, ropes, and Indian baskets; likewise gigantic specimens of the buttonwood tree, or platanus, *i.e.*, the plane tree, remarkable for the peeling-off condition of its outer bark. An early water-color sketch of Castle Frank, which I possess, shows close by the Don two specimens of the buttonwood in its peeling-off condition, which might consequently be mistaken for birch. Near the mouth of the Castle Frank brook, as the little stream passing through the Castle Frank property was called, there long survived, on the opposite bank of the Don, a grove of the wild Canadian willow, a tree sometimes employed formerly for shade purposes along our back streets. I remember the first time I saw olive trees growing in the south of France, I was struck with their strong resemblance in point of foliage and general form to some of our wild Canadian willows. At the present moment, far to the westward on the north side of College street, a cluster of gnarled and irregular willow trees is to be seen, with stems of a great diameter, remnants evidently of a grove of Canadian wild willows which differ considerably from the imported European willow. The group referred to occurs in a swale or patch of low land on the old Oak Hill property formerly belonging to General Æneas Shaw. On the west side of Dufferin street, a short distance to the north, on the edge of the lake, are some fine tall specimens of the Canadian willow overshadowing the Gwynne property, but these are transplanted trees of the second growth.

The soil around Toronto does not seem in general to have been very favorable to the development of the oak on any grand scale, but in the Queen's Park, on the level ground at the north-west of the Parliament Buildings, specimens occur in considerable numbers of this tree, with stems of goodly diameter and branches affording an extended shade. Every year, of course, insensibly adds to the girth and general dimensions of these trees. It is to be hoped that a century hence—nay, centuries hence—they may still be found standing here, honoured and beloved, like so many renowned congeners of theirs in the old country. Farther north in the Park is a large patch of the mixed original forest, which it is hoped may likewise long remain undisturbed.

East of the Queen's Park, just where St. Albans street begins, in the grounds round the residence of Mr. Christie, are some stately native oaks gracefully draped with Virginia creeper. In the Horticultural Garden are well-grown specimens of early oaks, several near the gardener's lodge and several near the rosary. Near the Prince of Wales' maple tree is a specimen of the English oak, planted here subsequently by his brother, Prince Arthur, which shows the habit of the English oak in regard to the lateral outspread of its branches, when it has liberty to expand them. The Canadian oak seems to be inclined to branch out at a greater height above the ground. A large oak occurs in the sidewalk on Gerrard Street, on the north side, a little to the west of Sherbourne street. Not far from the lodge at the front gate of the residence known as the "Grange," a solitary oak tree is noticeable. The other trees in these grounds are chiefly graceful elms of the second growth reserved from the original forest. Some other example of a primitive oak should not be omitted, namely that which stands a little to the west of Colborne Lodge in High Park carefully preserved by the late Mr. J. G. Howard. Near this house are other oaks less remarkable. Within the memory of men still living some

well developed old oak trees were to be seen at irregular intervals along the shore of the bay between the foot of George street and Berkeley street. One especially was long preserved, opposite the residence of Mr. George Munro, some time Mayor, who did his best to preserve what used to be known as the Fair Green, now wholly built over. That oaks were to be found in other localities round Toronto may be concluded from the name Oak Hill, applied to the property of General Shaw, before referred to. In and just outside the grounds of the new Upper Canada College buildings, on the brow of the Davenport or Spadina rise of land, on the northern side of the city, are to be seen some fine old oaks happily preserved. The old trees still remaining just below the front of Spadina House, on this ridge of land, are also oaks. Again, far to the north, we have the Oakridges, so called probably from ancient specimens there seen. Oakville is also a reminiscence of this tree, as an object noticeable along the north shore of our lake.

Finally the pine must be noticed, a tree which formed so marked a feature in the scenery round Toronto formerly. The steep, sandy banks of the Don, on both sides, were within my own recollection lined with fine tall specimens of the white pine, and a few remaining examples of these are to be seen along the brow of the hill, on the eastern boundary of what was known as the Castle Frank property, a portion of which is now included in the St. James Cemetery. Trees of the yellow pine species were to be seen in abundance on the Humber Plains, but sparingly along the Don. At the northern end of the Moss Park lot towards Bloor street, a solitary relic of the flourishing white pine forest hereabout was long a conspicuous object and gave rise to some graceful fugitive verses which I have preserved at p.p. 231-32 of "Toronto of Old," not knowing them then, as I have since learned them to have been, the handiwork of the late Senator Macdonald, long before he was dignified with that title. The last three stanzas, supposed to be utterances of this tree, including several happy forecasts, are appended.

The pale face came, our ranks were thinned,
And the loftiest were brought low,
And the forest faded far and wide
Beneath his sturdy blow;
And the steamer on the quiet lake,
Then ploughed its way of foam,
And the red man fled from the scene of strife
To find a wilder home.

And many who in childhood's days
Around my trunk have played,
Are resting like the Indian now
Beneath the cedar's shade;
And I, like one bereft of friends,
With winter whitened o'er,
But wait the hour that I must fall,
As others fell before.

And still what changes wait thee,
When at no distant day,
The ships of far-off nations
Shall anchor in your bay;
When one vast chain of railroad,
Stretching from shore to shore,
Shall bear the wealth of India,
And land it at your door.

It will not be uninteresting to add that our first Lieut.-Governor, Gen. Simcoe, was so well pleased with the productions of our Canadian woods and forests, that he took the trouble to have specimens of many of them planted and cultivated within the grounds surrounding his pleasant home in Devonshire. Thus we have Mr. Charles Vancouver, in his "General View of the Agriculture of the County of Devon," remarking: "At Wolford considerable attention was paid by General Simcoe to the culture of exotic as well as of the native trees of the country. The black spruce of Newfoundland, the red spruce of Norway, the Weymouth pine, pinaster, stone and cluster pine, the American sycamore or button-wood, the black walnut, red oak, hickory, sassafras, red bud, with many smaller trees and shrubs, forming the undergrowth of the forests in that country, are all found to grow at Dunkeswell, i. e. Wolford, with considerable strength and vigour." Many of these Canadian specimens I have myself seen near Wolford, still in a flourishing condition.

These notices of forest survivals in our midst may help to foster and maintain an interest in our forest trees generally. It is most desirable that, so far as it shall be practicable, our remaining forests should be preserved, and wherever an undue, thoughtless destruction of them occurred, that they should be judiciously replaced by some system of planting. It is hoped likewise that all lovers and admirers of these beautiful natural objects may be induced to give their hearty support to the Government of our Province in its desire to establish public parks on a large scale, as it has recently done in the case of the Algonquin Reserve, consisting of over 988,000 acres, situated on the watershed between the rivers flowing into the Ottawa on the east, and the Georgian Bay on the west. Let us hope also that our words may do something towards confirming the Government at Ottawa in its determination to retain the Canadian portion of the Thousand Isles in the River St. Lawrence, with their sylvan garniture intact, as another national Plaisance on a large scale accessible to all.

Mr. Edgar Jarvis, of Elm Avenue, Rosedale, writes to me of a fine elm on the grounds of the old Rosedale homestead, formerly occupied by the well-remembered Sheriff, W. B. Jarvis, not, however, an original denizen of the forest, but a tree planted by the hand of Amelia, daughter of Frederic Starr Jarvis, in the year 1830, and now rising to the height of 75 feet, and spreading its branches over an area of nearly 100 feet in diameter. Also of a gigantic white oak, a genuine survivor of the forest, on Mr. Hamilton's property, near the north iron bridge. Of this tree Mr. Jarvis writes that it is ten feet in circumference at its base, a foot above the surface. It shoots up gracefully, taporing in size without a lateral branch, for forty feet, when it spreads out and upwards, with a beautiful green head rustling in the breeze. The total height is nearly 90 feet. It is the product of an acorn dropped in the ground probably about the time of Samuel Champlain.

A study of the two graceful young elm trees to be seen in the grounds of the old Upper Canada College, on King Street, would help us to form an estimate of the age of elms that we see growing elsewhere. The elms in front of the college buildings are to my certain knowledge more than sixty years old. These again, strictly speaking, are not survivors of the original forest. They were deliberately planted in a sapling state for an ornamental purpose in the position they now occupy, as was the case with the elm in Rosedale alluded to by Mr. Jarvis. It is to be hoped that it may not be the fate of these beautiful objects to be ruthlessly rooted up and destroyed.

HENRY SCADDING.

GLIMPSES AT THINGS.

Examination papers in minor colleges, notably in their medical and law schools, are frequently composed of harder questions than those set for corresponding degrees in great universities. One cause of this is the frequent appointment of pretentious smatterers as examiners, instead of the acknowledged experts whom better equipped colleges can always afford to engage. The would-be sages seize the opportunity to advertise their attainments by propounding puzzling questions, some of which they themselves could not have answered a few days before the examination. It is true that such examiners are not always so severe as they seem to be on paper, and that, when a student is properly impressed with their vast erudition and his own sad ignorance, they commonly display their mercy and magnanimity by passing him. When his questions are posers, the chances are that the questioner is a poser too.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling, it seems to me, is unduly harsh in his strictures on American pronunciation. "American pronunciation" is a phrase as vague and objectionable as "British pronunciation." A somewhat larger proportion of Americans than of Britons sound certain syllables through their noses, give the short sound to the a's in "grass" and "grant," put two accents on "finance," grate their r's, and speak with laudably distinct articulation. But, barring brogues confined to small localities or uneducated people, every mocked "American pronunciation" may be heard somewhere in Great Britain, and every boasted "British pronunciation" may be heard from the tongues of some native Americans. "English pronunciation" also is a slight misnomer, but a less confusing one, as it is generally understood to mean the pronunciation of a number of the southern counties of England.

This calm assumption of superiority in pronunciation (as in everything else) is common to the inhabitants of the United States and the other geographical divisions of our self-satisfied race. Many readers of The Week must have heard the story of a British midshipman discussing with an American citizen the relative speed of H.M.S. Blake and certain warships of the United States. According to my indistinct recollection the incident occurred last summer in a Montreal hotel. "But," said the American, "we have a cruiser building that will make 23 knots an hour." "On paper!" sneered the incredulous middy, speaking with a decidedly English accent. "No, not on papah," answered the Yankee, looking him coolly in the face—"on watah." The Canadians present, not unnaturally, joined in a laugh at the expense of the English lad. And yet in all probability his pronunciation was grossly caricatured. And even if it were not, the rudeness was as inexcusable as it was Anglo-Saxon. Is a lad less manly because he sticks to a softer pronunciation to which he was trained? Or should a Londoner be ridiculed as finical in Montreal because he keeps to his native accent any more than a Torontorian should be sneered at in Boston because he remains content with the dialect of his Canadian home? Except when used by teachers or relatives as an educational

process, the satirizing of anybody's pronunciation can seldom be defended. "All's fair in war," and when a prig pedant or purist attacks your way of talking you may hit him back in his weak spots. Other fair marks for satire are the few English fops who wilfully and wantonly lisp or use w's for r's, and the few American fops who affect a slightly foreign accent, suggestive of travel and cosmopolitanism. But to put a man down as a fribble because he lisps involuntarily or has not been trained to grate his r's, is about as sensible as to call a man a dude because he wears a clean shirt.

F. BLAKE CROFTON.

CORRESPONDENCE.

FOR CANADA: TRANSPORTATION THE PROBLEM.

To the Editor of The Week:

Sir,—Your issue of the 24th November contains a criticism of my pamphlet from the pen of Mr. Robert H. Lawder.

In it he charged that my argument "involves him in a web of misstatements and misrepresentations." I shall content myself with asking Mr. Lawder for an explanation.

On looking through his letter, I see that the only extract which he makes parenthetically is part of one paragraph garbled and misquoted; repeated twice with an argument attached to each repetition: thus, "If ships cannot get inward cargoes, they will not come three thousand miles for outward cargoes alone: these outward freights cannot go up to a point which will pay them to come here in ballast; and, again, without free inward cargoes, freights outward from Montreal will go just high enough to send our grain along the longer route to New York and Boston"; and again, further on, "If ships cannot get inward cargoes, they will not come three thousand miles for outward cargoes alone." After this last quotation he saddles me with "the inference that, owing to a more liberal tariff in the United States than in Canada," I have came to an unfounded conclusion.

Mr. Editor, I cannot ask you for space to shoot an arrow at a mark like that—it's all bull's-eye. I shall really have to let it stand in your column as it is.

But, Sir, permit me to quote the paragraph in full which seems to have so firmly fixed Mr. Lawder's attention. What he leaves out in his quotations and what is misquoted I have put in italics. "Our present National Policy is framed to the end of protecting native industry, namely, the cutting off of imports and replacing them with our own manufactures. The object of opening up this Northwest is to get men to go there and farm; if it is to be a success at all, is it not true that our hundred millions of grain are to be there ready for export within a very few years?" And now comes his quotation: "If ships cannot get inward cargoes, they will not come *these* thousand miles *inland* for outward cargoes alone; these outward freights cannot go up to a point which will pay them to come here in ballast; *there is no chance as on the Pacific Coast for bleeding the farmer when there is a pressure to export.* Without free inward cargoes, freights outward from Montreal will go just high enough to send our grain along the longer route to New York and Boston, *and that is the extra charge that must come out of the pocket of the Manitoba farmer.*"

The contention is between New York and Montreal. "Three thousand miles" is an entirely different thing from "these thousand miles inland." Is not Mr. Lawder aware that it costs a ship far more to come "these thousand miles inland," than to run into New York; besides, too, is he not aware that at New York the tramp has the choice of several other ports, which he has not "a thousand miles inland," therefore, more encouragement must be given to imports.

The point is, the relief of the export cargoes from what is not their share of these charges and other inward costs, which is at present borne by freights outward on cheese, butter, apples, cattle, timber, if he prefers them to Manitoba wheat.

Sir, my argument is, the development of our great West. Give the farmer a chance to buy cheaply—the new member for Winnipeg will say that what is good for our West is good for our East. Mr. Lawder in his extracts handles the farmers very gingerly.

Allow me room for one quotation from my pamphlet irrespective of my critic: "What line of imports would we have at the port of Montreal if we had three millions of men in our West, instead of three hundred thousand? Is there any line of business which would develop more rapidly into national wealth than the trade represented by a population so situated?

JAMES B. CAMPBELL.

Montreal, 27th Nov., 1893.

THE NEW EDUCATION.

To the Editor of The Week:

Sir,—I read with much pleasure your remarks in your issue of Nov. 17th, on the "New Education." The indifference towards educational methods on the part of parents must have struck many people as a thing to be lamented. It has the effect of leaving the vital work of the education of children too entirely in the hands of professionals. I hasten to say that I hold the body of Ontario teachers in high esteem, both for ability and for zeal in their work. But there can be no doubt that the teaching profession, from much preparing of themselves and their pupils for examinations, have a tendency to mistake that work for the goal at which they have to aim and to set aside as trivial anything that "thwarts that one great end;" to lose sight, in fact, of that education which is so far from being identical with the ability to pass examinations that either may and often does exist without the other. I am not advocating the abolition of examinations. In a system like ours some uniform test is necessary, and I know of none so good as a written examination. Still, the dangers of the system are so real and so grave that a debt of gratitude is due to any journal which, like The Week, takes the trouble from time to time to point them out, and to hold before the eyes alike of teachers, parents and pupils that true consummation towards which all teaching, all examining and all learning should tend,

"A wise, considering, all-embracing mind."

KATHERINE B. COUTTS.

Thamesville, Ont.

ART NOTES.

The sketch exhibition of the Ontario Society of Artists will open Dec. 15th, at the Art Gallery, King street west.

Mr. G. A. Reid has two figure pictures at the exhibition of the Philadelphia Art Club, which is now open in that city.

Art is universal, says the Philadelphia Telegraph, knowing no clime and no country, confined in no pent-up Utica and limited by no boundaries. Her votaries are metropolitans, citizens of the civilized world, holding the freedom of all cities and honored in all lands. That is to say, such is the theory with regard to art and artists; the ideal which poets and philosophers entertain, and which may be realized—when the millennium comes. In the meantime, the prosy matter of fact is that art is developed and flourishes in any community just so far as it is locally encouraged and sustained. Artists are bread-and-butter folk like the rest of us in this work-a-day world, whatever they may be in Utopia, and if they come upon a place where they cannot earn their salt, much less their bread-and-butter, that place they will abandon and there art will die out.

Apropos of Cazin's visit to this country (he is, by the way, the first of the great French painters to come to America), the New York Critic reminds its readers of Theodore Child's article on "Some Modern French Painters," which appeared in Harper's Monthly, May, 1890. In this Cazin is described as "a man of medium stature, with a massive head of large volume, long gray-blonde hair hanging over the shoulders, features of great strength and precision, prominent eyes with rather heavy eyelids, an expression of detachment from material things and absorption in some internal dream. In M. Cazin's impressive face the large blue-gray eyes at once fix your attention by their serenity and power; you feel that they are implacable mirrors reflecting integrally and with the most exquisite delicacy of perception all that passes before them, and at the same time you feel that they are the servants of a great soul. These eyes are not the bright, sparkling, and searching organs of the painters of externality behind which you divine nothing but a skilful workman's hand; they are the eyes of a poet who is dreaming mystic dreams."

At Bain & Son's gallery, King street east, Mr. C. M. Manley has a choice collection of both water colors and oils. He has shown something of himself in the dainty covers to invitation and catalogue, and in the poetical titles of the pictures. In "A Street, Point Levis, Quebec," we see that one does not have to go out of our own country for the picturesque; there it is in the long, straggling street that rises gradually before us with its quaintly roofed houses. In 13, 15, 18 and 20 are bright bits of spring and summer scenery. If one were inclined to find fault, it might be said that there is a tendency to dottiness in some of the water colors, an inclination to too great smoothness, even wooliness, in some of the oils, that the artist has just missed the effect of sunlight, owing partly perhaps to the fact that the shadows are not as sharply defined or as dark as the brightness of the sky in some instances would warrant. But this is forgotten in the gorgeous (but not too gorgeous) coloring of "When Nature Painted all Things Gay;" in the lowering sky of "Walla Brook Bridge, Dartmoor," where even the cattle feel the threatening gloom; in the fine drawing and brightness of "Over the Stream." "The Sun Declines" scarcely suggests the end of day, but in "His Own Estate," there is the hot sunlight of noon on the little white house. In his portrayal of sheep, especially in the large water color, Mr. Manley has been very successful. The action is admirable.

Mr. T. Mower Martin, R.C.A., has on exhibition at Matthews Bros. & Co.'s studio, 95 Yonge street, some fine examples of his later work. A subject that arrests the eye and is instinct with strong, vigorous and effective treatment is No. 21, "Tremendous Still in Death," a golden eagle lying dead upon a wild snow surface. Beneath this is a large piece, No. 20, "In the Beechwoods," a most successfull rendering, so far as it goes, of a rich, impressive scene. The treatment of light and shade and the effective distribution of colour in this fine picture is striking, yet (at time of writing) it is evidently unfinished. No. 14, "In Mid July," is as fine a river scene as we have seen on canvas for many a day. No. 10, "A Farm Yard in North Ontario," is a true picture of Canadian farm life, and has a quiet, restful effect. No. 5, "A Back Country Postoffice," with its old-fashioned garden and blooming flowers is quaint and unique in its way. No. 12, "Shot on the Runway," is a timely treatment of a sporting scene: stilled in death a shot doe lies prone, with hind legs partly resting on a moss-covered log. There are also a number of pretty studies of wild and cultivated flowers, but the richest, strongest and most masterly picture of all is No. 3. "Path through the Forest." Here is a finished effort that would hold its own in many a collection of foreign art, and it stamps Mr. Martin as one of the foremost interpreters in his own chosen field—Canadian life and scenery. We are glad to see, at going to press, that many of those fine pictures have found purchasers. This mode of disposing of works of native art is far more dignified, seemly, and at the same time profitable than another which is somewhat in vogue, which puts a picture on the plane of a mattress, a kitchen chair or a chest of drawers.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

The concert to be given in the Pavilion this Friday evening promises to be most enjoyable. With such artists as Mrs. Agnes Thompson, Whitney Mockridge, Harry M. Field, and P. Delasco, the public are sure of being highly entertained and pleased.

Joseph Slivinski, the Polish pianist, who made his debut in New York on Nov. 30th, by playing the Schumann and Rubinstein Concertos, as well as a number of solo pieces, only made an ordinary success. His tone is said to be hard and steely, with very little pliability in the hand, and his interpretations are not above criticism by any means.

Mrs. Byron Nicholson, of Toronto, has been singing in Quebec, and The Morning Chronicle of that city says of her: "Mrs. Byron Nicholson sang 'In Romany Land,' and 'Chanson de Florian,' and received a well-merited recall for each of her selections. Mrs. Nicholson has a well-cultivated mezzo-soprano voice of great compass and sweetness."

Sir Arthur Sullivan is to attend personally to the final rehearsals of the opera "Ivanhoe," in Germany, at the first performance of which the Emperor has signified his intention of being present. After the production of "Ivanhoe," Sir Arthur will make a visit to Gotha, where he will be the guest of the Duke, who was in his bachelor days a friend and pupil of the composer.

Since Henri Marteau's arrival in America ten days ago he has played at Cincinnati, Philadalphia, Syracuse, Pittsburg, Cleveland and Chicago, and has met with enormous success. The Philadelphia critics have pronounced him unanimously a second Wieniawski. He was immediately re-engaged for the Apollo Club of Cincinnati, and for five recitals at Philadelphia.

Miss Norah Clench, the charming Canadian violiniste, will make her first appearonce in Toronto since her European successes, at the Vocal Society Concert, 21st December. Her many admirers are anxious to hear her, and, no doubt, will be agreeably surprised to observe the wonderful improvement she has made during the past two years. Her former teacher and manager, Mr. J. W. Baumann informs us she now plays superbly, and with much finish and dash.

The pupils of the Toronto Conservatory of Music gave their first quarterly concert in Association Hall last Monday evening to an audience which completely filled the building from top to bottom, a phenomenal crush. The programme, which was most comprehensive and delightfully varied, was strictly adhered to, with the exception of a vocal number and a piano solo, the would-be performers being unfortunately unable to appear through illness. Every number was received with the heartiest enthusiasm, and many talented pupils—among whom were Miss Lena Moore, Miss Lillian Norman, Miss Maud Whiteside, Miss Maggie Merrit, Miss Ida C. Hughes, Miss Ethelind G. Thomas, Mr. Donald Herald, Miss Bessie Meyers, Mr. W. H. Hewlett, Miss Ida L. Jane, and others—gave an artistic exhibition of their splendid training and development

We have received for review the following music:

Trio for Piano, Violin and Violoncello, by Ad. M. Foerster. Berlin: C. A. Challier & Co. This work is an excellent contribution to American musical literature by an American who is an earnest, scholarly and talented composer. It is in the key of C minor, and opens with an introduction some ten measures in length, of rather gloomy but impressive character, but which leads immediately to the Allegro con brio, which has for its first subject an exciting though interesting theme, well developed and treated. The second subject is a beautiful, tender theme in A flat major, and is first given out by the piano, afterwards taken up alternately by the 'cello and violin, and elaborated in the most artistic and musicianly style with harmonic coloring of great richness and beauty. The working out of these interesting and well contrasted themes is replete with imagination and fancy, although there is a tendency—as there is in the works of many other good modern composers—to change the tonality too frequently and abruptly to wander away into remote keys by suddenly introducing modulations which leave a vague, mystical effect on the mind, not at all in accordance with the traditions of this classic form. This constant change of key in repeated phrases lacks coherence and tonality, without which music loses half of its effect, especially in this form, although the greatest liberties are justified in the fantastic elaboration of episodical periods. Yet a composer should at least be partially governed by the effect which will be produced on the hearer, and not make the most beautiful, perhaps, of all forms too rhapsodical, unless it is intended to picture purely dramatic scenes of characteristic indefiniteness. After the return of the first theme in C minor, the music becomes more and more exciting and agitated, rushing onward in bewildering haste until the close, which ends in the most turbulent and alarming fury. After all this excitement one would naturally expect the slow movement, which immediately follows, to be of a tranquil and restful character, and to move easily but with expressive fervour along its musical highway, and we are not disappointed. True, the movement has probably too much piano accompaniment, and is too orchestral and rich in its full harmonies, but the musical essence or melody which all of this surrounds is full of feeling and warmth, the close being effected quite peacefully. The third and last movement is very breezy and sprightly. One's spirits are again more or less elated, notwithstanding the minor key and the suggestive sadness and gloom which usually pervades it. Here, as in the first movement, the composer shows his command of composition technic, and how to write effectively for the different instruments. We think it would have been better, however, had the last movement been in the key of the first. The work can be highly recommended for its intrinsic worth and ripe musicianship.

It is always a pleasure for us to refer to any works which are specially prepared, arranged and edited to facilitate the study of the piano, in the cultivation of touch, technic and style. Such works having this object in view are the beautifully printed and accurately fingered and phrased editions of the "Graded Course of Studies" for the piano, compiled by W. S. B. Mathews, and published by Theo Presser, of Philadelphia. This course consists of ten grades and begins with the simplest—yet melodious exercises with the motions and phrases carefully marked and proceeds to difficult études and pieces selected from the works of both the classic and romantic schools by many different composers. Each piece or étude is supplemented by directions as to the best manner of study, style or touch, etc., and often a poetic, as well as a theoretic analysis of a piece is given, which makes these graded courses doubly interesting and useful. We cannot recommend these works too highly, to both teachers and pupils, for they are far superior to the ordinary editions of instructive études, which are often badly fingered and incorrectly phrased.

"Studies in Phrasing," selected from the compositions of the best classic and romantic composers, by W. S. B. Mathews. Philadelphia: Theo Presser. Mr. Mathews is well known to the musical world of America as a musician, teacher, and writer of scholarly attainments, and superior judgment, and in compiling these excellent studies, with their theoretic introductions and annotations he has once more done good service to the beautiful art of piano playing. The care bestowed in making every point of touch clear to the pupil, in order to give the necessary quality of tone to the various passages, is a feature the value of which cannot be over-estimated. Every educated teacher knows how difficult it is to develop a good, certain, and beautiful touch in the pupil's hand, and the necessity of making clear to them the quality of touch to be applied in the playing of pieces having a different character, for the reason that when the pupil is alone, he may be careless in applying the variety of touch explained in the lesson, and in consequence retard his progress. At the beginning of each piece, some mention of touch is made, and the manner of delivering the phrases properly, so the pupil has this always before him, which constantly excites his interest, and stimulates him to study accurately and with sincerity. We trust these works will circulate freely among teachers and pupils, for they cannot help being useful in the highest degree.

LIBRARY TABLE.

A NATIVE OF WINBY AND OTHER TALES. By Sarah Orne Jewett. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. 1893. $1.25.

Already we have had some twelve or thirteen volumes from the prolific pen of this clever authoress. Here in a prettily bound and tastily printed volume of over 300 pages, nine short stories have been gathered together, under the title of the first. That the stories are good and well worth the reading, those who are familar with their author's handiwork need not be told. To those who are not, we say by all means read them, and if you do not find in them the enjoyment you seek, by no means blame the writer. To a thorough knowledge of the subject matter she has added a natural and unaffected style. The human nature of her country-side has been an open book, and many of the phases of life pictured in these pages appeal with moving power to the reader and verify themselves from his own experiences and remembrances.

AN OLD TOWN BY THE SEA. By Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. 1893. $1.00.

We had turned but few pages of this delightful little book when we began to think of our old favourite, Hawthorne. Ask us not why. As the summer air from a neighboring garden wafts to the passer-by a well-remembered perfume—so here the semblance of an old time pleasure was renewed to us, even before we reached the eleventh page and met that master's name. This is in no sense a disparagement to that graceful, poetic and scholarly American, Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Simply on our part a suggested resemblance and an agreeable retrospection. If any of our readers wish to see with what charm the story of a seaport town can be told, we commend them to this volume. Here Portsmouth on the Piscataqua lends itself to literary portraiture at the hand of a most competent artist—one who loves the picture—from the warmth and flow of his colouring. We see the grass grown wharves by the riverside, the old houses of the town and their notable indwellers of other days, and attentively we follow the varied incidents which marked their lives until at last, regretfully, we part from our entertainer and "those ancient Dames" about whom he says he "would like" (and we cordially invite him) "to write."

A JAPANESE INTERIOR. By Alice Mabel Bacon. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. 1893. $1.25.

The letters which make up the 267 pages of this exceptionally interesting book were written, as the writer says in her preface, "during an experience of life in Japan somewhat different from that of the average foreign resident." The experience referred to was as one of the staff of teachers in a school for noble girls, under the management of the Imperial Household Department, from September, 1888, to September, 1889. Occupying such a position, having old, warm and influential Japanese friends about her, the authoress of this volume was enabled to see many

phases of the life of Japanese nobilty, and indeed, from the inside, to observe the manners and customs of the people, as well as persons and places with a freedom and ease denied to the average foreign resident in Tōkyō. Here is a description of the Emperor seen at a great review: "He did not look to me so different from other people. He is lighter than the average Japanese man, or rather, I should say he looked to me lighter, because I have heard other foreigners say that he is really darker than most of his people. His features are strongly marked and heavy—something after the Inca type. . . . He is a skilful and daring horseman, is is said, but he rides in the old Japanese style, sitting all in a heap like a bag of meal, his legs dangling straight down on each side of his horse, and his elbows twitching and jerking with every motion of the animal." The letters which compose the book were written to friends and are free and unconventional, giving daily impressions of the noticeable things and events presenting themselves to the observation of the writer. They are excellent reading and the reader is privileged in having access to such a vivid and vivacious description and commentary on the upper class life of the most progressive of eastern nations.

SUB-CŒLUM: A SKY-BUILT HUMAN WORLD. By A. T. Russell. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin Company. 1893. $1.25.

Sir Thomas More's "Utopia" was a memorable and suggestive work. How many writers of varying degrees of culture and aptitude have applied themselves to the momentous task of the betterment of humanity. And now comes Mr. Russell, an agreeable and cultivated essayist, whose study of men and sublunary things at large have led him to trim his sails for a voyage, in this Columbian year, to the land of the-ought-to-be. "If the people of Sub-Cœlum were not happy it was their own fault"—we are told. "Their situation was the most favorable under the sun. Earth and sky smiled upon them. The climate was genial and salubrious. Extremes in temperature were not frequent, and atmospheric violences so rare as to be historical. Seasons of rain and seasons of drouth, to devastate and desiccate, were not known. Forests of beauty and grandeur supplied every variety and quality of timber, for ornament and utility. Mountains of sublimity and valleys of fertility abounded. Large streams ran by large towns. Lakes bordered villages and villas. Ocean provided cities with safe and commodious havens." Of the character of the people of this fair land we learn that "Selfishness, the one great enemy of mankind, was under perpetual ban." "Simplicity and modesty were at a premium." As to their food: "It was the general belief that most diseases were caused by bad or ill-cooked food, and that few of them that were remediable would not yield to right diet" "Pork was held accountable for much that was bad in the world, *roast pig excepted.*" (The italics are ours). "The young of swine, something heavier than a full-grown capon, were objects upon which genius expended itself. The sweet juices thereof reached the sources of sense, and remained in the mind as on the palate, inclining it to generous reflection." Surely our author must love both his roast and his literary Lamb, to say nothing of mint sauce and green peas. The variety of subjects discussed in this unique and most readable volume, from a sub-cœlum standpoint, is infinite—and the fresh, free and forceful statement of the author's views cannot fail to instruct as well as entertain his readers. Mechanically the volume is a fine specimen of the chaste and exquisitely finished handiwork of "The Riverside Press."

THE LAND OF POCO TIEMPO. By Charles F. Lummis. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. Toronto: William Briggs. $2.50.

Mr. Lummis has gathered together in the above volume some eleven papers, some, if not all, of which we noticed as they appeared from time to time in their magazine form. They treat o subjects very dear to the heart of their writer: the races which inhabit New Mexico, their past and present, their archæology and ethnology, their language, habits, customs, homes, religious beliefs and practices, and in fact everything of interest relating to them and their country, as forming the most quaint, curious and historic peoples and portions of the United States of America. Mr. Lummis is no idle spectator—he is a keen, shrewd, and indefatigable investigator; incited rather than daunted by difficulties and well equipped mentally and physically—by taste and temperament—for the especial work he has here undertaken. Those who have read one or more of these sketches will welcome the volume and think its three hundred and ten pages all too few, as they will wish for more than the many illustrations provided by the photographic art of the author. As it is possible, though not probable, that some one of our readers may not yet be familiar with the vigorous and direct style of Mr. Lummis, we shall give place while he speaks for his beloved Pueblos: "They are picturesque anywhere and always, but particularly in their dances, races and other ceremonials. These are Indians who are neither poor nor naked; Indians who feed themselves and ask no favours of Washington; Indians who have been at peace for two centuries, and fixed residents for perhaps a millennium; Indians who were farmers and irrigators and six-story house-builders before a New World had been beaten through the thick skull of the Old; Indians who do not make pack-beasts of their squaws, and who have not "squaws," save in the vocabulary of less bred barbarians. They had nearly a hundred republics in America centuries before the American Republic was conceived; and they have maintained their ancient democracy through all the ages, unshamed by the corruption of a voter, the blot of a defalcation or malfeasance in office. They are, under the solemn pledge of our Government in the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, citizens; and are the most flagrantly wronged in our country. Their numerous sacred dances are by far the most picturesque sights in America, and the least viewed by Americans, who never found anything more striking abroad. The mythology of Greece and Rome is less than theirs in complicated comprehensiveness, and they are a more interesting ethnologic study than the tribes of inner Africa, and less known of by their white countrymen." We at times fear that Mr. Lummis's zeal leads him occasionally to the borderland of exaggeration, but he is so terribly in earnest, so graphic and unique, and withal so manly and cleanly in his statements and views, that we should concede him the occasional flourish of his national weapon.

PERIODICALS.

The last issue of the Dalhousie Gazette contains a full notice of "Behind the Veil," a posthumous poem of the late Professor De Mille, edited by Professor Archibald MacMechan and about being published.

Small in size but salutary in contents may be said of the Journal of Hygenie for December. Dr. C. H. Shepard writes historically and approvingly of "The Turkish Bath." The Health Notes, the Department of Hygenie, and "Topics" all contain good matter.

"The Wooing of Victoria Cross, which begins the December Cassel's, is a story worth reading. The Family Doctor advocates an afternoon nap. Would that we could have one! Some pleasing photographs are shown from the prize competition. There are two other stories (not counting the serial) and other excellent articles in this number.

The Expository Times (November) is as good as ever. The Editor's Notes are bright, intelligent and suggestive. The Requests and Replies form a very useful department for the guidance of younger students. The contributions and comments are also a capital feature. The larger papers from Rothe, Wendt, and the original ones by Whitefoord, Barnes, Slater and others, are quite up to the mark.

St. Nicholas' Christmas number is so full of good things that the poor editor is nonplussed to say which is which. Such beautiful illustrations, delightful poems, amusing stories and charming papers—where have we ever seen such a goodlie companie? From Rudyard Kipling's brilliant story, "Toomai of the Elephants" in the beginning to "The Riddle Box" at the end, is a kaleidoscopic turning of enjoyable reading and seeing for juveniles of all ages.

The Woman at Home, for November, begins with an "Illustrated Interview with Lady Charles Beresford," by that facile go-between, Raymond Blathwayt The Duchess of Connaught receives illustration and comment at the hands of Dr. William Wright. Mrs. Swan's story, "Elizabeth Glen, M.B.," grows in interest. "Q" has a story; Sir Edwin Arnold confesses, and the Baroness Von Zedlitz has a pleasant reminiscence of Liszt. There is other matter of interest in this capital magazine.

Ella F. Sexton begins the Overland Monthly for December with a prettily illustrated paper on "Gardens at Christmastide." Another finely illustrated descriptive article is entitled "The Whistling Buoy," that automatic benefactor of the navigator. "The Life of Alexis" is a quaint, dramatic, legendary story of unusual interest. It is accompanied by notes from Mr. A. B. Simonds and the editor. This number is brimful of short stories and pleasant poems. The narrative, "In the Stronghold of the Pirates," is vivid and tragic.

"Sergeant Cœsus" is Captain Charles King's title for his moving, 85-page tale with which the December Lippincott begins. "When Hester Came" is the title of the tenth of the "Notable Stories." Louis N. Megargee discusses that wretched product of debased civilization, "A Newspaper Sensation" in the "Journalist Series." Edgar Fawcett writes of Literary Popularity and says, "Once show it that you can be happy without either its cajoleries or its frowns, and the chances are that it may willingly house with you as your wageless bondsman."

An announcement for '94 accompanies the December number of the Methodist Magazine showing an attractive list of writers on "Social Reform," story writers and other contributors. The two first, and best papers in this number are by the editor, who needs no apology, as he must always be a most welcome visitor to his many readers. The first article takes the reader most charmingly round about Jerusalem and the second leads him with expert hand to study the mode and subjects of baptism from the Catacombs. We trust the learned editor is rapidly recovering from his recent regrettable accident.

Onward and Upward and Wee Willie Winkie in their last numbers, under the able and gracious editing, respectively, of the Countess of Aberdeen and Lady Marjorie Gordon, have their usual complement of pleasing and instructive reading. In the first named periodical "a Buchan Loon" graphically describes "Another Day at the World's Fair"; "Royaltics as Ready (and unready) Writers" are reviewed by Huld Friederich's; and there appears a fac-simile of the Queen's Jubilee Letter. Wee Willie has a picture of a monkey with an exploding tail, a little boy sailing on a kite, and other nice things for the wee ones.

Outing for December will gladden many a sportsman's heart. The frontispiece, which is represented on the cover in diminished form, is a pretty scene from the article, "Still-hunting grouse on the snow." There are two Canadian contributors: Mrs. Grace E. Denison (in Cycling) has "The Last Ride of the Season," and S. R. Clarke "In Quest of Caribou." There are hunting sketches, fishing and yachting sketches. Canoeing is not neglected, and the poem and short story have their place in this most readable number. "Lenz's World Tour Awheel" takes the reader satisfactorily to the land of the Chrysanthemum.

Professor Jowett's memory is kept green in the December Temple Bar by an ode from

May Sinclair, and a sketch from the pen of "one who saw much of the late master of Balliol during many years of his life." That prominent Austrian statesman, Count Taaffe, receives recognition. His biographer, in short, says of him: "By nature he is a straightforward, plain-dealing man, and it was only hard necessity that drove him to govern by playing off party against party, nation against nation and lavishing on each in turn bribes, promises and threats." Art has evidently played sad havoc with his nature. Theophile Gautier and George Cruikshank are also considered in this number.

"Mere literature will keep us pure and keep us strong," are a few of the closing words of Professor Woodrow Wilson's scholarly paper under the caption "Mere Literature," in The Atlantic for December. Pleasant reading also is its neighbor, a study of Chaucer's Pardoner's Tale by G. L. Kittredge. This number justifies the literary fame of this sterling old magazine. Its articles are varied, attractive and cultivated. A pleasant view of Thoreau is given in F. B. Sanborn's paper on that philosopher, and his friend, Thomas Cholmondeley—a name, we venture to think, many even of the Atlantic readers will fail to pronounce properly. "Birds at Yule-tide" is a pretty bit of nature sketching by Frank Bolles, as is Bradford Torrey's "In the Flat Woods," nor should Hamlin Garland's prose, black and white's, be passed by. Lafcadio Hearn philosophises in flowing prose after an Oriental fashion "Of the Eternal Feminine." The serials and short story are good and F. N. Thorpe has a serious paper on "Democracy in America."

LITERARY AND PERSONAL.

Rev. Dr. Haweis of St. James' Church, Marylebone, London, the author of "Music and Morals," is paying a visit to the United States. Dr. Haweis, it is said, was a violinist until he began to study theology.

The first paper to be printed in English in Egypt is The Sphinx, which is about to be established at Cairo by an American, David Garrick Longworth. The paper will be a sphinx only in name, for it proposes to speak boldly and often on all subjects of interest to England and the United States.

Charles Reade's "The Cloister and the Hearth," which the critics pronounce his finest novel, is at last to be presented to his admirers in fitting form. A new edition, in two volumes, with 550 illustrations from drawings by William Martin Johnson, will be published by Harper & Brothers in time for the holiday buyer.

The Scribners announce for publication, in three volumes, the memoirs of the Chancellor Pasquier, edited by the Duc d'Audiffret-Pasquier; "The Barbary Coast," by Dr. Henry M. Field; a new edition of Holland and Rockstro's "Life of Jenny Lind;" "Nibsy's Christmas," by Jacob A. Riis, and a new addition of "The Children of the Poor."

Mr. Christopher Robinson, Q.C., received a merited honor in the tender of a knighthood, which he has declined for purely personal reasons. There is no member of the Canadian Bar worthier of such distinction on the ground of ability, legal learning, or the possession of those rarer qualities of head and heart which find no better name than the good old term gentleman.

The other day, says The Quebec Chronicle, a bust of Sir George Etienne Cartier, the gift of Lady Cartier, was placed in position in the Legislative Library of Quebec. And now Senator Tasse, F.R.S.C., has edited with conspicuous ability and tact, the speeches and addresses of the great French-Canadian statesman, from 1844, until the close of his brilliant career, as one of the ablest political leaders Canada has ever had.

Mrs. Mary Cowden-Clarke, compiler of the Shakespeare concordance is now living. She is 85 years old and is described as a "prosperous gentlewoman" in Italy. In her youth she was a distinguished amateur actress, and it is recalled that as Mrs. Malaprop she was credited with giving a finer interpretation of the character than the famous Mrs. Glover, who made that impersonation the feature of her repertoire.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have just published "Familiar Letters of Sir Walter Scott," edited by David Douglass; "The Growth and Influence of Classical Greek Poetry," by Prof. Richard C. Jebb; "Twenty Years at Sea; or, Leaves from My Old Log-books," by Frederic C. Hill; and "Pastoral Offices," by William Furness. "The Complete Poetical Works of Henry W. Longfellow," "Greek Lives and other Architectural Essays," by Henry Van Brunt, "White Memories," by Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, "Poems," by T. W. Parsons, and "The Divine Comedy of Dante," translated into English verse by Thomas William Parsons; with a Bibliographical Sketch by Miss Louise Imogen Guiney, and an Introduction by Professor Charles Eliot Norton.

"The Lounger" in the N. Y. Critic has the following comment: "Mr. J. M. Barrie is added to the list of clever men who are said to have been dull boys. A school-fellow of his at Kirriemuir is credited with having said that he gave little promise in boyhood of achieving literary distinction. On one occasion he did indeed write a farce for the school's New Year's entertainment, but it was generally voted 'poor stuff.' In the classes, young Barrie was only an average boy, and he is remembered best as a member of the football team, his usefulness as a half-back being the more remarkable on account of his small stature. If history, or tradition, in these cases is to be relied upon, the parents of 'average boys' are to be congratulated."

The N. Y. Critic asked its readers to say which ten books—American books—they regard "the greatest yet produced in America or by Americans." The figures show the number of votes these ten received: 512, Emerson's Essays; 483, Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter"; 444, Longfellow's Poems; 434, Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin"; 388, Dr. Holmes' "Autocrat"; 307, Irving's "Sketch Book"; 269, Lowell's Poems; 266, Whittier's Poems; 250 Wallace's "Ben Hur"; 246, Motley's "Rise of the Dutch Republic." Of the above books, the first eight are published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., who will be pleased to send to any teacher who may apply for it a copy of their Portrait Catalogue, containing portraits of more than fifty famous authors.

A visit from Dr. J. G. Bourinot, our learned constitutionalist, to Toronto, is always a welcome event. At the recent dinner of the Trinity Medical School the Doctor's was the speech of the evening. Witty, pithy and timely, it was a model of its kind. Dr. Bourinot in appearance is of medium height, yet sturdy build. A bright, vivacious eye, partially concealed by a monocle, a strong intellectual face, and a clear, vigorous and impressive utterance, mark the energetic and enthusiastic scholar, and courteous yet capable man of affairs. To an ardent temperament, a singularly clear intellect, and habits of indomitable industry are added that strong love of country, devotion to her institutions, and finely balanced judgment, which give to Dr. Bourinot's constitutional and historical work their great weight and authority at home and abroad. A Nova Scotian by birth, Canada has reason to be proud of her gifted son, who has already had many academic and honorary degrees conferred upon him, and who, though yet in the prime of life, has achieved distinction in branches of research and learning which call for the exercise of the highest intellectual power.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE WILLING WORKER.

Richly the grapes in Thy vineyard, O Lord!
Hang in their clusters of purple delight;
I have attended the call of Thy Word,
Working for Thee since the dawning of light;
Sweetly the sunset gleams over the lea;
Yet I'm not weary of working for Thee!

Ripe are the fruits in Thy garden, O Lord!
Fair are the flowers Thou lovest to twine;
Master! no labour, no pains I have spared—
Long have I wrought in this garden of Thine;
Many the stars that in Heaven I see;
Yet I'm not weary of working for Thee!

Deep wave Thy harvests in acres untold;
Gladly I reaped in the heat of the day;
Now the moon rises in fulness of gold;
Slowly the reapers are moving away;
Wide is the plain, and not many are we,
Yet I'm not weary of working for Thee!

Dim grow mine eyes 'mid the fast-fading light;
Falters the heart from the toilsome constraint;
Scant on my forehead my locks have grown white—
Lord! 'tis the body grows weary and faint!
Finished the task Thou hast given to me;
Yet I'm not weary of working for Thee!

—Arthur John Lockhart.

THE AUDIENCES OF THE EMPEROR.

As Prefect of Police, I was admitted every time I presented myself at the audience which he was wont to give after rising, and there I met those persons who enjoyed his intimacy to the greatest extent. These were the marshals, the generals commanding the Imperial Guard, men who had just returned from some important mission, or others who came to receive his final orders, previous to assuming some important command. Preceding this audience, which was known as the grand lever, there was the petit lever, to which were admitted only the servants of the bedchamber, and the household service, at the head of which was the grand marshal of the palace, Duroc. The Abbe de Pradt, Archbishop of Mechlin, had, as chaplain, the right to attend the petit lever, and he frequently availed himself of his privilege. The gatherings at the grand lever were often most interesting. The merest words of the master were seized upon with avidity. It was seldom that he did not speak to everybody, addressing to each one some question which had reference to his functions. Generally speaking, his satisfaction was reflected in his looks and by a certain affability of manner, rather than expressed by words. His discontent would find vent in dry, not to say harsh, remarks. When one required to tell him something necessitating an interview with him in private, it was the custom to beg the favour of him through the gentleman-in-waiting, who was on duty, and he seldom refused it. I availed myself but little of this favour, and never, I think, during the first year of my incumbency. The few words which in those days passed between Napoleon and myself were limited to questions as to certain details of my service, which questions I well knew must be answered in an exact fashion. As an instance, he was fond of asking me: "How many boats carrying wine are now on the river? How many bags of wheat are there in the grain market," etc. And I always had to give him the exact figures as mere guess work would never have been to his taste.—From the Pasquier Memoirs, Charles Scribner's Sons.

SPURGEON'S STORY.

The late Mr. Spurgeon was a man of infinite jest and dearly loved a joke. Apropos of this, Rev. Dr. Charles Wood, of the First Presbyterian church, of Germantown, Pa., a noted American divine, tells a good story at his own expense. Dr. Wood, while in London, was telling Spurgeon that he was going to Germany to study. "Haven't you any theological seminaries in America?" asked Spurgeon. "Yes," said Dr. Wood; "but I don't think I know everything, though I graduated at Princeton, and I am going to Germany to try to learn more." "Well," said Spurgeon, "I hope you will not be like the calf I once heard of. The milk of one cow wasn't enough for it, and they gave it the milk of two: and the more milk it drank the more of a calf it became."

TO CROSS THE ATLANTIC IN FOUR DAYS.

What Thomas Alva Edison says may be accepted as pretty sound, and he says that it will not be many years before we can cross the Atlantic within four days. The great inventor and scientist declares that rapid transit through the water is only a question of reducing the friction between the sides of the ship and the water. What makes the resistance that the ship's screw must overcome is the fact that the ship ship drags a lot of water along with her. To illustrate this: Say the vessel is going twenty miles an hour; two feet from her side the water is going ten miles an hour, four feet away five miles an hour, eight feet away two miles an hour, nine feet off one mile an hour, and so on in diminishing ratio. All this water the vessel is dragging along with her. That is what the engine has got to do—not force the ship through the water, but carry the water along. This all comes from the fact that the water sticks, as it were, to the sides of the ship. Edison believes that some means will be discovered of lessening the friction between the sides of the vessel and the ocean. The result might possibly be achieved, he thinks, by forcing some cheap oil through the pores of the sides of the ship under the water line. She would then slip across the Atlantic on a bed of oil, like greased lightning, as it were.—"The Million."

THE BREAKFAST OATMEAL.

An obstinate case of water-brash or pyrosis was traced by Sir Benjamin W. Richardson, to oatmeal taken at breakfast. Writing of it in an English medical journal, Sir Benjamin says: The story of the repetition of the attack, always at the same or about the same hour, was so peculiar and so often repeated, I could not fail at last to attribute it to something taken at breakfast; and finally I began to suspect that a dish of oatmeal porridge might be the enemy. My patient had taken this for breakfast for many years and had never thought it injurious, and when I named my suspicion, he was incredulous. However, he took the advice to leave off oatmeal "on trial," and from the day of leaving it off had no return of his symptoms. Six months later he ventured the oatmeal diet again, and in a weak was as bad as ever. Once more he left it off, and once more was completely cured. This was observation on a patient; but, for experiment's sake, I tried the effect of oatmeal diet on myself, with the result of setting up in a few weeks as decided an attack of pyrosis as could be observed or felt. In my own case I found that barley water, repeated for a time, produced the same results. After making these observations, I continued to inquire, in all instances of pyrosis I have since met with, whether oatmeal formed a part of the dietary of those affected; and I have found so many corroborative experiences, I am led to think there is no more frequent cause of pyrosis than oatmeal or a similar fermentative food.

A PASTOR'S EXPERIENCE.

THE TROUBLES OF A CANADIAN CLERGYMAN.

Attacked with a Disease Unknown to Physicians—He Had Almost Given up Hope When the Hand of Relief was stretched Out to Him.

Rev. S. J. Cummings, the pastor of the First Baptist church, of Delevan, New York, has had an experience that makes him one of the most talked of men in Cattaraugus county. To a reporter of the Buffalo News who called upon him, Mr. Cummings made the following statement, which he put in the form of an affidavit:

"I am now feeling so well that I am entering on a series of special meetings, and am returning to work with all my old time vigor. I was prostrated in June last and was treated by three physicians, one near this place and two in the city of Buffalo, but received no benefit or encouragement from them. They all were of the opinion that I would have to resign my pastorate and quit preaching. Nevertheless I now feel entirely recovered.

"I cannot give you the name of my disorder. It baffled the physicians, and they could not agree as to the nature of the trouble. After the slightest exposure, as in the damp of the morning, or after the dew fell in the evening, my limbs would swell and become discolored and my body would become racked with bain. These attacks would last three or four hours, but they would usually leave me helpless for at least a day after the acute pain had passed. At night I was unable to sleep. The strain upon my nervous system was tremendous. I became so prostrated as to be unable to take exercise. I could do scarcely any work in my study, and frequently could not preach to my people. Sometimes for a week the muscles of my arms would be so affected that I could not write a letter or pen a discourse.

"On the recommendation of the physicians who examined me, my church granted me a vacation for a month, and I went to my old home at Oakwood, Ont., north of Toronto, for a rest. On reaching home my father urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I protested on the plea of having taken so many medicines that I had lost all faith in them. But he had heard of their efficacy and insisted on my giving them a trial. He brought me two boxes and I commenced to take them. I soon found my health improving so rapidly that I returned to my home and family at this place. Some of my friends insisted that the benefit was only temporary, that I would soon have a relapse and be worse than before, but I have continued to take them and now feel like a new man. The sudden attacks of pain which formerly prostrated me on my bed do not recur, and I have exposed myself many times in a way that would have formerly brought them on.

"In my family I have found them very beneficial. My wife finds them more helpful to her than anything she has ever taken. I have spent hundreds of dollars in doctors' remedies and patent menicines, but all to no avail until I tried Pink Pills.

"S. J. CUMMINGS."

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 19th day of September, 1893.

JOHN HUNT, Notary Public.

Druggists everywhere bear witness to the firm hold this wonderful Canadian medicine has taken upon the public, and to the vast good it has accomplished in relieving suffering, and thousands of grateful people like Rev. Mr. Cummings, cheerfully testify to the benefits derived from its use, often after skilled physicians have absolutely failed to help them. If you are ailing cast prejudice aside and give this marvel of modern medical science a fair trial. An analysis of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills show that they contain in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' Dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, that tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration; all diseases depending upon vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood, and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature. There are no ill effects following the use of this wonderful medicine, and it can be given to children with perfect safety.

These Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, and are never sold in bulk. There are numerous imitations and other so-called blood builders against which the public are cautioned. If your dealer does not keep Dr. Williams' Pink Pills they will be sent post-paid on receipt of above price.

PUBLIC OPINION.

Quebec Chronicle: The Legislative Council of Quebec, as it grows older, rises in the esteem of the people. The annual cost of maintaining the Upper House is about $50,000, and some regard that expense as unnecessary. But, apparently, the representatives of the people are loth to dispense with a second Chamber. Every move that is made to fill the Council, appears to endear it to the respect, love and esteem of the public at large. The Legislative Council is a Quebec Institution. Hence it must live. Argument is of no avail. Expense does not count. The old boys are here to stay, and stay they will.

Montreal Witness: Mr. Mercier has discredited and ruined himself as a public man, and he seems anxious to carry out in Opposition what he attempted in office, the discredit and ruin of the Province. He is the last man in the Assembly who should have opposed the reduction of the sessional salary paid to members of the Legislature by moving the six months' hoist as he did. He and Pacaud have cost this Province very heavily, more heavily than any other pair of politicians, with the exception of Messrs. Chapleau and Senecal. It is owing to these four men more than to all the other politicians of the Province taken together that Quebec is financially in the deep water she is in to-day.

Canada Gazette: What is far more likely to result is reciprocal tariff legislation in each country upon an agreed plan of action. The moment is undoubtedly ripe for such a step. The Dominion Government is pledged to "a complete revision" of the tariff during the session of the Dominion Parliament which meets in a few weeks, and though it is easy to exaggerate the significance which Ministers may attach to the demands for freer trade which come from all parts of the Dominion, it is certain that the tariff inquiries of Mr. Foster, Mr. Bowell, and the Controllers of Customs and Inland Revenue have disclosed a widespread desire for relaxation of duties, especially in their effect upon the farming industry.

Monetary Times: Mr. Sanford Fleming has a plan for overcoming the chief obstacle which stands in the way of the proposed Australian cable, the obligation which five of the colonies are under to pay a subsidy of £32,400 a year to the Eastern Extension Company. His proposal is that the capital of the new company should include the sum of £145,000 with which to purchase an annuity to meet the obligation of £32,400 a year for the next six years. As a temptation to include this sum, he estimates that with contributions from Queensland, New Zealand, Fiji and Canada, the company would have a small surplus at the end of four years and at the end of ten years an accumulated surplus of £250,000. The scheme is an ingenious one and may bring success.

Halifax Critic: The best advice to the student of to-day is that he keep himself informed by means of the excellent Reviews and periodicals that abound on the current news of the day, and that he reserve his best energy for the literature which appertains to his calling, or to that which no man should be without—his hobby. The enormous literature of the present day is essential. All classes of students require that their special subjects shall be considered in an exhaustive literature, and for that end there must be a literature for every trade and calling; but the student who endeavours to grasp the whole output, to overread for the sake of securing information, will find that he not only fails in his object, but also that he will fail in seizing on the full amount of literature which is necessary to his success in his own particular calling.

If a man should register all his opinions upon love, politics, religion, learning, etc., beginning from his youth, and so go on to old age, what a bundle of inconsistencies and contradictions would appear at last.—Swift.

SCIENTIFIC AND SANITARY.

A substitute for indiarubber is reported from England. It is composed of ten parts paraffine, one part bitumen and two parts indiarubber

Excavations in Palestine go to show that the hot-air blast furnace which has been credited to be the invention of Nelson in 1828, was used 1400 years before Christ.

Electric welding, when properly conducted, is bound to be a great thing; but some of this work has been done on the rails of certain street railways in Boston so imperfectly that the pounding of the cars forces the joints open.

An underground electric railway, projected in Brussels, is to have motors separate from the cars, as this plan is more convenient for repairing the electrical gear. The cars will be arranged with centre aisles, after the manner of American roads.

A capstan operated by electricity has been proposed as a substitute for the switching engine in railway yards, and is already in use on some lines. The ease with which a stout hook and rope can be shifted from one track to another by a man suggests one of the beauties of the device.

A balloon in which S. A. Andre, chief engineer of the Swedish Patent Office, had made an ascension at Stockholm last month, was caught in a storm and carried out over the Baltic Sea to Finland. It sailed across in twelve hours and landed on a deserted island, whence a passing fisherman rescued M. Andre.

A prominent up-town manicure who has devoted many years to the study of the subject, states as the result of his observations that the finger nails of the human species, grow more rapidly in children than in adults, and that the growth is slowest with the aged.—New York Herald.

A new refracting telescope has just been constructed for Dr. Janssen, the eminent French astronomer at Meudon The object glass for visual use has a diameter of 32.3 inches, and the one for photography, 24.8. Both have the same focal length, 669 inches. The lenses, made by the Henry Brothers, are mounted in a square tube; the mountings are made by Gautier.

In the report of the commission on the action of light on water-colours, it is pointed out that every pigment may be said to be permanent when exposed to light in vacuo, and the commissioners observe that "this indicates the direction in which experiments should be made for the preservation of water-colour drawings."—London Times.

According to "The Electrical World" at a recent meeting of a French medical society, M. Herard read a paper an the treatment of tuberculosis by the inhalation of ozone, which has been applied successfully by Drs. Labba and Oudin; numerous consumptive patients who have been either completely cured or greatly improved by this process during the last two years, he says, show that this treatment presents undeniable advantages.

Glass houses may exist elsewhere than in proverbs, if a project of M. Falconner, an architect of Lyons, is carried out. He thinks the building material may be made of glass, blown in hollow but heavy blocks, square or hexagonal, a smay be preferred. He would use these like bricks. They would prove good protector against cold and humidity, he says, and would not be liable to become infected with disease germs. His chief difficulty in working out this idea was to find a way to make the glass bricks adhere to each other. The latest method of meeting this is to have in the surface grooves of such a shape that some intermediate cement will act as a key upon hardening. An asphalt compound is employed for this purpose.

The big Krupp cannon which was exhibited at the World's Fair is what is termed a forty-two-centimeter gun. This means that the calibre of its bore is 16 1-2 inches. The barrel is 46 feet 2 inches long, and the greatest diameter is 6 feet 7 1-8 inches at the breech. The gun's weight is 270,000 pounds, and it is built of the finest quality of steel. The range is estimated at twelve miles. Each shot will cost $1,500. The projectile is to be fired from the gun is 4 feet long and weighs 2,700 pounds, and to fire it a charge of powder weighing 700 pounds is required.

MISCELLANEOUS.

In 1552 books on geometry and astronomy were destroyed in England as savoring of magic.

Positive economy, peculiar merit and wonderful medical power are all combined in Hood's Sarsaparilla. Try it. Hood's cures.

The capital letter "Q" will be found but twice in the Old Testament and three times in the new.

"My Optician," of 159 Yonge St., is an old established firm in Toronto, having made optics a speciality examines eyes correctly, charging only for spectacles.

Until very recent times marriage among the Turcomans of Central Asia consisted of capturing a bride by main force.

BEYOND DISPUTE.

There is no better, safer or more pleasant cough remedy made than Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam. It cures hoarseness, sore throat, coughs, colds, bronchitis, and all throat and lung troubles.

It has been estimated that under favorable conditions a heavy clap of thunder can be heard a distance of 27 miles. Lightning is visible five times as far.

FOR SEVERE COLDS.

GENTLEMEN,—I had a severe cold, for which I took Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. I find it an excellent remedy, giving prompt relief and pleasant to take.

J. PAYNTER, Huntsville, Ont.

So vast are the ruins of Pompeii that they cannot be excavated, at the ordinary rate of progress, before the middle of the next century.

DEAFNESS CURED.

GENTLEMEN,—For a number of years I suffered from deafness, and last winter I could scarcely hear at all. I applied Hagyard's Yellow Oil and I can hear as well as any one now. MRS. TUTTLE COOK, Weymouth, N. S.

The wholesome effect of retribution is being lost in the delay of the trial of the assassin Prendergast. Miscreants of his kind should not be allowed time to pose as heroes.—Cincinnati Times-Star.

FOR BOILS AND SKIN DISEASES.

DEAR SIRS,—I have been using B.B.B. for boils and skin diseases, and I find it very good as a cure. As a dyspepsia cure I have also found it unequalled.

MRS. SARAH HAMILTON, Montreal, Que.

Not content with spookery, telepathy and magazine publishing, the ingenious and versatile Mr. Stead, of London, has been trying on a cure of his own for drunkards, and the English papers intimates that it "works" so far very well.

LIFE IS MISERY

To many people who have the taint of scrofula in their blood. The agonies caused by the dreadful running sores and other manifestations of this disease are beyond description. There is no other remedy equal to Hood's Sarsaparilla for scrofula, salt rheum and every form of blood disease. It is reasonably sure to benefit all who give it a fair trial.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills.

It cannot be said that Prince Windisch-Graetz, Minister of the Emperor Francis Joseph, bears a name unknown in Europe. It is the name of the man who in 1848 retook Vienna with a cruelty which is still remembered in Austria. The present bearer of the name is a great land owner, and the representative of the Austrian aristocracy which is the most aristocratic in the world. He will certainly furnish the interesting spectacle of a man carrying out a policy which does not fall in with the ideas of a majority of mankind in the present day.—European edition of the Herald.

Educational.

Musical.

The fashionable cat at the national show in London this year is blue and long haired.

The original of the word trump as used in card-playing is said to be the French word "triomphe," equivalent to the English "triumph."

The speed of the fastest railway train is only a little more than one-half the velocity of the golden eagle's flight, the bird having been known to make 140 miles per hour.

QUIPS AND CRANKS.

"I never give money to beggars on the street," said the pedestrian. "But my dear sir," retorted the beggar, "I can't afford an office these hard times.

"What in the name of Jupiter have you sewed up all the pockets of my overcoat for?" asked Mr. Wilson. "My dear," said Mrs. Wilson, "I have an important letter to my milliner that I want you to post."

"Your daughter has a remarkably pretty foot, Mrs. Snaggs," said Mrs Bloomfield to her friend. "Indeed, she has," replied the grateful mother, "and I have decided to let some good sculptor make a bust of it."

Mistress: Do you mean to tell me Bridget, that you let baby eat seven bananas?

Bridget: An' sure, ma'am, didn't yez tell me, the last thing goin' out, to moind the baby, an' sure he ordered the whole seven.—Harper's Young People.

Mrs. Van Astfilt: Why don't you have Professor von Pianothump play at your soirees any more? Mrs. Swell: He's so abominably rude. The last time he played, he asked some of the guests to stop talking. He said he didn't mind whether they heard him or not; but unless he could hear himself he couldn't do himself justice.

The scene was a gambling saloon in Paris; a game of ecarte had just been played. The two players got up, and one of them stepped up close to the other. "Sir!" "What do you want?" "I saw you cheat just now." "Sir!" "I am sure of it." "You mean to ruin me?" "Quite the contrary; I want you to take me into partnership."

Gent (just arrived in Dublin, to cabby): What's your fare to——? First cabby: Half a crown, sor. Second cabby: Git out o' the road. (To gent.) I'll take your 'onnor for a shillin', sor. Third cabby: What are you talkin' about? (To gent.) Sure an' Oi'll take you for nothin', sor. Gent (on engaging him): Now, cabby, you surely cannot afford to take me for nothing? Third cabby: Sure an' yer 'onnor will gi' me half a crown to come back wid!

Pat had his photograph taken. It was a head-and-shoulder photograph, the genial Celt preferring thatto a full-length pose, owing to a patch in his best trousers. When the proofs came, he showed them, with a little pride, to his wife. "Phat's thim? asked the good woman. Phottygraphs, answered Pat. Of what? queried Mrs. Pat. Me, sure, Pat rejoined. Phat ilse? Hivin knows, the wife replied. Phat's happened to yure legs?—Editor's Drawer, in Harper's Magazine.

The brusque and fussy impulse of these days of false impression would rate down *all* as worthless because *one* is unworthy. As if there were no motes in sunbeams! Or comets among stars! Or cataracts in peaceful rivers! Because one remedy professes to do what it never was adapted to do, are all remedies worthless? Because one doctor lets his patient die, are all humbugs? It requires a fine eye and a finer brain to discriminate—to draw the differential line.

"They say" that Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription have cured thousands.

"They say" for a weak system there's nothing better than the "Discovery," and that the "Favorite Prescription" is the hope of debilitated, feeble women who need a restorative tonic and bracing nervine. And here's the proof—

Try one or both. If they don't help you, tell the World's Dispensary Medical Association, of Buffalo, N. Y., and you get your money back again.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the House.